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THE

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VOL. V.

FEBRUARY & MAY, 1830.

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Note.—In page 78, lines 26, 27, read, "by hitting Orlando's horse (which the knight had just remounted) a blow with his fist,' ' &c.

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SOUTHERN REVIEW.

NO. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1830.

ART. I.—*Grammar of the Hebrew Language.* By MOSES STUART, Associate Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Institution, at Andover. Third Edition, 1828.

THE Hebrew Language must always be an object of great interest to civilized nations, and still more to those who profess the Christian religion. In it have been preserved the oldest records which exist of the transactions of the human race, and the foundations of our faith. We rejoice to perceive that its study is extending in our country, and that works calculated to facilitate its acquisition, are already issuing from our press, one of these we propose to examine.

The limited space which we can allot to grammatical discussions, particularly when they relate to a language, which though highly important, is yet but little studied, will not permit us to review every part of the work before us. We shall, therefore, confine our observations to one important point, the construction and conjugation of the verbs.—In page 73:

"§ 174. The usual conjugations of the verbs, are as follows:

Active.		*Passive and Reflective.*	
Name.	Form.	Name.	Form.
1. Kal	קָטַל	2. Niphal	נִקְטַל
3. Piel	קִטֵּל	4. Pual	קֻטַּל / קָטַל
5. Hiphil	הִקְטִיל	6. Hophal	הָקְטַל / הָקְטֵל
7. Hithpael	הִתְקַטֵּל		

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"[§ 175.] Peculiar conjugations. The conjugations frequent only in certain classes of verbs, are,

"*(a)* 1 Poel כּוֹבֵב 2 Poal כּוֹבַב 3 Hithpoel הִתְגּוֹלֵל.

"These conjugations are found in the class named *Ayin doubled* (עַ"ע) and very rarely appear in any other. They take the place of *Piel*, *Pual*, and *Hithpael*, as these appear in regular verbs; see § 262.

"*(b)* In verbs *Ayin Vav* (עו § 269), forms similar in appearance are common substitutes for the regular *Piel*, *Pual* and *Hithpael;* viz: 1 Polel קוֹמֵם. 2 Polal קוֹמַם. 3 Hithpolel הִתְקוֹמֵם." &c.

The grammarians do not agree in the number of the conjugations; many, to whose opinion the author of the Grammar before us seems to adhere, constitute only *seven* as enumerated above; some admit *eight*, viz. beside these seven, *one* active which they name the *quadriliteral* conjugation, of which *Hithpael* is derived. Their objections to seven, as well as their reasons for eight, we suspect, are the following:

It is highly improbable that *three* out of *seven* conjugations shall be wanting in two *important* classes of numerous verbs עַ"ע and ע"ו. It is at the same time incorrect to substitute for them, others in different irregular shapes and structure, whilst, these verbs are to be found: sometimes only in their original structure of *Piel*, *Pual*, and *Hithpael* (see table in the Appendix,) sometimes only in the *quadriliteral* forms, (see Appendix) and sometimes in *both* forms at once. Even the verb כבב which the author of our work exhibits as an example in his Paradigm, p. 208, is found in both forms, *quadriliteral* and common, (see Appendix.) Also the verb קום represented by the author in his Paradigm p. 210, is found both in common *Piel*, as קַיְּמְנוּ (Ps. cxix. 28,) as well as in a *quadriliteral* form אֲקוֹמֵם (Isa. xliv. 26,) and there exist even regular verbs in *quadriliteral* forms, as: מְלוֹשְׁנִי (Ps. ci. 5.) לְמִשְׁפְּטִי (Job, ix. 15.) תְּאַבְּלוּ (Job, xx. 26.) of verbs פּ"א.

In the Appendix, we shall exhibit a table of *all* verbs in עַ"ע; it is unnecessary to draw up one of verbs ע"ו as they are plainly to be seen in all correct Lexicons. The small space allowed will only permit us to furnish the reader with one instance from the Bible, for every form in the *table* at the Appendix.

"§ 173, *(b)* In Hebrew grammar, the word *conjugation* is applied to *different forms of the same verb*, and corresponds in some degree with the term *voice* in Greek grammar, although it is employed in a much more extensive sense. The passive and middle voices, in Greek, exhibit the original idea of the verb under certain modifications, or with

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some additional shades of meaning. So the property of all the conjugations in *Hebrew*, is *to vary the primary meaning* of the *verb*, by uniting with it an *accessory* signification. The Hebrews were thus enabled to express, by means of their conjugations, all those various modifications and relations of verbs, which, in most other languages, are expressed either by composite verbs, or by several words.

(Note.) "The most convenient arrangement is, to make as many conjugations as there are forms of verbs, original and derived. These are presented to view in the following section."

There are found verbs in the Bible composed first, of two different tenses in one conjugation; secondly, of two different conjugations in one signification; and thirdly, of two different roots and meanings.

To the first class belongs וְיֹלַדְתְּ (Gen. xvi. 11.) composed of Kal Praeter יָלַדְתְּ and participle יֹלֶדֶת and may in the last meaning like הָרָה refer to הִנָּךְ; מִשְׁתַּחֲוִיתֶם (Ezek. viii. 16.) composed of the participle Kal מִשְׁתַּחֲוִים and Praeter הִשְׁתַּחְוִיתֶם —Chaldean version is מתחבלים סגדין, and consequently it is composed of two different roots שׁחה and שׁחת. To the second class belong יִרַדֹּף (Ps. vii. 6.) composed of Fut. Kal יִרְדֹּף and Fut. Piel יְרַדֵּף, the meaning of which may be—"*let the enemy he himself persecute and cause or make another persecute;*" —נוּלְדוּ (1 Chron. iii. 5.) composed of Praeter Niphal נוֹלְדוּ, and לֻדוּ as Praeter Pual; וְנִוַּסְּרוּ (Ezeck. xxiii. 48.) composed of Niphel and Hithpael, the Daghesch in the *Vav* supplies the wanting *Tav*, and that in the *Samech* is the mark of the conjugation; the same is with וְנִכַּפֵּר (Deut. xxi. 8.) the Daghesh in *Kaph* supplies the wanting of *Tav* and that in the *Pe* is the mark of the conjugation; נְגֹאֲלוּ (Isa. lix. 3.) composed of Niphal נִגְאֲלוּ, and Pual גֹּאֲלוּ; הֻכַּבֵּס (Levit. xiii. 55.) as well as הֻטַּמָּאָה (Deut. xxvi. 4.) and composed of Hophal and Hithpael, the Daghesh in the *Kaph* in the first instance, as well as that in the *Teth*, in the second instance, are supplies for the wanting *Tavs*, the Shureq of the *He*, in both instances, marks the conjugation Haphal. To the third class may belong מְקַלְלוּנִי (Jer. xv. 10.) composed of the root קלל *to curse*, and קלה *to contemn*, the *He* changed into *Vav*—a kind of calembourg —.

"§ 187, *(a) Hithpael* prefixes הִתְ to the Inf. form of Piel; e. g Inf. Pi. קַטֵּל, Hith. הִתְקַטֵּל.

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"[*(b)* The characteristic הִתְ undergoes several mutations, when it comes before the Sibilants or the cognate letters. E. g.

"(1) Before a Sibilant, the ת changes places with it; as in the following examples; viz.

"ס	Kal -	סָבַל	Hithpa	הִסְתַּבֵּל	instead of	הִתְסַבֵּל
"שׂ	- -	שָׂגַב	- - -	הִשְׂתַּגֵּב	. - - -	הִתְשַׂגֵּב
"שׁ	- -	שָׁמַר	- - -	הִשְׁתַּמֵּר	- - - -	הִתְשַׁמֵּר
"צ	- -	צָדַק	- - -	הִצְטַדֵּק	- - - -	הִתְצַדֵּק

" In the latter case (צ), the ת is not only transposed, but changed into its cognate ט. This case, however, is very unfrequent in Hebrew, though common in the cognate languages."

The changing place of the *Tav* refer almost to all classes of regular and irregular verbs, as

מִשְׁתָּאָה (Gen. xxiv. 21.)	instead of	מִתְשָׁאָה	Participle,
מִשְׁתַּגַּע (1 Sam. xxi. 15.)	-	מִתְשַׁגַּע	-
תִּשְׁתָּרֵר (Num. xvi. 13.)	-	תִּתְשָׂרֵר	- Fut.
מִשְׁתַּבֵּר (Haggai i. 6.)	-	מִתְשַׁכֵּר	- Inf. const.
בְּהִשְׁתַּפֵּךְ (Lam. ii. 12.)	-	בְּהִתְשַׁפֵּךְ	- Inf. const.
וְאֶשְׁתַּמֵּר (Ps. xviii. 23.)	-	וְאֶתְשַׁמֵּר	- Fut.
לְהִשְׁתַּבֵּחַ (Ps. cvi. 47.)	-	לְהִתְשַׁבֵּחַ	- Inf. const.
מִסְתַּתֵּר (1 Sam. xxiii. 19.)	-	מִתְסַתֵּר	- Part.
מֵהִכְתַּפֵּחַ (1 Sam. xxvii. 19.)	-	מֵהִתְסַפֵּחַ	- Inf. const.
הִסְתּוֹפֵף (Ps. lxxxiv. 11.)	-	הִתְסוֹפֵף	- Inf. absal.

There is found one exception of this rule וְהִתְשׁוֹטַטְנָה (Jer. xlix. 3.) probably to avoid the sound of three successive hard letters *(Ta.)* The last rule of the change of the (צ) is found also in Chaldea, יִצְטַבַּע, (Dan. iv. 30.)

"§ 176. *Unusual Conjugations.* Most of these are of very rare occurrence; and several of them occur not more than two or three times, in the whole Scriptures. They are as follows; viz:—

"(1) *Hothpaal* or *Huthpaal*, הָתְקַטַּל, both passive forms of Hithpael. Comp. Pual in § 174. They are of very rare occurrence.

"(2) *Pilel* active, and *Pulal* passive, קִטַּלַּל, קֻטַּלַּל, (comp § 175. b. Note,) occurring only in five or six cases, in regular verbs.

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"(3) ***Pilpel*** active, and ***Polpal*** passive, formed out of verbs עִלֵּל and עוֹ, by repeating the first and last radicals; e. g. from גָּלַל comes גִּלְגַּל, גָּלְגַּל; from כִּלֵּל, כּוֹל and כָּלְכַּל. These are equavalent to the forms, from the same verbs, described in § 176. *a. b.*

"(4) A form ***Tiphel*** seems to have been in existence; e. g. תַּחְרֵה from חָרָה, תִּרְגֵּל, from רָגַל. Once we have a *Psoel* form; e.g. in חֲצוֹצֵר.

"*Note.*—Some others are made by some grammarians; but they are disputed ones, and it is of little or no importance to the student to insert them here, as his Lexicon will give him the requisite information."

There is also found (1) a form *Iphal*—a Syriac one—אֻנְאַלְתִּי (Isia. lxiii. 3.); (2) a form *Ethpael*—a Chaldean one—אִשְׁתּוֹלָלוּ (Ps. lxxvi. 6.); (3) Ethpaal—also Chaldean—אִתְחַבַּר (2 Chro. xx. 35.) and (4) a *Hithpaal*, תִּתְהַדַּר (Prov. xxv. 6.)

"§ 181. *(a)* Kall is generally *active;* but it may be either *transitive* or *intransitive.*"

This rule does not agree with *Kal* in הָפַךְ (Levit. xiii. 20.) used in the same *passive* sense as the *Niphal* נֶהְפַּךְ (Levit. xiii. 25.) neither with the *Kal* וַיִּלְאוּ (Gen. xix. 11.) which has the same meaning as *Niphal* וְנִלְאוּ (Exod. vii. 18.) nor with *Kal* שָׂאַר (1 Sam. xvi. 11.) which is as passive as the *Niphal* נִשְׁאַר (Exod. xiv. 28.) also not with *Kal* הָלַךְ (Lam. ii. 11.) which is the same as the *Niphal* נֶהֱלַכְתִּי (Ps. cix. 23.) It is, therefore probable, that Kal in *intransitive* verbs is sometimes used in the same sense as *Niphal.*

"*(Note 2.)* Some verbs in *Kal*, have a passive meaning; e. g. שָׁכַן, *to inhabit* and *to be inhabited;* עָלָה *to elevate*, and *to be elevated.*"

תִּשְׁכֹּן (Isa. xiii. 20.) as well (Jerm. xxxiii. 16, xlvi. 20, and l. 39.) has the meaning of *rest*, and is therefore an *intransitive Kal;* and on the contrary הִשְׁכַּנְתִּי (Jud. viii. 11.) has a *passive* form, and is yet used *actively.* עָלָה has in most phrases the meaning of *arising*, *amounting*, and is consequently *intransitive;* but when used as transitive, we find it always in the regular formations with accusative, הֶעֱלָה הַתְּרוּמָה (Exod. xxv. 37.) והעליתי נוֹם (Ezech. xxvi. 3.) and in many other places.

"§ 182. ***Niphal*** is formed by prefixing *Nun* to the ground-form of the verb, and dropping the first vowel of the same; e. g. קָטַל, נִקְטַל," &c.

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"*(b)* Significations of *Niphal.* (1) It is *passive* of *Kal*, when *Kal* is *transitive.* (2) *Passive* of *Piel*, or of *Hiphil*, when they are *transitive* and *Kal* is *intransitive.*" &c.

By the last remark, the author, we presume, alludes to נִגַּשׁ (Gen. xxxiii. 7.) וְנֶהֱרַב (Exod. xxii. 7.) which seems to be the *passives* of Hiphil מַגִּישׁ, מַהֲרִיב, although they are in *Niphal* form; as well as to יֵעָנֵב (Exod. xxii. 11.) which is the same as וְנֶעֱנַב (Exod. xxii. 6.) the *passive* of *Piel*, or to יִשָּׁרֵף (Levit. iv. 12.) which appear to be the same as שָׂרֹף (Levit. x. 16.) the *passive* of *Piel.* Almost all the Lexicographers consider נִגַּשׁ (Gen. xxxiii. 7.) as the *Niphal* form. We think, it is a real *Piel*, the *Daghesh* does not supply the wanting *Nun*, but is the mark of the conjugation; so we find in the same phrase וַתִּגַּשׁ used in *Kal.* וְנִקְרַב belongs to those verbs where *Niphal* substitutes *Kal* as נִשְׁקַפְתִּי, נִבְנַע, נִזְהַר, נִישַׁע, נִלְחַם, נִשְׁבַּע and m. o. As for שָׁרַף and נָעַב we find them both in *Kal* and *Piel*, and consequently there ought to be a distinction between their passives.

"§ 183 *(a)* Piel is characterised by its doubling the middle radical; as קִטֵּל," &c.

"*Note (b)* Significations of *Piel.* (1) It is causative of *Kal;* e. g. אָבַד to *perish*, אִבֵּד *to cause to perish.* This is the predominant meaning.

"(2) To let any thing or person be or do thus so; to regard or exhibit *it* or *him*, as being or doing thus and so; e. g. חִיָּה *to let one live;* צִדֵּק, *to shew or pronounce one to be just;* טִמֵּא, *to pronounce one unclean.* (3) It is *intensive* of *Kal;* e. g. שָׁאַל *to ask*, שִׁאֵל *to beg:* שָׁבַר *to break*, שִׁבֵּר *to dash in pieces.* (4) It has a *privative sense;* e. g. נָכַר *to know*, נִכֵּר *to misapprehend;* Hiphi. הִשְׁרִישׁ *to take root, Piel* שֵׁרֵשׁ *to root out.* (5) It often agrees, in signification, with *Kal transitive;* seldom has it an *intransitive* meaning."

Piel is also very often used *intransitive* where *Kal* is *intransitive* as לִישֵׁן (Ps. lxxxv. 11.) and לִשְׁכֵּן (Num. xiv. 30.); תִּכְבֶּה (Levit. vi. 5.) and תְּכַבֶּה (2 Sam. xxi. 17.); בָּלוּ (Deut. xxix. 4.) and בִּלָּה (Lam. iii. 4.); יְשַׁנָּתִי (Job. iii. 13.); and וַתִּישַׁנֵהוּ (Jud. xvii. 19.) and m. v. *Piel* has also sometimes a different meaning than *Kal*, as יְמַהֲרֵנָה (Exod. xxii. 15.) *to marry*, and וַיְמַהֵר

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(Gen. xviii. 6.) *to hasten;* בָּחַשׁ (Ps. cix. 24.) *to become lean,* and וְכִחֵשׁ (Levit. v. 21.) *to deny;* וַתִּשְׁלַם (1 King, vii. 51.) *to finish,* and תְּשַׁלֵּם (Ps. lxii. 13.) *to reward.*

"§ 185 *(a)* *Hiphil* prefixes *He,* and inserts *Yodh,* before the two last radicals; e. g. קָטַל, Hiph. הִקְטִיל.

"*(b)* Significations of Hiphil. (1) It is causative of *Kal;* as קָדַשׁ *to be holy,* הִקְדִּישׁ *to make holy.* This is the usual meaning.

"(2) Not unfrequently is Hiphil used in the same sense (transitive and intransitive) as *Kal;* e. g. הִשְׁחִית *to corrupt,* הִשְׁקִיט *to be quiet,* הִלְבִּין *to be white.*

"*(Note.)* Seldom are *Piel* and *Hiphil* of the some verb, both used in a *causative* sense. When both are employed, it is generally with some shade of difference in their signification; e. g. כִּבֵּד *to honour,* הִכְבִּיד *to render powerful.*"

Kal is often *intransitive* and *Hiphil transitive* as עָמַד, יָצָא, Hiph. הֶעֱמִיד, הוֹצִיא, in this case the *Piel* is wanting, but we find it, with not a *shade* of difference, but *entirely* in a different meaning, e. g. וַיִּבְרְכוּ (2 Chron. vi. 13.) *to kneel* as *intransitive Kal,* וַיַּבְרֵךְ (Gen. xxiv. 11.) *and he made to kneel* as *transitive Hiphil,* and from the same root in another meaning וַיְבָרֶךְ (1Cro. xxix. 10.) *to bless* as transitive *Piel;* תִּקְרַב (Prov. v. 8.) *to come nigh* as intransitive *Kal,* הַקְרִיב (Levit. iii. 14.) *to offer* as transitive Hiphil, and וּתְקָרֵב (Ps. lxv. 4.) *to cause to approach,* as transitive *Piel.* Some verbs *only* are found in Hiph. as וַיַּשְׁכֵּם (Gen. xix. 27.) הִשְׁלִיךְ (Num. xxxv. 22) and m. v.

Hiphil is sometimes as *intransitive* as *Kal,* but signifies a *comparative* degree, or *more than usually,* and then we find *Piel transitive,* e. g. וַיְגַדְּלוּ (Gen. xxv. 27.) *to grow,* as intransitive *Kal,* וַיִּגְדְּלוּ (Zephan. ii. 10.) *to magnify* (more than befitting) as intransitive *Hiphil,* and יִגַּדְּלוּ (Hose. ix. 12.) *to bring up* as *transitive Piel;* יִרְבֶּה (Deut. xiv. 24.) *to be long,* as intransitive *Kal,* יַרְבֶּה (Deut. xvii. 17.) *to multiply (too many)* as intransitive *Hiphil,* and וְרִבִּיתִי (Lam. ii. 22.) *to bring up,* as transitive *Piel.*

"§ 187 *(c)* Significations of *Hithpael.* (1) It is *reflexive* of *Piel;* as קִדֵּשׁ *to sanctify,* הִתְקַדֵּשׁ *he sanctified himself.* (2) It signifies to

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make one's self as being or doing, that which the verb in its ground-form signifies; e. g. הִתְחַכֵּם *to show one's self cunning*, from חָכַם *to be wise;* הִתְנַדֵּל *to behave one's self proudly*, from גָּדַל *to be great*, הִתְחַלָּה *to represent one's self as sick*, from חָלָה *to be sick*. Also with some slight modifications, as הִתְחַכֵּם *to think one's self wise*, from חָכַם *to be wise;* הִתְחַפֵּשׂ to make one's self to be sought, i. e. to *conceal one's self*, from חָפַשׂ to *seek;* הִתְחַנֵּן *to ask a favour of one's self*, properly *to make one gracious*, from חָנַן *to be gracious*. These are the leading significations. (3) It is sometimes the *passive* of *Piel;* as פֻּקַּד *to number*, הִתְפַּקֵּד *to be numbered*. (4) It is also intransitive; as הִתְאַנַּף *to be angry*. (5) It is not unfrequently active and transitive; as הִשְׁתַּמֵּר *to keep or observe*, viz. laws, statutes, &c."

Hithpael has also the signification of a *repeated use*, habit and custom of an action, as הִתְהַלֵּךְ (Gen. vi. 9.) *he used to walk*, from הָלַךְ *to walk;* יִתְאַמְּרוּ (Ps. xciv. 4.) *to continue to boast*, from אמר *to praise;* מִתְהַלֵּךְ (Esther, ii. 11.) *frequently to walk*.

"§ 195. The Infi. *construct* (the ground-form of the Fut. and Imp. mood), has like the Praeter Kal (§ 181. *b*), three forms, viz. as קְטֹל, שְׁכַב, נְתֹן. the inf. in the derived conjugations, takes the vowels peculiar to such conjugations respectively." &c.

"§ 196. The Infin. *absolute* takes *Qamets* in the first syllable, and *Hholem* impure in the last, e. g. קָטוֹל."

The infin. in *Kal* of the *regular* verbs has two forms פָּעוֹל and פְּעוֹל. Some grammarians are mistaken in maintaining that the construct פְּעוֹל is *derived* and *formed* of the absolute פָּעוֹל, for in the construct שָׁמְעוֹ (Nu. xxx.15.) אָכְלוֹ (1 K.xiii.23.) and מָלְכוֹ (2 Kings, xxv. 27.) עָזְבָם (Jer. ix, 12.) the qamets of the first radical can be, *neither* a *long* vowel, on account of the *wanting Metheg* below as a *moveable Sheva* succeeds it—that the *Sheva* is a moveable one is plain of the *Rophe* in בְּגֹד כְּפֹת after it—nor a *short vowel* on account of the *moveable* succeeding *Sheva;* it is consequently in the place of a Sheva *(a half or medial-vowel,)* in order that *two* Shevas shall not stand together at the beginning of a word—the *Sheva* in the second radical, is in the place of *Hholem* on account of the shifted accent—and the word belongs of course to the form וְעָפֵל which shows that this form is a *ground* one and no derivation.

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"§ 200. *The final vowel of the Fut.* may be, (like that of the Praeter and Inf.), either Hholem, Pattahh, or Tseri. E. g. With *Hholem*, (which is by far the most usual form); as יִקְטֹל. With *Pattahh*, (which is common in *intransitive* verbs, having a Praeter with Tseri, and also in verbs with a Guttural in the final syllable, and some others); as יִבְבַד, יִשְׁמַע, יִמְצָא=יִמְצֵא, יִמַּל=יִנְמַל, &c. With *Tseri;* as יֵאמַר, יֵשֵׁב, יִתֵּן=יִנְתֵּן, &c.

If we should establish forms for the future, according to its structures in the *irregular* verbs—as the author exhibits for the form with *final Tseri*, from the *irregular* verbs פֹּא, פֹּי and פֹּנ—we ought then, also, to establish forms with *final Shureq* as found in verbs עֹו, as well with *final Seghol*, as found in verbs לֹה!. In regular verbs *two* forms only exist for the Future, 1st with final Hholem, and 2d, with final Pattahh; all the other various shapes of the future in irregular verbs, are only to be considered as changes from these two forms according to the position of their silent and wanting letters, which shall be strictly shown in its proper place.

"§ 207. The Imperative, like the Future, has both paragogic and apocopate forms, which give intensity to the meaning. E. g. *Paragogic;* as שָׁמֹר, שָׁמְרָה; קוּם, קוּמָה; כַּפֹּר, כַּפְּרָה. *Apocopate;* as הַקְטֵל (for הַקְטִיל); so גַּלֵּה, apoc. גַּל; מוֹל, apoc. מֹל; שְׁמַע apoc. of שְׁמַעֲנָה, קְרָא apoc. of קְרָאנָה."

The imperative of *Kal* has two forms analogically to those of the Future, viz. פְּעוֹל and פְּעַל; as שָׁמוֹר, זָכוֹר, רָדוֹף and שָׁכַב, רְכַב, קְרַב. If *He* be suffixed to the form with final Hholem, then the first radical takes a short *Qamets;* as שָׁמְרָה (Ps. xxv. 20), זָכְרָה (Nehem. xiii. 31.) To this rule there is only *one* exception found, viz. מִכְרָה (Gen. xxv. 31.) When *He* is suffixed to the form with final Pattahh, then has the first radical a *Hhireq;* as שִׁכְבָה (Gen. xxxix. 12), שִׁלְחָה (Gen. xliii. 8.)—it has also only *one* exception, viz. זָכְרָה (Nehem. xiii. 31.) The

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Plural of both forms, has the first radical with *Hhireq*, and the second with *Sheva;* as שִׁמְעוּ קִרְבוּ (Isa. xlviii. 16), זִכְרוּ (Mala. iii. 22), שִׁפְטוּ (Isa. v. 3). Imper. with suffixed pronouns, have their first radical in both forms, with short *Qamets*, as זָכְרֵנִי וּפָקְדֵנִי (Jer. xv. 15), שָׁפְטֵנִי (Ps. vii. 9), שָׁמְרֵם (Prov. iv. 21), הָרְגֵנִי (Num. xi. 15.) When the last syllable has a Guttural letter, then the first radical of the Imperative, with suffixed Pronoun, has a *Sheva*, and the second radical a *Qamets*, as מְשָׁחֵהוּ (1 Sam. xvi. 13), קְרָאֻהוּ (Isa. lv. 6), רְפָאֵנִי (Jer. xvii. 14), סְעָדֵנִי (Ps. cxix. 117.)

"§ 208. Vav with Pattahh prefixed to the Fut. tense, and followed by a Daghesh forte, is called *Vav conversive;* because its usual effect is to convert such Future into a Praeter, in respect to meaning."

In verbs ל״ה, Fut. Kal with *Vav conversive*, drops the third radical; and the *Seghol* of the second radical removes to the first one; the same also with the form *Hiphil;* the only difference between them exists in the punctuation of the praeformative letters אֹינֹת which are in *Kal* with *Hhireq*, as וַיִּבֶן (Gen. xxvi. 25), וַיִּקֶן (Gen. xxxiii. 19), וַיִּרֶב (Exod. i. 20), וַיִּפֶן (Exod. ii. 12), but in *Hiphil* with *Seghol*, as וַיֶּפֶן (Jud. xv. 4), וַיֶּגֶל (2 Kings, xxiv. 15), וַיֶּפֶר (Ps. cv. 24.) When the first radical is a Guttural one, then are the praeformative letters in *Kal* with *Hhireq*. as וַיִּחַן (Gen. xxvi. 17), וַיִּחַר (Gen. xxxiv. 7.) and in *Hiphil* with *Pattahh*, as וַיַּחַר (Job. xix. 11.) וַיַּעַל (Num. xxiii. 2.) וַיַּעַן, וַיַּעַשׂ and with many others.

"*Note (2) Vav conversive* commonly (not always) makes the Future *Milel*, and consequently shortens the final vowel if be long, § 101. *b*."

This rule refers to verbs פ״א, פ״י, ע״ו, and ע״ע.

The Future Kal in verbs פ״י, has its praeformative אֹינֹת with *Tseri* and the second radical with *Seghol*, as וַיֵּרֶד (Gen. xii. 10), וַתֵּלֶד (Gen. xxi. 2), וַתֶּרֶד (Lam. i. 9.) The Future *Hiphil* of the same class of verbs, has also the second radical with *Seghol*, but the praeformative with *Hholem*, as וַיּוֹלֶד (Gen. v. 3), וַתֹּרֶד (1 Sam. xix. 12.)

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Verbs פ״א with *Vav conversive*, change the Pattahh of their second radical into *Seghol*, as תֹּאמַר (Gen. xiv. 23.) and וַתֹּאמֶר (Gen. xliv. 21), וַאֹמַר (Gen. xliv. 16.) and וַנֹּאמֶר (Gen. xliv. 20.)

Verbs ע״ע with *Vav conversive* change in *Kal* the *Hholem* of the first radical into short *Qamets*, as יָחוֹן and וַיָּחָן (2 King. xiii. 33.); in Hiphil the *Tseri* changes the first radical into *Seghol*, as יָחֵל (Jud. xiii. 5.) and וַיָּחֶל (Gen. ix. 20.) Verbs ע״ו with *Vav conversive*, change in *Kal* the *Shureq* of the first radical into short *Qamets*, as יָקוּם (Exod. xxi. 19.) and וַיָּקָם (Exod. xii. 30.); in *Hiphil* changes the *Hhireq* of the first radical into *Seghol*, as יָקִים (Eccle. iv. 10.) and וַיָּקֶם (Exod. xl. 33.) The *Aleph* of the praeformative letters admits neither a change of vowels nor a removal of the accent: as וָאָשִׁים (Gen. xxiv. 47), וָאוֹמַר (Gen. xxiv. 39), וָאוֹלֵךְ (Levit. xxvi. 13), וָאֵשֵׁב (1 King. viii. 20.) and many others. Exceptions to this rule are וָאַעַשׂ (Deut. x. 3), וָאַעַל (Deut. x. 3), וָאֵפֶן (Deut. x. 5.)

" § 209. Vav prefixed to the Praeter, is merely a *conjunction*. But it often gives to the Praeter, the sense of a Future, because it connects it with a preceding Future or Imperative.

" *Note.* As *Vav conversive*, prefixed to the Future, retracts the tone (§ 208. Note 2); so, on the contrary, Vav joined to the Praeter, usually throws the tone forward as וְשָׁבַרְתִּי שָׁבַרְתִּי, § 101. *a.*

Verb ל״א and ל״ה with *prefixed Vav* in *Kal*, always have the accent on the *penultimo*, as וְנָשָׂאתִי (Gen. xviii. 26), וּמָצָאתָ (1 Sam. x. 2), וְעָשִׂיתָ (Exod. xxix. 35), וּבָנִיתָ (Deut. xxvii. 5), וְרָאִיתָ (Deut. xxi. 11), וְקָנִיתָ (Jer. xix. 1.)—only *once* it is found on the *ultimo* וְאָפִיתָ (Levit. xxiv. 5.) Hiphil with *prefixed Vav* has the accent *always* on the *ultimo*, as וַתּוֹצֵא (Gen. i. 12.) וְהוֹצִיא (Deut. xxii. 14), וְהוֹצֵאתִי (Exod. vii. 5.) and all others.

" § 211. *Remarks applicable to the Paradigms in general*, i. e. to all the different classes of verbs.

" *(a)* Paragogic letters are often suffixed to some of the forms; e. g.

" (1) *Nun*, to persons ending in וּ or ִי; as יְרַקְדוּן instead of יְרַקְדוּ

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תִּדְבָּקִין instead of תִּדְבַּק; rarely to the Praeter as יִדְעֻן instead of יָדְעוּ; see § 109. *c.* § 146. *b.* (2) *He*, usually to the Fut. and Imp. active; § 204. § 205. § 207; rarely in the Praeter, as בָּנְדָתָה for בָּגְדָה; Niph. Praet. fem. נִפְלְאָתָה, with ה parag. נִפְלְאָה; Hiph. fem. הַחְבִיאָה, with parag. הַחְבִיאָתָה. (3) *Aleph*, paragogic or otiant, rarely; as הָלְכוּ, הָלְכוּא the same; so יָנָשׁוּ for יָנָשׁ, § 125. *a.* (4) Participles sometimes take *He* or *Yodh* paragogic, especially the latter, when they are in regimen; as הַמַּשְׁפִּילִי לְרָאוֹת. Sometimes the Inf. mood takes it; as לְדוּשְׁבִי. Also the Praeter 2d pers. fem., as קָטַלְתִּי for קָטַלְתְּ."

The *Aleph* and *Yodh* are sometimes also *prefixed*, as וְהַאֲזִינְיחוּ (Isa. xix. 6.) מִישִׁיב (Ps. cxiii. 9.); we find also the *Tav* sometimes *suffixed*, as יִכֹּלֶת (Num. xiv. 16.) יִבְשֶׁת (Gen. viii. 7.)

"§ 212. *Notes and Explanations*, in respect to Paradigm I. of the verbs.

"Kal. (1) The example רָכַב, exhibits the Fut. with Pattahh, (familiarly called Fut. *A*); but there are very few verbs with such a Future, unless the last syllable has a Guttural in it, or the verb belongs to the classes with final Tseri or Hholem in the Praeter; § 181. *b*."

This rule is not applicable to תִּצְדַק (Ps. li. vii), יִגְדַל (Gen. xxxviii. 11), תִּכְבַד (Exod. v. 9.) and אַדְלֵג (2 Sam. xxii. 29), the Praeter, of which are צָדַק, וְכָבַד (Isa. xxiv. 20), דָּבַק Lam. iv. 4.) and their last syllables have no guttural in them, neither do they belong to the classes with final-*Tseri* or *Hholem*, and still they are found in Fut. A. The surest criterion for such verbs, is, that they are never met in Praeter, *Kal* transitively.

"§ 240. In most cases, verbs with א for their first radical, belong to the class *Pe Guttural*, א being treated as a Guttural. The verbs belonging to the class now in question, are those in which א as first radical is *quiescent*.

"*(Note.)* Of these there are only *five*, viz. אָבַד, אָבָה, אָבַל, אָמַר, אָפָה. *Three* more, viz. אָהַב, אָחַז, אָסַף, sometimes exhibit a *quiescent* א, and sometimes a *guttural* one; e. g. יֶאֱחַז, יֶאְחַז. For other explanations, see under Paradigm VII."

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To the *five* verbs of *quiescent Alephs* may be added *four*, viz. אָזַל, the Fut. Kal of which we find תֵּזֵלִי (Jer. ii. 36), אָחַד, fut. *Kal* תַּחֲזֵק (Gen. xlix. 5), אָחַר, *fut. Kal* וְיֵאָחֵר (Gen. xxxii. 5.) and אָצַר, fut Kal וְאוֹצְרָה (Nehem. xiii. 13.)

To the *three* verbs which exhibit sometives a *quiescent* and sometimes a *Guttural* Aleph, may be added *three*, viz. אהל Hiphi. יַהֵל (Isa. xiii. 20), אוה, Niph. נַהֲוָה (Jer. vi. 2), אזר, *Piel* וַתְּזַרְנִי (2 Sam. xxii. 40.)

"§ 248. These are such as have a Yodh originally for their first radical; which they retain in Hiphil, and thus distinguish themselves from the other class above described.

"See remarks in Par. IX.

"*(Note.)* Only seven verbs belong to this class; viz. יָמַר, יָלַל, יָטַב, יָנַק, יָכַר, יָשַׁר, הֵימִין Hiph."

We do not find any authority for the the verb יָמַר as belonging to this class; since it is only found in *Hithpael*, הִתְיַמְּרוּ (Isa. lxi. 6.) *to excel.* We find the Hiph. הֵמַר (Ruth. i. 20), (Job. xxvii. 2.) and in some other places, but these formations belong to the verb מרר, as we find it *Piel* אֲמָרֵר (Isa. xxii. 4), to *embitter;* besides this, even in this root of עין, the Hiph. is without *Yodh* at the beginning. If a verb, only found in Hithpael, should authorize us to form its *Hiphil*, or to fix its class, the author could as well have numbered in this class יחש; which form is also only found in Hithpa. הִתְיַחֵשׂ (Nehm. vii. 5), as well יפח, only found in Hithpa. הִתְיַפַּח (Jerm. iv. 31.)

The verb יָלַךְ could properly be added to the *seven* above mentioned verbs, as we find its Hiphil הֵילִיכִי (Exod. ii. 9.)—That it belongs not to the root הלך, is apparent by the irregularity of its forms—which ought not to be in verbs פ״ה—so we find, 1st, the Infi. לֶלֶכֶת (Gen. xi. 31.); and 2d, Kal. futu. תֵּלֵךְ (Gen. iii. 14.)

"*Verbs Pe Nun;* Par. XI."

"§ 252. The peculiarity of these verbs is, *(a)* That whenever נ (their first radical) would analogically take a Sheva, in the course of declen-

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sion, &c., it more usually becomes assimilated to the letter which follows, and is expressed by a *Daghesh forte*.

"*(b)* That in the Inf. and Imp. of Kal, the Nun is sometimes dropped, in the manner of verbs Pe Yodh.

"[In this case, the Imper. more commonly takes the parag. form, as נְגַשׁ, נְגָשָׁה ; תֵּן, תְּנָה. The Inf. commonly has a Segholate form, in cases of aphaeresis, i. e. where the first radical is dropped; as גֶּשֶׁת in the Paradigm. But *apocopate* forms in these verbs, either of the Inf. or Imp., are not frequent at all. These moods more generally preserve the radical נ, even when the Fut. assimilates it; e. g. Inf., Imp. נְקֹם, Fut. יִקֹּם ; Inf., Imp. נְתֹן, Fut. יִתֵּן.]"

It may not be improper to make here some remarks concerning the Infinitive varying differently, in every peculiar class of regular and irregular verbs, when *one* of the *Prepositional* letters בְּכְלֹמ is prefixed to it.

First: The Prepositions בְּכְלֹמ follow the rule established for the praeformative Fut. letters אֲיִתֵּן with respect to an *immovable Sheva* or *Daghesh*, viz. when בְּכְלֹמ are prefixed to Inf. *Kal*, and are followed by an *immoveable Sheva* or *Daghesh*, then they received a *Hhireq;* but when neither an *immoveable* Sheva nor a Daghesh follow them, they differ from אֲיִתֵּן and do not receive, like them, a *long vowel*, but a *Sheva*, as בִּשְׁכֶּבֶת (Jud. xi. 26), כְּשׁוּב (2 Sam. xvii. 3), כְּתֹם (Isa. xviii. 5.)—except the preposition-letter *Mem*, which always receives a Hhireq on account of the following *Daghesh* as a supply for for the wanting *Nun*.

Second: The Inf. *Kal*, with prefixed בְּכְלֹמ in verbs פֹּ is found 1st, in a *regular* form, as כִּנְפֹל (2 Sam. iii. 34), בִּנְקֹד (2 Sam. xi. 2), לִנְדֹחַ (Deut. xx. 19), לִנְדֹּד (Deut. xxiii. 23), לִנְטֹעַ (Isa. li. 16.); and 2d, in an irregular form by suffixing at the end a *Tav* as a supply for the *Nun* at the beginning, as לָגֶשֶׁת (Jud. xx. 23), לָנֵעַ (2 Sam. xiv. 10), לָפַחַת (Ezeck. xxii. 19), כְּנֵעַת (Ezeck. xvii. 10), בְּגֶשֶׁת (Num. viii. 19), מִגֶּשֶׁת (Exod. xxxiv. 30), לָשֵׂאת (Exod. xxv. 14.)

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Third: Verbs פ״י, have the Inf. when with prefixed בְּכֹלֶם, always with *Tav* at the end, as בְּשֶׁבֶת (Jud. 11. 26), כְּשֶׁבֶת (Esther. i. 2), לְשֶׁבֶת (Gen. xvi. 3), מִשֶּׁבֶת (Gen. xxxvi. 7.)

Fourth: Verbs עָו״, have their first radicals in Inf. with *Hholem;* as שׁוֹב (Gen. xviii. 10.); and when with the prefixed בְּכֹלֶם with *Shureq*, as בְּשׁוּב (Ps. ix. 4), כְּשׁוּב (2 Sam. xvii. 3), לָשׁוּב (Exod. iv. 21), מִשּׁוּב (2 Chron. xxxvi. 13.)

Fifth: Verbs עָע״, had the first radicals with *Hholem*, לָגוּז (Gen. xxxviii. 13.)

Sixth: Verbs לה״ change in Inf. with prefixed בְּכֹלֶם, the third radical into *Tav* with a *Hholem* upon the *preceding* letter, as בְּכְלוֹת (Prov. v. 11), כִּכְלוֹת (Ps. lxxi. 9), לִכְלוֹת (2 Chron. xxxvi. 22), מֵעֲשׂוֹת, לַעֲשׂוֹת, לְמָנוֹת, לִרְאוֹת, לִבְנוֹת, לִקְנוֹת (Gen. xviii. 25.) This is applicable to *all* conjugations, as כְּכַלּוֹת (Deut. xxxi.24), לְעַנּוֹת (Num. xxx. 14), לְגַלּוֹת (Levit. xviii. 6); in *Hophal*, לָעָנוֹת (Exod. x. 3), לֵרָאוֹת (Deut. xxxi. 11), לְהָמָנוֹת (Eccle. i. 15), כְּהֻגָּלוֹת (2 Sam. vi. 20.); in *Hiphil* וּבְהַעֲלוֹת (Exod. xxx. 8), לְהַרְאוֹת (Esther. iv. 8.);—sometimes the *He* of *Hiphil* is dropped, and supplied by a *Pattahh* on the preceding letter, as לַנְחָתָם (Exod. xiii. 4), לְרֹאתְכֶם (Deut. i. 33.); in Hithpael לְהִתְחַלּוֹת (2 Sam. xiii. 2.)

"§ 253. Verbs, whose second radical is a proper Quiescent or a Guttural, exclude the *peculiarities* of verbs פֵּן.

"The reason is, that the Daghesh (compensative of Nun) cannot be inserted in either of these classes of letters; and therefore usage commonly preserved the Nun before them. But in Niphal Praeter, where a Guttural is the second radical, and Nun would be repeated if it were preserved, it is dropped, as נָחַם, not נִנְחַם, the vowel in the first syllable being prolonged as usual, § 112. The verb נָחַת more usually drops נ in the Fut. of Kal; as יֵרַד but also תִּנְחַת 2d person. In other respects, the verbs above named are *regular* in respect to Nun."

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The authorities upon which the author may found the rule, that *verbs* פ"נ *with a Guttural for their second radical, drop the Nun in Niphal Praeter,—in order that the Nun shall not be repeated*—is utterly unknown to us; the whole number of such verbs is 17, viz. נאם, נאף, נאץ, נאק, נאר, נהה, נהל, נהם, נהק, נחר, נחה, נחל, נחם, נחת, נעל, נעם, נעץ. From all these verbs *three* only exhibit a Niphal form, viz. נחם, נחת, נער; in נחם, we find נֻחָם (Jud. xxi. 15), (Jer. viii. 6), (2 Sam. xiii. 39), (Isa. xlix. 13), (Isai. li. 3), (Isai. lii. 9.); we have remarked § 183, *that we sometimes find Piel in a different meaning from Kal, as* וְכִחֵשׁ, בַּעֲמִיתוֹ (Levit. v. 21) and yet, although Piel, *intransitively*; therefore can all these נִחַם belong as well to *Piel*, although used intransitively? and it is highly probable that a *neuter* verb, as *to repent*, may be used in *Passive* or *Niphal* form; *at least* there is no evident authority *pro* or *contra*. The verb נחת, it is true, is found in the *defective* form, נֻחֹתוּ (Ps. 38, 3), but this *defective* form is again counter-balanced by the next verb נער, where we find *Niphal* in *regular* form, נִנְעַרְתִּי (Ps. cix. 22.) Also, the *reason* of the author for dropping the *Nun* in Niphal Praeter, *in order that Nun shall not be repeated*, is refuted by many instances, 1, נִנְעַרְתִּי (Ps. cix. 22); 2, נִנְהַל (Num. xxxii. 19); 3, נִנַּן (Isa. xxxviii. 20,) and 4, we find even *three Nuns* together, הֲנִנֵּנִי (Ps. ix. 14.)

"*Pluriliteral Verbs.*"

"§ 300. These are properly very few; and they are declined like the Conjs. Pilel and Pulal. The following list comprises the whole number that actually appear; viz.

"(1) טְאָטְאָה, 1 pers. with suffix טְאָטְאַתִּיהָ, Is. 14: 23. (2) כְּרְבַּל, participle מְכֹרְבָּל, 1 Chron. 15: 27. (3) כְּרְסֵם, Fut. with suffix. יְכַרְסְמֶנָּה, Ps. 80: 14. (4.) פְּרְשֵׁז, Job. 26: 9. (5) רְטְפַשׁ, Job. 33: 25. (6) תְּחַרְחַר, 2 pers. fut. תִּתְחַרְחַר, Jer. 12: 5; participle מִתְחַרְחַר, Jer. 12: 15. (7) A few other forms are noted in some of the lexicons, but in others they are more properly referred to the Pilel form, derived from a triliteral root; as Pilel 3 pers. fem. in pause רַעֲנָנָה, Job. 15: 32. Cant. 1: 16, from רָעַן.]"

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To these *six* pluriliteral verbs may yet undoubtedly be added 17, viz. (1) זרף, 3 pers. זֵרַף (Ps. lxxii. 6), *to water.* (2) זרר, 3 pers. זֵרַר (Prov. xxx. 31), *to gird.* (3) חספס, Pual, participle מְחֻסְפָּס, (Exod. xiv. 16), *to scale off.* (4) כרכר, Piel participle מְכַרְכֵּר (2 Sam. vi. 14), *to dance mightily*, derived from וּבִכְרָכוֹת (Isa. lxvi. 20), *swift beasts.* (5) מהמה, Hithpael, Praeter, הִתְמַהְמַהְתִּי (Ps. cxix. 60), *to delay*, also (Gen. xix. 16), Plural הִתְמַהְמָהְנוּ (Gen. xliii. 10), 1 pers. participle Hithp. מִתְמַהְמֵהַּ (2 Sam. xv. 28). (6) סכסך, Fut. Piel יְסַכְסֵךְ (Isa. ix. 10), Praeter, Piel כִּסְכַּסְתִּי (Isa. xix. 2). (7) צפצף, Fut. Piel אֲצַפְצֵף (Isa. xxxviii. 14), Participle וּמְצַפְצֵף (Isa. x. 14), *to peep.* (8) שעשע, Fut. Piel יְשַׁעֲשֻׁעוּ (Ps. xciv. 19), Praeter שִׁעֲשַׁעְתִּי (Ps. cxix. 70.); Pual תְּשֻׁעֲשָׁעוּ (Isa. lxvi. 12.); Hithpael, אֶשְׁתַּעֲשָׁע (Ps. cxix. 16.); Imper. Hiphil הִשְׁתַּעֲשָׁעוּ (Isa. xxix. 9. (9) תעתע, Participle Piel כִּמְתַעְתֵּעַ (Gen. xxvii. 12.) (10) קרקר, Participle Piel מְקַרְקֵר (Isa. xxii. 5) *to break down.* (11) טלטל, Participle מְטַלְטֶלֶךָּ (Isa. xxii. 17) *to carry away.* (12) חלחל, Hithpael וְהִתְחַלְחַל (Esther iv. 4), *to be frightened.* (13) חרחר, Infin. constr. לְחָרְחֵר (Prov. xxvi. 21), *to excite.* (13) פצפץ, with suffix, וַיְפַצְפְּצֵנִי (Job. xvi. 12), *to shake to pieces.* (14) פרפר, also with suffix וַיְפָרְפְּרֵנִי (Job. xvi. 12), *to break asunder.* (15) סלסל, with suffix סַלְסְלֶיהָ as Imper. (Prov. iv. 8.) (16) חמרמר, Praeter, חָמַרְמָרוּ (Lam. ii. 11) *to be troubled.* (17) סחרחר, סְחַרְחַר (Ps. xxxviii. 10), *to pant.*

They may be classed—First, in verbs of two similar syllables, as סכסך, שעשע, קרקר, כרכר, טלטל, and all others. Secondly, in verbs, whose second and third radicals—are alike, as כחרחר, חמרמר, and Thirdly, in verbs of quadriliteral *different* radicals, as חספס, כרבל, פרשז, כרסם, and all others.

"§ 301. Participles are treated as adjectives, i. e. declined as nouns; which is common in other languages. Participles, in regard to case, tone-syllable, &c. follow the usages of nouns. Par. XXI. exhibits the various phases and declensions of their *absolute* cases."

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"§ 302. All of them in the fem. may form Segholates, except the ground-form has an *immutable* penult vowel. E. g. סִבָּה, קָמָה, מְקִימָה, &c. are incapable of a Seghol. form, because the penult vowels cannot be so changed as to conform to the laws of Segholates; see § 142. *d.* But in Hiphil, the fem. Segholates are derived from an apoc. fem. form מַקְטִלָה, like the apoc. Fut. יִקְטֹל.

It has been remarked by some grammarians, that the Participle fem. adopts the Segholate form when *six* syllables precede it, without being interrupted by a pause-accent, as יִשְׂרָאֵל הֹרְכָה (Jer. iii. 6); and וַיֹּאמֶר מַדּוּעַ אַתִּי הֹרֶכֶת (2 King iv. 23.)

"*Verbs with suffix Pronouns.*"

§ 303. "Pronouns, following verbs and governed by them, are attached to them and united in the same word. This is effected by taking the fragments or parts of the pronoun, with an appropriate vowel of union (where one is needed) and adjusting the form of the verb, when necessary, so as to receive it.

§ 312. "Notes on the Paradigm. *Kal. Praet. 3d. pers. masc.* In קְטָלַנִי, as the tone is moved forward, the first vowel falls away, § 132; the second vowel of the original word is thrown into a simple syllable, and becomes long, § 130; but where the syllable remains mixed, Pattahh continues, as קְטָלָם. In such a way, the student will easily account for most of the changes made in the original vowels of the verb. Verbs final Tseri retain it, when a long vowel is required in the ult. of the verb, as לְבִישָׁם.

"*(3) Pret. 2 fem.* exhibits the form קְטָלְתִּי before a suffix (as stated in § 311); and in this way appears in the same manner as the 1 pers. sing. when it takes the suffix of the third pers. sing. and plural. The student will remark that here, and in the second pers. plur., a *union-vowel* is provided for the verb, by adopting the forms קְטָלַתְנִי קְטָלַתְהוּ."

Verbs with third pers. suffix sing. always change the *Qamets* of the first radical into *Sheva*, on account of the increase of vowels—and the Pattahh of the second radical changes into *Qamets*—to spare a Daghesh after it, as there is no occasion for its use—the suffix itself is marked with a *Vav* preceded by a Hholem, as מָרוֹ, וּטְבָחוֹ (Exod. xxi. 37), but when the suffix

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is הוּ, then it is marked with a *Shureq*, as שָׁמְדוּ (Ezech. vii. 20). The reason, that when the suffix is *Vav*, it is marked by a *Hholem*, as שָׁכְחוּ (Ps. cv. 21), and not with a *Shureq* like שָׁמְדוּ, is, to differ from שָׁכְחוּ (Gen. xl. 15), as third pers. Plur. of Praeter Kal. The suffix of the second pers. sing. is preceded by a moveable *Sheva* before *Kaph* suffix. as יְלָדֶךָ (Deut. xxxii. 18), שָׁמְךָ (Exod. ii. 14); as a pause-accent changes the *Sheva* into *Seghol*, as יְלָדֶךָ (Prov. xxiii. 22), &c. The second per. Plur. פִּקְּדֶכֶם, פִּקְּדֶכֶן has the second radical with Pattahh. This *Pattahh* is a *half* or *medial-vowel*; the correct punctuation ought to be פִּקְדֶכֶם, פִּקְדֶכֶן, because as the first radical is changed in sing. into a *Sheva*, on account of the shifted accent, so it ought to be in Plur. as the accent is *once more* shifted. The second radical also, to undergo a change of *Sheva*, and again the first radical ought to take a Hhireq, as a *half* or *medial-vowel*, in order that two *Shevas* shall not stand together at the beginning of a word, and the punctuation would be consequently פִּקְדֶכֶם; but as the third radical is also with a *Sheva*, and as *two* Shevas successively cannot follow a *medial-vowel*, therefore, the second radical adopted its *former* Pattahh, and is consequently a *medial-vowel;* the proof is, that the *Kaph* after it, is *Raphe*, without *Daghesh-lene*, which it ought not to be, if it was a *real* short-vowel. עֲנַפְכֶם (Ezech. xxxvi. 8), does not belong to פָּעַל, for then the punctuation ought to be עֲנַפְכֶם, but belongs to פִּעֵל, and therefore the Pattahh of the second radical is a *real short-vowel.* ThePattahh preceding the suffix נִי ought to be combined with *Sheva* as a fragment of the *Aleph* אֲנִי, but as a *Sheva* cannot follow an accent, therefore the *Sheva* is dropped; on that account also the Daghesh after the Pattahh is wanting, which ought not to be, if it was a *real* Pattahh; the Pattahh at a pause-accent changes into Qamets, as שְׁלָחַנִי (Num. xvi 29); שְׁלָחַתְנִי (Exod. v. 22), like אֲנִי, and אָנִי (Gen. xxvii. 23.)

"§ 312. (4.) The *Inf.* most usually takes suffixes in the manner of Segholate nouns, in Dec. VI; i. e. the final vowel is thrown back upon the first radical, and shortened. If the verb be ע *Guttural*, then the points are regulated by the usual principles, in § 114. § 128. See the

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examples in the Paradigm. The variety of punctuation, with suff. הָ, כֶם, כֶן, may also be there seen.

"The Inf. of a verb Fut. *Pattahh* usually takes *Hhireq* under the first radical, before suffixes; as בְּקָעָם in the Par.; but sometimes Pattahh, as פַּעֲמוֹ ,רַקָּעֲךָ, &c. Verbs *Pe Gutt.* sometimes take a *Seghol* in the first syllable; as חֶבְנָה, Ps. cii. 14."

The Inf. with suffix seems to undergo the same change of vowels as nouns פּוֹעֵל with suffix; as בְּחָדְשׁוֹ (Num. xxviii. 14), נָתְנִי (Isa. xxi. 10), קָדְשֶׁךָ (Ps. xv. 1), שָׁרְשׁוֹ (Job. xiv. 8), אָזְנָם (Job. xxxvi. 15), and many others; so the Inf. מָלְכוֹ (2 King xxv. 27), עָזְבָם (Jer. ix. 12.); the only difference between them exists in the quality of the vowel in the first radical, viz. the *short Qamets* in suffix nouns of פּוֹעֵל is instead of its long vowel *Hholem*, and consequently is a *real* short-vowel; wherefore in nouns whose third radicals are one of בגדכפת as רוֹחֵב ,אוֹרֵךְ, חוֹשֵׁךְ, such letters receive in suffixes a *Daghesh-lene*, as אָרְכּוֹ, רָחְבּוֹ (Exod. xxviii. 16), הָשְׁכִּי (Ps. xviii. 29), but the *short Qamets* in the first radical in suffix Inf. is instead of a *Sheva*, of פָּעוֹל and consequently is a *medial-vowel*, therefore the third radical, when it is one of בגד כפת, is *Raphe*, as עָזְבְךָ ,מָלְכוֹ, עָזְבָם, and many others. In Inf. with suff. 2d pers. exists still another difference, viz. in nouns פּוֹעֵל with suff. is the first radical with *short Qamets* —a *real short-vowel*, and consequently is the *second* radical with *immoveable* Sheva, and the third with a *moveable* one, as וְנָרְנָךְ (Job. xxxix. 12), אָזְנֶכֶם (Isa. lv. 3), קָדְשֶׁךָ (Ps. li. 13.); but in Inf. the *second* radical ought to be with *Sheva*—on account of the shifted tone; but as the *Qamets* of the first radical is a *medial-vowel*, instead of the *Sheva* of פָּעוֹל—and it cannot be followed by two *Shevas*, therefore they change places, viz. the *Qamets* of the *first* radical is shifted to the *second* radical, and again the *Sheva* of the *second* radical to the first one, as אָכְלְךָ (Gen. ii. 17), אָכְלְכֶם (Gen. iii. 4), עָמְדְךָ (Obad. i. 11), אָבְדְךָ (Deut. xxviii. 20.). בְּאָסְפְךָ (Deut. xvi. 13), וּבְשָׁכְבְךָ (Deut. vi. 7), בְּעָבְרְכֶם (Deut. xxvii. 4)

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כְּשָׁמְעֲכֶם (Josh. vi. 5), and many others are *Nomen actionis*—as the English gerunds, derived from אָסַף, שָׁכַב, עָבַר שָׁמַע as אָסֹף (Isa. xxxiii. 4), אָכֹל (Gen. xli. 48.)

We doubt, therefore, very modestly, on the correctness of the instances, קָטְלָךְ, קָטְלָכֶם, קָטְלָכֶן, found in the Par.XXII. in Inf. suff. of the Grammar before us; because such forms belong *exclusively* to suff. *nouns* of פּוֹעַל, as above remarked.

"312. (7) *Participles* follow the manner of the nouns to whose declension they belong, in receiving suffixes."

We observe the following rules for the participles with suffix. viz.

First: When the third radical is one of הֶחָעַ, then the second radical receives a *Tseri*, as שֹׁלְחֵךְ (1 Sam. xxi. 3.)

Second: When the third radical is an *Aleph*, then the second radical receives a *Pattahh*, as בּוֹרַאֲךָ (Isa. xliii. 1.)

Third: When the second radical is a Guttural, then it always receives a *Pattahh*, as גּוֹאֲלֵךְ (Isaiah xlviii. 17), גֹּאֲלָכֶם (Isa. xliii. 14), אֹהֲבֵךְ (2 Chron. xx. 7), and in all such verbs.

Fourth: At a pause-accent, the third radical receives a *Seghol*, and the second, a *Sheva*, as גֹּאֲלֵךְ (Isa. xliv. 24), שֹׁמְרֵךְ (Ps. cxxi. 5.)

Fifth: Part. fem. is either פּוֹקֶדֶת or פּוֹקְדֶת; the suff. is always annexed to the *Segholate* form, as from יוֹלֶדֶת is formed לְיוֹלַדְתּוֹ (Prov. xvii. 4), לְיוֹלַדְתָּהּ (Cant. vi. 9), יוֹלַדְתְּכֶם (Jerem. l. 12); we find in all these instances the *Tav* with Daghesh, which shows that it is formed from יוֹלֶדֶת and not of יוֹלֵדָה, for any *silent He* when changed into *Tav*, forms it *Raphe*—without Daghesh.

For the better illustration and definition of the formations and conjugations of the regular and irregular verbs, we exhibit here a list of such verbs which appear in the Bible, in different and various shapes; by exchanging the places of

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their radicals with each other, notwithstanding they belong to one and the same root, and are of the same meaning.

I.—Verbs which change the places of their first and second radicals:

1,	אדב (1 Sam. ii. 33)	and	דאב (Lev. xxvi. 16)
2,	אנק (Ezech. xxvi. 15)		נאק (Ezech. xxx. 24)
3,	חמץ (Isa. lxiii. 1)		מחץ (Ps. lxviii. 24)
4,	חרש (Prov. iii. 29)		רחש (Ps. xlv. 2)
5,	יעף (Jerem. ii. 24)		עיף (2 Sam. xxi. 15)
6,	לעג (Isa. xxxiii. 19)		עלג (Isa. xxxii. 4)
7,	ערף (Deut. xxxii. 2)		רעף (Prov. iii. 20)

II.—One Verb changes the place of its first and third radical—1, אלח (Job. xv. 16), and חלא (Ezech. xxiv. 11.)

III.—Verbs which change the second and third radical.

1,	אפס (Isa. xxix. 20)	and	אסף (Isa. xvi. 10)
2,	בהל (Ps. xxx. 8)		בלה (Isa. xvii. 14)
3,	גזר (1 King, iii. 25)		גרז (Ps. xxxi. 23)
4,	חגר (2 Sam. xxii. 46)		חרג (Ps. xviii. 46)
5,	חלש (Job. xiv. 10)		חשל (Deut. xxv. 18)
6,	חפר (Ps. xxxiv. 6)		חרף (Ps. cxix. 42)
7,	חרת (Exod. xxxii. 16)		חתר (Ezech. viii. 8)
8,	ערן (Job. xxxviii. 31)		ענר (Job. xxxi. 36)
9,	פרש (Lev. xxiv. 12)		פשר (Eccle. viii. 1)
10,	רעש (Isa. xiii. 13)		רשע (Job. xxxiv. 29.)

IV.—One Verb changes the places of all the three radicals, viz. המן (Ezech. v. 7), and נהם (Isa. v. 30.)

We will conclude our remarks with a few critical observations on some corrupted readings and versions of the Bible.

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In the recent translations, given, Gen. xxii. 13, reads—"and Abraham *lifted* up his eyes and looked, and behold, *behind him*, a ram," &c. Neither in the Greek version of the *Septuagint*, nor in that of the Samaritan, Chaldean, Syriac, or Arabic, is found that expression, "*behind him.*" What induced the recent translators to add *that* expression, is the Hebrew word אַחַר, which signifies *behind* or *after;* but there is no sense in that phrase; for according to this reading, the translation ought to be "and behold a ram *behind* caught," &c. Here is plainly wanting the suffixed pronoun ו *him*, as (Gen. xix. 26), and in many other instances; besides, the place of that word ought to be after *behold*, not after *ram*. The truth is, that the points being a modern invention, the original manuscript rendered that word by אחד (one), and the meaning is plain and strictly of an Oriental construction, "- - - and behold *one*," or "a ram caught," &c., the copyist mistook the ד (Daleth) for ר (Resh), which two letters are very easily confounded—and so they were compelled to manufacture quite another word after the introduction of the points. It is astonishing that none of our famous critics have suggested what is plainly seen in the Samaritan-Hebrew text, Samaritan, Greek, Chaldean, and Arabic versions. The Persian version, it is true, agrees in the same expression with our recent ones, but it must have been done by one who lived after the introduction of the points; to ascertain which, this is no proper place.

(Deut. xxxii. 17), They sacrificed unto devils not to "God," the Hebrew text is לִשֵּׁדִים, almost all the versions render that word by *dæmons;* the *Septuagint* renders it by δαιμονιους, which undoubtedly is derived from δαιμαι to distribute, connected with the Hebrew שד *breast*. Macrobius (Saturnal, lib. i. c. 20) says, "Hinc est quod continuatis uberibus corpus Deæ (Isidis scil.) densetur, quia Terræ vel rerum Naturæ alta nutritur universitas. And Plutar. (de Is. & Osir. p. 361) says, "that Isis and Osiris were changed from good dæmons into gods." That *dæmons* are not *devils*, is clear from Celsus (apud. Origen con. Cels. lib. viii. p. 393.) "If idols are dæ-

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mons, then undoubtedly they are gods, in whom we are to confide, to whom to sacrifice and pray," and Apuleius (de deo Socratis, p. 675.)

"Cuncta coelestium voluntate, numine et authoritate, sed dæmonum obsequio et opera et ministerio fieri arbitrandum est."

Also, the expression, "- - - not *to* God"—is not to be found in the Hebrew text, where the Prepos. *to* is wanting. Besides, we cannot find a *single* authority in the original text, for the translation *devils*, nay, not even for *dæmons*, or any kind of spirits. True, the same expression is found in Psal. cvi. 26, but there it is a mere quotation from Deuteronomy, as is clear from the contents of the whole Psalm. We find that Æneas brought from Troy into Italy his households gods, who probably were the Samothracian deities, styled "Cabiri," (Hebrew כַּבִּיר *powerful)*; so, we also find that *God* was called שַׁדַּי (Almighty), (Num. xxiv. 4), Ruth i. 21), (Job. vi. 4), the plural of which, is necessarily שֵׁדִים; the meaning of the phrase is now plain, "they sacrificed to *gods* which are *no deity;* to gods unknown to them," &c. Many are in doubt, with regard to the correct pronunciation of the שׁ (Shin), whether the sound be *sh* when the *point* is found upon the *right* head (שׁ), or upon the left (שׂ); the authority for its correct pronunciation may be taken from Jud. xii. 6, where the word *Shibolet* is spelled with שׁ, and the word *Sibolet* with ס, consequently the sound of שׁ with a point upon the right head, must be *sh*, for otherwise there would have been no difference in the pronunciation of the two mentioned words.

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VERBS עע	KHAL.	QUADRILITERAL FORM.	HITHPAEL.
מקק	"	"	"
מרר	"	"	וַיִּתְמַרְמַר Dan. 8. 7.
משש	G יִמְשֵׁנִי "	"	"
נדד	נָדְדוּ Pob. 20. 8.	וְנוֹדַד Nah. 3. 17.	"
נהה	E נְהֵה "	"	"
נסס	I נוֹסְסָה "	"	מִתְנוֹסְסוֹת Zach. 9. 16.
נשש	"	"	"
סבב	E סַבּוּנִי a. 28. 27.	יְסוֹבְבֶנְהוּ Deut. 32. 10.	"

[illegible]	[illegible] Deut. 33. 3.	"	"
[illegible]	"	"	"
[illegible]	[illegible] Isa. 49. 16.	"	"
[illegible]	[illegible] Ezech. 24. 11	[illegible] Ps. 69. 4.	"
[illegible]	[illegible] Isa. 8. 9.	[illegible] 1 Sam. 17. 11.	"
[illegible]	"	"	"
[illegible]	[illegible] Isa. 3. 16.	"	"
[illegible]	"	"	"
[illegible]	[illegible] 1 Sam. 4. 19.	"	"
[illegible]	[illegible] Deut. 34. 7.	"	"
[illegible]	[illegible] Ezech. 27. 4.	"	"
[illegible]	[illegible] Exod. 12. 4.	"	"
[illegible]	[illegible] Ps. 57. 7.	[illegible] Ibid. 6. 6.	"
[illegible]	[illegible] Joel, 4. 10.	"	"
[illegible]	"	[illegible] Job. 11. 12.	"
[illegible]	[illegible] Gen. 47. 13.	"	"
[illegible]	[illegible] Jud. 7. 5.	"	"
[illegible]	[illegible] Ezech. 47. 18.	[illegible] Jerem. 31. 37	[illegible] 1 Kings, 17. 21
[illegible]	[illegible] Ps. 106. 43.	[illegible] Eccle. 10. 18.	"
[illegible]	"	"	"
[illegible]	[illegible] Isa. 10. 18.	[illegible] Isa. 34. 3.	"
[illegible]	[illegible] Isa. 66. 11.	"	"

	HOPHAL.	QUADRILITERAL FORM.	HITHPAEL.
	"	"	"
	יוּאָר Num. 22. 6.	"	"
	"	"	וְהִתְאוֹשָׁשׁוּ Isa. 46. 8
	"	"	"
	"	"	"
	"	"	יִתְבּוֹלֵל Hos 7. 8.
	"	וְיִבּוֹקְקוּ Jerem. 51. 2.	"
51.11.	"	"	יִתְבָּרְרוּ Dan 12 10
	"	"	יִתְגּוֹדָדוּ Jerem. 5 7.
	"	"	"
	"	"	"
29. 10.	"	מְגוֹלָלָה Isa. 9. 4.	מִתְגּוֹלֵל 2 Sam 20 12
31. 5.	"	"	"
	"	"	"
	"	"	"
3. 14.	"	וְדוֹמַמְתִּי Ps. 131. 2.	"
.22.43.	יוּדַק Isa. 28. 28.	"	"
1. 26.	"	יְהוֹלֵל Eccles. 7. 7.	מְתֻהָלֵל Prov. 25. 14.
	"	"	"
	"	תְּהוֹתְתוּ Ps. 62. 4.	"
	"	"	"
9. 30.	"	"	"
	"	"	"
	"	"	"
	"	חוֹבֵב Deut. 33. 3.	"
	"	"	"
	הוּחֲדָה Ezech.21.14	"	"
	"	"	"
6. 1.	הוּחַל Ibid. 4. 26.	תְּחוֹלֵל Prov. 25. 23.	"
	"	"	יִתְרַחֲמֵם Ibid. 31. 20
	יֻחַן Ibid. 21. 10.	וּמְחוֹנֵן Ibid. 14. 21.	וְהִתְחַנֵּנוּ 1 Kings. 8.47

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ART. II.—*The Elements of Political Economy, in two parts.* By DANIEL RAYMOND, Counsellor at Law. Second Edition. 8vo. 2 Vols. Baltimore, 1823.

THE large number of discoveries in the Sciences, and of their useful application to the Arts, which have had their origin in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, should perhaps reconcile our minds to the existence of many absurdities, and cause us to bear with patience at least, the novelties which are daily ushered into the world. There are some errors, however, which have an important bearing on the welfare of society; and in no science do erroneous notions exercise a more baleful influence, than in that of Political Economy. In our own country, particularly, where the sovereignty resides in the people, it is of the utmost importance that correct opinions on this science should be widely diffused; and we deem it our duty, pro viribus, to be aiding in this great object. We feel it to be more imperiously binding upon us at present, because in a subject, like that before us, where unremitted thought is absolutely necessary to carry out its various bearings, words may pass for things, and thus very gross fallacies may be imposed on those, whose habits and employments do not afford leisure for their accurate investigation:—and because the work, of which the title is given above, has reached a second edition. This latter circumstance gives us pleasure, inasmuch as it shows that a taste for subjects, certainly not the best adapted to attract the generality of readers, has prevailed extensively throughout the community; but at the same time it increases our obligation to perform the task of examining the opinions of the author. We do not expect that we will be able to offer much that is new on the science: we hope that our remarks may be recommended to our readers rather by their justness than their novelty.

The rapid progress of Political Economy during the last half century, presents to all who have at heart the well being of the human race, the most cheering prospects. This science may be regarded as, in a peculiar manner, the offspring of the age:—"potius temporis partus quam ingenii." Until men had ceased to look on plunder as the only source of gain, it was impossible that there should be that enjoyment of quiet, and security of property, necessary for the cultivation of Political Economy.—But even after the increased knowledge of mankind had directed their attention to the more certain method of obtaining

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the necessaries and comforts of life by industry, for many ages the improper interference of the public authorities in the private concerns of individuals, greatly retarded the march of national wealth, and thus defeated their own purposes. The Economists in France, and, especially Dr. Smith, in Britain, about the middle of the eighteenth century, reduced the science of the wealth of nations to a system, and showed very clearly that the proper course for governments to pursue, is, to protect the rights of all their citizens, and give exclusive privileges to none :—to preserve inviolate the natural right of every man to follow that employment which he may deem most profitable, provided that he does not interfere with the rightful claims of others, and that his occupation be not incompatible with the laws of justice. Thus individual interests are identified with those of the state. "Le monde alons va de lui meme."

It would have been unreasonable to expect, that opinions which had prevailed so long, and had been incorporated with the policy of governments, should fall at once before even the clearest reason. Hence writers on Political Economy were distinguished into two classes, each marked by the practical conclusions which were drawn from their speculative inquiries, and this distinction still exists. The school of Adam Smith has adopted the broad and liberal principles of the Economists; and to that meddling spirit of rulers which has so often led them to make regulations for the industry of the governed, they reply, laissez faire et laissez passer: "for as the public interest consists in the union of all individual interests, individual interest will guide each man more surely to the public interest than any government can do." The mercantilists, or partisans of the commercial, or restrictive system, hold that the interference of government is useful and necessary: since by this means the capital and industry of the community may be directed into those channels which will prove most beneficial to society. They maintain the position therefore, that the most advantageous employment to the individual, may not be so, as to the nation at large, even in those departments of industry by which neither the laws of nature, nor private rights, are violated.

Mr. Raymond appears to be a disciple of the latter school, so far as it is possible to class him with former writers. He does not, however, receive the principles of any party; and the chief marks of resemblance to the mercantilists, are his maintaining the identity of money and wealth;* and the propriety of legisla-

* Vol. 1, p. 299. Vol. 2, p. 97. The apparent contradictions of Vol. 1, p. 267 and 310, respect the obnoxious word "accumulation" only.

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tive interposition in the disposal of private property.* In other respects, if we make one remarkable exception, which shall be taken notice of hereafter, his work contains few positions, and perhaps no connected argument on any subject, in common with those of his predecessors. We find occasionally propositions laid down, which have been proven by Smith and other writers; but Mr. Raymond, scorning all assistance, attempts to establish their truth by arguments, which as is not at all surprising, had never before been used. So far as Mr. Raymond's "Elements" may circulate, we believe their tendency will be to unsettle the minds of many who are students in this branch of knowledge; and to spread a vagueness and obscurity over the science. From his reasonings, and from his remarks respecting the labours of others, many will take up the opinion that there is no certainty in Political Economy; that it consists of a mass of conflicting theories, and dogmatical assertions, or illogical deductions from principles not fully established, or entirely without foundation; and, therefore, that a person of discernment will perceive at once, that "the same temper of mind, which in old times spent itself on scholastic questions, and in a later age, in commentaries upon the scriptures, has in these days taken the direction of metaphysical, or statistical philosophy."† Now nothing can be more pernicious than all this, nor farther removed from the truth. Of all the sciences, if those are excepted which respect the relations of magnitude, we know of none upon the evidence of which the mind rests with more confidence, nor of which the conclusions are more certain.

The influence which language exercises on our thoughts, is so great, that those engaged in scientific inquiries have generally felt the necessity of first laying down precise and accurate definitions of the principal terms about to be used. Indeed, of such importance is this preparatory step, that the author, who, on any subject, has been most exact in this respect, will usually be found to treat his theme most clearly and most profoundly. We cannot be certain that we have grasped the ideas, which may have been flitting across the mind like the shadows of clouds over the undulating fields of summer, until we have experienced our ability to communicate them to others. We think in sentences, and therefore when the transient and vanishing impressions, made upon the mind by the first view of any subject, have been ripened into the vigorous decisions of the understanding, and our conceptions have become strong and distinct, we will

* Vol. 1, p. 123, 159. Vol. 2, p. 228, 247.

† London Quarterly Review, No. 29, p. 235.

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not meet with any difficulty in expressing our opinions so as to be obvious to all. If, however, we commence writing before we have properly digested our subject, and, from the absence of any fixed plan, or from the indistinctness and confusion of our crude notions, are compelled to give hasty and unexamined explications of the terms on which our reasonings are to rest, and then, from pride of opinion, are led to defend the conclusions into which our terms have carried us, a vagueness and want of object will be visible in even the best part of our speculations, and many of our deductions will be remarkable only for their absurdity. Such we believe to be the origin of many of the immature, unshapen publications, of which the fruitful press is delivered.* With much kindness, we would humbly advise these premature authors to avoid the Herculean labour of writing a book on Political Economy. Neither should any one think that he has explored the depths of a subject, which has exercised the acute and comprehensive minds of Smith and Ricardo, and many others, and is yet incomplete, because he may have perused the works of all these celebrated writers. In this science, in a greater degree perhaps than in any other, it is wisdom, "multum, non multa legere;" and it would require some search to find a better reason of a man's deficiency in the knowledge of its principles, than the fact of his having looked into so many publications. If an individual, without having previously studied any one author thoroughly, and thus by a careful investigation of his arguments, fixed some fundamental truths in his mind, to which as a standard he may bring his future reading, should have the confidence to think himself qualified to weigh the conflicting statements of political economists, he will almost inevitably wrap himself about with a mantle of darkness; and this not in consequence of any want of clearness in the science, but because its reasonings, like all others founded on the observation of facts, are modified by the greater or less degree of penetration and industry in the observers. Thus one may have carried his knowledge of particular facts to a certain extent, and then based his arguments upon them; and his positions to himself, and to those of no more information, will seem to be immoveable. But another person, who has analyzed the facts more fully, and weighed some circumstances which had not before been noticed, will draw different conclusions from apparently the same premises. We have repeated instances of this in our daily ex-

* It will be seen that we are not speaking of such *books*, as the Letters of "Hamilton," or of Professor List, or the reports of the late Secretary of the Treasury. Nothing is easier than to manufacture a thing of that kind.

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perience; and doubtless much of the diversity of opinion, which prevails in relation to subjects that are founded on eternal, immutable truth, is owing to the difference of the progress made by men of various powers, in their investigation. "When we have arrived at the end of our own line, we are apt to imagine that we have reached the bottom of the ocean."

But we have wandered from the point that we had in view, which was to illustrate the importance of clear and determinate explanations of the leading words in the science of Political Economy:—of those words which recur so frequently, and the right understanding of which is indispensable in our disquisitions. This has not been sufficiently attended to by Smith and Say; and to this source may be referred many difficulties, that seem insuperable at first view, but which disappear so soon as we have ascertained the exact meaning of the terms employed. Mr. Raymond complains loudly that this accuracy in the use of language has been entirely neglected;* and gives us ground for believing that the evil will be remedied by his publication. It would seem however from Mr. R.'s remarks that this is by no means the only, nor the principal improvement which the world may enjoy from his labours. Former writers, we are instructed, have been busied only in "spreading successive layers of clouds over the science."† All the sagacity and power of intellect of such men as Smith, and Ricardo, and Say, seem only "darkness visible" to the keener optics of our countryman! For ourselves we must admit that if our author has high talents and attainments, there is no very alarming probability of their remaining in obscurity from the want of some person to inform the world of the fact.

But let us leave the author, and turn our attention to his work. The word "value" is of frequent occurrence in the common use of language. We speak of the "value" of life, and of the "value" of gold, &c. Now it is obvious that the term cannot be of the same signification in all its various applications.—Life is not valuable in the same sense of the word with gold.—Hence Dr. Smith makes the following distinction: "The word value has two different meanings, and sometimes expresses the utility of some particular object, and sometimes the power of purchasing other goods, which the possession of that object conveys. The one may be called 'value in use;' and the other, 'value in exchange.' The things which have the greatest value in use, have frequently little or no value in exchange; and on the contrary, those which have the greatest value in ex-

* Vol. 1, p. 70, 71, *et passim.* † Vol. 1, p. 76.

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change, have frequently little or no value in use. Nothing is more useful than water; but it will purchase scarce any thing; scarce any thing can he had in exchange for it. A diamond, on the contrary, has scarce any value in use; but a very great quantity of other goods may frequently be had in exchange for it."*

This seems obvious enough. Mr. R. however, is not satisfied. Hear himself: "To talk about the value of a thing which either has no value, or cannot be valued, is certainly an inaccurate and ambiguous mode of expression. But in truth the word has but one appropriate meaning, which should always be applied to it, when we would speak with precision."† Now in despite of the very general concession of superiority to the individual, wise enough to discover flaws in the workmanship of others, we are inclined to believe that Dr. Smith's language possesses the higher degree of scientific precision. Mr. R. has issued his mandate that the word has but one meaning; but we remember to have read of "latis a summis Pontificibus contra Telluris motum decretis;" and that the sturdy old earth still continued to move on as usual, with a great want of reverence for his Holiness; and thus instructed, we have great fears that the world will speak as formerly, and talk of the "value" of knowledge and modesty as absurdly as ever.

If our readers should be desirous of knowing how much regard Mr. R. pays to his own criticism, in the use of the term "value," they may examine the references given at the foot of the page.‡ Mr. R. is by no means sparing in the employment of such polysyllables as 'sophistry,' 'absurdity,' 'nonsensical,' et id genus omne; and though we will not suffer ourselves to imitate his courtesy, we must briefly notice another particular before leaving this part of our author's work. We find him asserting that what an individual or a nation consumes has no value. "That portion (of the individual's produce) which is necessary for his own subsistence, and which he actually subsists upon, can no more be valued than his life can be valued. So that portion of the annual produce which a nation subsists upon, or consumes itself, can have no value in a national point of view, because not being to the nation the subject of exchange, the relation of price or value has no existence in regard to it."§ If Mr. R. means that after the products are consumed, they

* Wealth of Nations, Vol. 1, p. 20. † Vol. 1, p. 60.

‡ In Vol. 1, conf. p. 57, with p. 65. In Vol. 1, p. 66, we find Mr. R. using the term "value," in both meanings in the same sentence.

§ Vol. 1, p. 59.

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have no value, we presume no person will question the correctness of his position: since "to consume" is to destroy the value of the articles which are the objects of consumption; and therefore the proposition, that commodities, when consumed, have no value, is equivalent to this, that when the value of objects is destroyed, it no longer exists; which certainly is no very important discovery. But if the gentleman wishes to convey the idea that objects designed for consumption, have no value, this sentence embraces all products whatever: for the only reason why value is produced is that it may be consumed; and this applies not only to what a nation consumes immediately after its having been produced, but also to what has been imported in return for the products of domestic industry exported. In this way we arrive at the conclusion that value does not exist. It is quite probable, however, that Mr. R. has confounded the objects of consumption with the benefits to be derived from them by the consumers. If so, he has merely imposed on himself by neglecting the distinction between the common and technical meaning of the word "value." To the individual, his life is all important. No person could persuade him that the world itself would be a sufficient compensation for its loss; since this condition would prevent his receiving the reward, and death would have closed his eyes to all its splendours. At the same time, perhaps no other person would give the merest trifle of property for that which he cannot receive or enjoy; but which to its possessor is above all price. It is like estimating length with a measure of capacity, to speak of exchangeable value with respect to life.

Objects have exchangeable value because they either do, or are supposed to possess intrinsic worth or utility. We must not, however, imagine that their value in exchange is in proportion to their usefulness. "Without utility of some species or other, no article will ever be an object of demand, but how necessary soever any particular article may be to our comfort, or even existence, and however great the demand for it, still, if it be a spontaneous production of nature,—if it exists independantly of human agency, and if every individual has an indefinite command over it, it can never become the subject of an exchange, or afford a basis for the reasonings of the economist." We may form a pretty accurate estimate of the utility of an article of consumption, by reflecting on the privations we should endure from the want of it. A quantity of gold will exchange for many times its weight of iron; yet when viewed as respects their utility, if we were under the necessity of choosing one of

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the metals, and relinquishing the other, no person could hesitate a moment. The loss of gold would scarcely be felt; while we could not conveniently do without iron. The absence of air would be certain destruction to all the animated creation; but its exchangeable value is nothing.

The investigation of a proper standard of value has employed the research of the ablest writers, and is yet unsettled with the partisans of both schools. By Mr. R. however, this difficult matter, which has been viewed in different lights, by the mightiest minds, is seen through at a glance; and he expresses his surprise, that his predecessors should have been so short-sighted, in the following manner: "Although the nature of value is plain enough when no attempt is made to explain it, and although a permanent standard of value is in the nature of things an impossibility, *nay, a palpable absurdity*, still both the nature of value and its true standard have occupied the attention of *such grave philosophers* that it would be disrespectful to pass them over without observation."* Now a matter may seem exceedingly plain from very different and indeed opposite causes:—from the want of knowledge as well as the possession of it.—Many persons behold the celestial bodies, and view the moon and stars "walking in their brightness," with less emotion than that excited by the most ordinary occurrence of life; but the philosopher, who has in some measure been initiated into the mysteries of God's works, and who finds the limits of the universe receding in proportion as he advances, stands overpowered by the magnificent realities spread out before him, and still more, by the unknown,—the unexplored; and feels himself lost in the immensity of creation. An author, therefore, of moderate reflection, and much more an author of only moderate arrogance, would have hesitated to speak sneeringly of the "grave philosophers," even if he had been well assured that they had wandered from the truth, which their labours had made visible to others. But we gladly leave this subject for the purpose of examining what has been done to ascertain an accurate standard of value. This part of the science is of great moment, since it lies at the foundation of all our reasonings about wealth; and determinate knowledge on this point, will throw a steady light on all our discussions. Without such information, the mind is without a resting place; and oscillates with the supply and demand; and feels no satisfaction in a study when the first principles cannot be grasped firmly as tangible, palpable truth.

* Vol. 1, p. 56, 57.

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We believe that few have read attentively Say's chapter on value, without being made sensible that something is wanting; the discussion does not satisfy the mind. The understanding is in a situation somewhat similar to what that of the body would be, were its gravity destroyed, and it were left to be tossed about, and become the sport and plaything of the elements. "The valuation of an object," says Say, "is nothing more, nor less, than the affirmation that it is in a certain degree of comparative estimation with some other specified object; and any other objects possessed of value may serve as the point of comparison. In every act of valuation the object valued is the fixed datum. But the point of comparison is variable in amount, according to the degree of estimation in the mind of the valuer."* In this extract we have the value of objects estimated in those very objects of which we wish to ascertain the value. The value of a house is the money for which it may be exchanged; and the value of the money is the house; and thus we may run round the whole circle of the objects of exchange, and every thing and nothing will be equally the standard of value. We willingly grant that by Say's account, we obtain accurate knowledge respecting the comparative estimation in which objects are held. Thus, to use his own words, "one house is said to be worth 20,000 francs, and another 10,000 francs; which is simply saying the former is worth two of the latter. The mind has no difficulty in conceiving the relation of 2 integers to 1, or of 20,000 to 10,000; but any attempt to form an abstract notion of one of these integers must be abortive."† Is it then indeed so, that there is no ultimate standard to which we may refer all values as to their origin as well as their amount? Is there nothing on which the mind can rest with satisfaction, and by which men might estimate the value of a desirable object, were there but one such in existence that was not common property? We will inquire.

"The real price of everything, what everything really costs to the man who wants to acquire it, is the toil and trouble of acquiring it. What everything is really worth to the man who has acquired it, and who wants to dispose of it, and exchange it for something else, is the toil and trouble which it can save to himself, and which it can impose on other people. Labour was the first price, the original purchase money that was paid for all things. If among a nation of hunters, for example, it usually costs twice the labour to kill a beaver which it does to kill a deer, one beaver should natu-

* Say's Political Economy, vol. 2, p. 1, 2. † Ibid, vol. 1, p. 211.

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rally exchange for, or be worth two deer. It is natural that what is usually the produce of two days or two hours labour, should be worth double of what is usually the produce of one day's or one hour's labour."* We think that the passage just quoted from the Wealth of Nations, presents to view the basis of value; and this will perhaps be granted so far as regards the state of society alluded to by Dr. Smith. Men will not give for nothing, that sacrifice of ease and present comfort, necessary in the performance of labour. "Labour for labour's sake, is against nature;" and want alone can compel the exertion required in production. This being so,—labour being considered as an effort made by the indolent creature, man, when impelled by imperious necessity, there is no likelihood that an individual will yield to his neighbour any product of his industry for one which has been produced by less toil. In an advanced state of society, such as our own, the simplicity of comparing equal quantities of labour is unknown. The profits of capital form a large part of the exchangeable value of nearly all the articles of consumption. We should not, however, turn our view at once from the state of the savage, to civilization; we ought to mark the intermediate steps—the gradual change from one state to the other, the dividing line between which cannot be traced. The effects, on exchangeable value, of this transition from the possession of very little or no property, to the accumulation of capital, are illustrated by Mr. Ricardo as follows:

"Even in that state to which Adam Smith refers, (in the extract given above) some capital, though possibly made and accumulated by the hunter himself, would be necessary to enable him to kill his game. Without some weapon, neither the beaver nor the deer could be destroyed, and, therefore, the value of these animals would be regulated, not solely by the time and labour necessary to their destruction, but also by the time and labour necessary for providing the hunter's capital, the weapon, by the aid of which their destruction was effected.

"Suppose the weapons necessary to kill the beaver were constructed with much more labour than those necessary to kill the deer, on account of the greater difficulty of approaching near to the former animal, and the consequent necessity of its being more true to its mark;—one beaver would naturally be of more value than two deer, and precisely for this reason, that more labour would on the whole be necessary to its destruction. All the implements necessary to kill the beaver and deer, might belong to one class of men, and the labour employed in their destruc-

* Wealth of Nations, vol. 1, p. 21, 33.

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tion might be furnished by another class; still their comparative prices would be in proportion to the actual labour bestowed, both on the formation of the capital, and on the destruction of the animals.

"If we suppose the occupations of the society extended, that some provided canoes and tackle necessary for fishing, others the seed and rude machinery first used in agriculture, still the same principle would hold true that the exchangeable value of the commodities produced would be in proportion to the labour bestowed on their production; not on their immediate production only, but on all those implements or machines required to give effect to the particular labour to which they were applied.

"If we look to a state of society in which greater improvements have been made, and in which arts and commerce flourish, we will still find that commodities vary in value conformably with this principle. In estimating the exchangeable value of stockings, for example, we will find that their value, comparatively with other things, depends upon the total quantity of labour necessary to manufacture them and bring them to market. First, then, is the labour necessary to cultivate the land on which the raw cotton is grown: secondly, the labour of conveying the cotton to the country where the stockings are to be manufactured; which includes a portion of the labour bestowed in building the ship in which it is conveyed, and which is charged in the freight of the goods: thirdly, the labour of the spinner and weaver: fourthly, a portion of the labour of the engineer, smith and carpenter who erected the buildings and machinery, by the help of which they are made: fifthly, the labour of the retail dealer and of many others whom it is unnecessary to particularize. The aggregate sum of these various kinds of labour determines the quantity of other things for which these stockings will exchange, while the same consideration of the various quantities of labour which have been bestowed on those other things, will equally govern the portion of them which will be given for the stockings."*

We are persuaded that the correctness of the passage just given from Ricardo's work, cannot be questioned. It is not, perhaps, adviseable to carry the analysis of all values back to the labour in which they originated. It may be sufficient for us to know that it can be fairly carried thus far; but for the sake of distinction, just as mental philosophers treat of the indivisible mind, as if divided into parts, we may speak of capital—"of the accumulated produce of labour employed in main-

* Ricardo's Pol. Economy and Taxation, pp. 12–14.

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taining productive industry"* as distinct from labour; and use the phrases "profits of capital" and "wages of labour." These things being premised, we think it may be shown that the costs of production are the only permanent standard of value.

We do not wish to be understood as saying, that there is any invariable standard by means of which we may compare the value of the products of one century with those of another. There appears to be no such terms of comparison. Corn, for example, will not answer the purpose; since the increase of population having forced men to have recourse to soils of inferior quality, the cost of producing corn must have increased; and though the improvements made in agriculture may have partially counteracted this cause of enhancement in exchangeable value, we are wholly unable to compare the extent of operation in these two sources of variation. Neither will the quantity of labour necessary for the production of commodities, prove an accurate measure of value in different ages. The causes which enhanced the price of corn, would diminish the wages of the labourer, if we suppose him to have been in a state, previously to the operation of these causes, where he could obtain more than the necessaries of life. When the latter condition had arrived, his labour, however productive or otherwise, will be equally paid, since he must be supported in being; and the rapidity of the increase of population, will prevent his obtaining more than a subsistence for any length of time, even if his "labour had become doubly efficient, and he could, therefore, produce twice the quantity of a commodity." On this supposition, the article which he produces, would very shortly be reduced in exchangeable value to half its former price, while the labourer will receive but the same wages for his industry, though, as regards the wealth of the community, it may have become twice as productive as before. In the reasonings just given, we have proceeded on the supposition that the value of one of the objects remained stationary, while that of the other varied. If the value of both should vary at the same time, there must be a modification of the argument to suit the particular circumstances. If, for example, we suppose labour to have become twice as productive as previously, while the farmers, to supply the demand for grain, were obliged to till land which would produce only half as much corn as had been before grown on all lands under cultivation; in this state of things, the cost of producing corn would not vary.

All that is intended then in the statement that the costs of production are the only permanent standard, is, that for the time being, and we may add that as sudden fluctuations of "natural

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price" are not frequent, the exchangeable value of commodities will be very nearly the same as the amount of expenditures in their production.. It is to be remembered then, that our remarks apply to those products only which may be supplied by the application of more capital and industry to their production, in unlimited quantities according as there may be demand.

It cannot be objected to this view of the subject, that the revenues of two individuals, who, in different occupations, employed the same number of labourers, and who had invested the same amount of capital, should be equal, which is not usually the case. This seeming difficulty arises from confounding gross with net revenue; that is, after all the charges peculiar to each employment are deducted. The net revenues of the different departments of industry are very nearly equal; and to see this clearly, we have only to avoid the confusion which arises from not distinguishing between net revenue and the gross proceeds of any employment. We would not say that wages were equal, if the ingenious artist received no more than a common labourer; because the former had to expend capital in the acquisition of his business; and if the mere physical force of man, without any knowledge or skill, could obtain equal returns, none would incur that expense. All tradesmen, therefore, should receive more in return for their labour than the servants of farmers; and we might go through the different occupations, and show that there is an average rate of wages, from which there cannot be any great and continued variation; since so soon as it is observed that the wages of one employment are above those of others, weighing all the agreeable and disagreeable circumstances connected with that employment, the labourers will all equally be desirous of enjoying the higher profits, and thus competition will soon reduce the wages.

Similar remarks are applicable to the capital invested. Of course the safety and convenience of its investment, and several other particulars, will influence the rate of nominal profits; but the capitalists of any country will receive net returns on their investments very nearly equal, however differently their capitals may be employed. There will be an average rate of profits of capital as of industry, greater in new countries, and diminished in parts of the world which have been long under cultivation, in consequence of the lessened productiveness of that capital, last applied to the soil, the rate of profits on which regulates that of all other investments. Since then the profits of capital and wages of labour make up the cost of production of any commodity, if the exchangeable value should ever rise

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much above this sum, unusual profits would accrue to all those engaged in that department of industry. Other capitalists would not look on with indifference, but would attempt to share the riches which had taken that particular direction; and thus competition would soon reduce the profits so that only the average rate would be received, probably, even below this point; but such a state of things could not last, as capital would be withdrawn to some more profitable business. Thus the competition of individual interests will prevent any capitalist or labourer from obtaining more than the average rate of profits; and by this means the exchangeable value of commodities will be reduced to the charges of production, and can never be far removed for any length of time from the amount of these.

It may illustrate our reasoning to examine briefly the objection of Mr. R. to the view of the subject which we have endeavoured to present; and, indeed, had there not been before us instances of such gross error in relation to a standard of value, we would gladly have excused ourselves from going so much into detail. "If the quantity of labour which the production of an article required, was the measure of its value, then would a bushel of corn raised on a poor soil, be more valuable than one raised on a good one; and a piece of cloth manufactured without the aid, more valuable than one of like quality manufactured with the aid of machinery; and goods transported to foreign countries on men's shoulders, more valuable than when transported in ships; and a thousand other *equally absurd* consequences would follow."* If Mr. R. means that a bushel of corn grown on a poor soil, costs more labour in its production than one raised on fertile land, he is unquestionably correct; and the reason why the latter is not sold for less than the former, is that the price of corn is regulated by the cost of production on the worst quality of land, which the wants of society have required to be taken into cultivation. The soil which may be cultivated, is limited in extent; and hence as there cannot be two prices of the same article, the exchangeable value of corn must be such as will yield the ordinary profits of capital and industry to the cultivators of the poorest land that it has been found necessary to improve, for supplying the demand for corn.† That this is the true statement of the case, will be at

* Vol. i. p. 62.

† "The value of corn is regulated by the quantity of labour bestowed on its production on that quality of land which pays no rent. Corn is not high because a rent is paid; but a rent is paid because corn is high; and it has been justly observed, that no reduction would take place in the price of corn, although landlords should forego the whole of their rent."—*Ricardo's Principles of Political Economy and Taxation.* p. 44.

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once evident to all who reflect that fertile land pays not only the profits of capital and industry to the former, but also rent to the proprietor; and this rent is considerable in amount in proportion as the difference between the best and worst soils cultivated is great. If Mr. R. had formed correct notions on the nature of rent,* he, probably, would not have hazarded the objection we have been considering.

The exchangeable value of manufactured articles does not partake of the peculiarity which regulates the price of corn; and Mr. R's observation with respect to these is so superficial that it is strange he himself did not perceive its fallacy. If all the machinery employed in the manufacture of cloth could not supply the wants of the community, and it were necessary to manufacture some without this aid, assuredly the exchangeable value of this last would regulate that of the whole, since none would attempt to manufacture without machinery, till the deficiency of the supply, compared with the demand, had raised the price to such a rate as would compensate them for their toil. So soon as the price had fallen below this rate, all who had previously manufactured without machinery, would be compelled, if unable to obtain this assistance, to turn their attention to some other employment.

In the same manner, if there were not a sufficient number of ships to accomplish the transportations of commerce, and caravans of men and beasts were still employed, the costs of transportation would be governed by the charges of this latter mode of conveyance; and for the very plain reason, that there cannot be at the same time two prices for one operation of industry; and that the traders travelling by land, would not exhaust their strength in this way when it could be exerted with more profit in other departments of industry. The productions of the manufactory and of commerce, can usually be supplied in unlimited quantities, according as the demand increases, by the application of additional capital and industry. Hence then, exchangeable value will be regulated by the cheapest mode of production. If, according to the suggestion of an English writer, we consider the land of different degrees of productiveness, as machines employed in producing corn, we may see that in the progress of society, we will be compelled to have recourse to machines of inferior power, as the best will be appropriated first; and,

* Mr. R. refers writers on Political Economy, to the farmer's boy for instruction as to the nature of rent, (vol. i. p. 182) and to the counting-house clerk for definitions of their terms. We would advise him to omit these passages in a future edition, lest some censorious person should insinuate that he had betrayed the sources of his own information.

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consequently, the price of corn will be regulated by the most expensive mode of production; exactly the reverse of the fact relative to manufactures.

We may conclude, therefore, that the costs of production will regulate the exchangeable value of all commodities, of which the supply depends on the amount of capital and industry engaged in producing. Variations of exchangeable value there may be; but, to use the forcible illustration of the Marquis Garnier, "Tenter d'expliquer ces variations, sans reconnoitre l'existence d'un prix naturel, ce serait vouloir expliquer les oscillations du pendule sans convenir de sa tendence vers un centre de gravitation; ce serait supposer un effort sans but, et sans mobile; ce serait admettre le mouvement et nier le repos."

But it is time that we turn to what are deemed by Mr. R. himself, the more important features of his work. The great discovery of our author, and that over which he seems disposed to shout ενρηκα, ενρηκα, is the distinction between national and individual wealth. We are afraid that on this point, Mr. R. however unintentionally, has neglected to make a proper acknowledgement of his obligations to one of his predecessors in the science of political economy. If there be such an essential difference between national and individual wealth; and if a knowledge of this is to exercise such unbounded influence in dispelling the darkness in which writers on political economy, before Mr. R. were involved, we can imagine no reason why the Earl of Lauderdale should be excluded from all participation in the honour of the discovery. Even admitting that his lordship had not the clearest views on this subject,* still as his work was prior to Mr. R's by many years, and as the "first hints" are found in it, he is entitled to precedence in the claim of originality. Of former writers on this science, the noble lord is the one, perhaps, the only one, between whose opinions and those of our countryman, there is any marked resemblance. His lordship also introduces himself to our notice by descanting on the evils which have arisen in political economy from a loose and inaccurate use of terms. Both authors agree in the use of the word "value." Both lay very great stress upon the distinction supposed to exist between national and individual wealth; or public wealth and private riches. Both seem to entertain an inveterate abhorrence of frugality and accumulation as injurious to society. Both are kind enough to inform the world that their opinions are radically new, and directly opposed to the erroneous theories which had so long bewildered mankind.

* See Mr. R. on this point, vol. i. pp. 175, 176, 177, 180.

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Let us proceed then in the examination of the τὶ πού—the resting place of this modern Archimedes, while moving the world. "Wealth is the possession of property, for the use of which the owner can obtain a quantity of the necessaries and comforts of life."* We must make a remark on this definition. "Property and wealth are sometimes synonymous,"† by Mr. R's own admission; and he has given us no means of distinguishing them even in his own publication. That the words are used indifferently by society at large, it would be folly to deny; and our author's proof that they are distinct in their meaning, is without foundation. "No man, learned or unlearned, would say that the individual who had but one dollar was a man of wealth, although the dollar would be property."‡ Compare this argument with the definition of wealth. "Wealth is the possession of property," &c.—that is, "the possession of one dollar, for the use of which the owner can obtain a quantity of the necessaries and comforts of life." This one dollar proves to be wealth; and Mr. Raymond's definition, since property is wealth, becomes "Wealth is the possession of wealth," &c. Wealth may be defined more briefly and more accurately, to consist of products, possessing exchangeable value. How much wealth should entitle an individual to be called a wealthy man, does not, in our opinion, belong to political economy to determine.

We must be careful, however, not to confound wealth and value. "It is plain that every man will be able to command a much greater quantity of those necessaries and gratifications, of which wealth consists, when their value declines, or when they have become more easily attainable, than when their value increases. *Wealth and value vary in an inverse ratio.*" In proportion then as the value of an article diminishes, wealth increases. To explain this, suppose that in consequence of improvements, the cost of manufacturing cottons is reduced to one-third of what it had been previously. Those capitalists who introduced the improvements, might, for a short time, make exorbitant profits by selling at the old prices; but other capitalists observing this, would make investments in the same employment, and thus very soon the flow of capital and industry in this direction, would, by the competition of the producers, reduce the exchangeable value of the manufacture to one-third of its previous price—that is, to the rate which we have supposed to yield the ordinary profits of capital and industry. A yard of cotton, therefore, which, before the improvement in the

* Vol. i. p. 36. † Ibid. p. 38. ‡ Ibid. p. 38.

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art of manufacturing, had exchanged for one day's toil of a common labourer, may now be purchased for the labour of one third of a day; or three yards may be obtained after the discovery of the more expeditious mode of production, for what one had cost previously. Here we have supposed the exchangeable value of the product to be very much reduced; but the wealth of the community is increased, and the necessaries and comforts of life have been made attainable in the same proportion that their value has diminished. Carry out rigourously the same rule, that wealth increases as value diminishes. Suppose a particular commodity to be produced with infinite ease, so that the supply would be indefinitely great, and the price nothing, as every individual could obtain it without any exertion. This product, according to Mr. Raymond, would not form a part of wealth, because it is without exchangeable value. Suppose all objects of consumption to be produced to the same extent, and with the same ease, there would be no exchangeable value, and, therefore, no wealth, agreeably to our author's system. And we grant that the word "wealth," in such a state of things, could not be used in the received acceptation of writers in our day. Yet the community would possess in the greatest possible abundance, the necessaries and comforts of life; and, consequently, would be immensely wealthy by another part of Mr. R's definition of wealth, which makes it to consist in the possession of the necessaries and comforts of life, or at least in the power of obtaining these, which we think not to be greatly different. Whence then this contradiction? From the simple circumstance that Mr. R. believes wealth to increase as the exchangeable value of the commodities increases—a position directly the reverse of the truth. The wealth of an individual is estimated by the exchangeable value of all that he possesses: but it is evident that if the exchangeable value of the articles of property, which make up the whole mass, be diminished, a larger number of these articles will be required to constitute a definite amount of value. The nature then of private wealth appears sufficiently obvious.

The opinion has been common among the best informed writers on political economy, that national wealth is the same in kind and regulated by the same laws. A nation, they reason, consists of individuals; and, consequently, the aggregate of individual wealth will be national wealth. This has very strikingly the appearance of an identical proposition; yet self-evident as it may appear, it is objected to by Mr. R.; and we purpose examining the grounds of the distinction, which he esteems all important, between national and individual wealth. "The pre-

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vailing error about the sources of national wealth, proceeds from that great fountain of error in the science of political economy, the confounding of national with individual wealth.*" "A nation is a unity, and possesses all the properties of unity."† "Had writers on political economy preserved the idea of a nation's unity, and had they adverted to the different circumstances in which an individual is always placed, from those in which a nation must always be placed, they never would have concluded that a nation could become wealthy, in that sense of the word in which an individual becomes wealthy, nor would they ever have attached the same idea to the word "wealth," when applied to a nation, which they do when applied to an individual."‡ Our author's meaning seems to be that a nation must be considered as a whole—a unit in the world—and when viewed in this light, nations have relations similar to what exist between the different individuals of a single nation. We may, perhaps, make this more clear by an example. We speak of Great-Britain as a great manufacturing nation. We do not consider the immense amount of wrought goods received from that country, as the production of the small number of persons only, who have been immediately engaged in their fabrication—we say those goods are the production of Great-Britain—of the whole nation. The agriculturists supplied the actual operatives with food, without which the work must have been discontinued. The merchants imported the raw material, and exported the finished article. The Lords were employed in the formation of laws, which protected the labourers in their rights, and enabled them to pursue their occupations in peace and safety. The Commons assisted in the legislation, and also in preserving, by their authority as public magistrates or private individuals, the laws inviolate in the counties. The King himself bore a part in the enactment of the laws, and as the head of the government, had the care of their execution; and thus even the monarch has performed a part, and an indispensable part, in the production of the articles we are daily receiving from Great-Britain. The manufactures are the products of the industry of the *whole nation;* and in this sense, we believe, Mr. Raymond uses the words "nation" and "national." We do not think that he intends the government of the nation; although this opinion has some plausibility from his asserting that "a nation is a corporation."§ Thus to restrict, however, the meaning of the terms "nation" and "national," would not accord with most of Mr. R's reasonings, though it might with a part; and we are the more inclined to take the

* Vol. i. p. 94. † Ibid. p. 35. ‡ Ibid. p. 46. § Vol. ii. p. 117.

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words in their largest sense from his having incidentally given us definitions. "It is true that a nation is composed of individuals; and that if all the individuals, &c.* When a nation (that is, its citizens) is engaged," &c.† By a nation, therefore, we are to understand the aggregate of the individuals who compose it. What then is national wealth? "A capacity for acquiring the necessaries and comforts of life"‡—that is, wealth is a capacity for acquiring wealth With equal reason we may say that because an individual has the capacity for acquiring knowledge, therefore he is a learned man; and a marvellously convenient method it would be too for obtaining the character of a savant. We would have supposed that this definition, into which Mr. Raymond had been forced by the necessity of supporting the semblance of a consistent system in his speculations, must have awakened a suspicion of the premises which carried him into such a conclusion. The whole difficulty lies in this: individual wealth consists of objects which have exchangeable value; but a nation, considered apart from others, cannot exchange, since we are now viewing a nation as one body. A unit cannot exchange with itself; it may, however, with other units—that is, other nations; and hence Mr. Raymond says that "any surplus exchanged with foreigners has value; but if the returns be for the nation's own consumption, the term value no longer applies to them in a national point of view."§ And thus we arrive at the conclusion already mentioned, that exchangeable value can have no existence. Our author's meaning may be illustrated in the following manner: You may view the whole world as one nation; and then it is evident that when considered as a whole, as a unit, exchangeable value cannot be predicated of anything, since there is no other unit with which it can have intercourse; unless, indeed, the improvements in the art of constructing railways should be the means of opening a communication with the other planets. On this supposition, it may readily be perceived that Mr. R's system must be extended a little: the different habitable globes would, when connected together, form a whole—a unit. We do not imagine, however, that there is any very pressing occasion for this extension of the system.

We hope that our readers now see clearly in what manner the error of estimating wealth in the direct proportion of the value, runs through the whole of Mr. Raymond's reasonings. To make this, if in our power, still plainer, we may suppose that commodities, which in the present state of things, are valued at one million of dollars, should, in consequence of improvements in

* Vol. i. p. 143. † Ibid. p. 304. ‡ Ibid. p. 47. § Ibid. pp. 59, 142.

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production, be reduced in value to one dollar; that is, the value designated by one dollar in our own day. It is obvious that their exchangeable value would be so near nothing—a man obtaining for the labour of one or two days, articles which are now valued at one million of dollars—that every individual would possess an almost unlimited command of the necessaries and comforts of life, and would be as wealthy as need be desired, according to Mr. Raymond's own showing: for if the "possession of property, for the use of which the owner can obtain a quantity of the nesssaries and comforts of life," be wealth, *a fortiori*, the unlimited command of these necessaries and comforts is so. As, however, the exchangeable value of all this wealth would be indefinitely small,* but still the possession of exchangeable value entitling the commodities to the appellation of wealth according to the present use of the word, perhaps this illustration may shew that great wealth is not inconsistent with the least possible exchangeable value, and reconcile our readers to our applying the term wealth, to nations in the same sense in which it is applied to individuals.

By the wealth of a nation then, we mean the aggregate wealth of all its individuals. We willingly quote from Mr. Raymond when we meet with a sentence so correct as the following: "It is true that a nation is composed of individuals, and that if all the individuals are frugal, parsimonious and wealthy, the nation will be so too; and if all the individuals are extravagant, wasteful and poor, the nation will be so too; and it may also be admitted that frugality or parsimony is more conducive to national wealth than prodigality."† We are persuaded that most of our readers will smile at the extreme caution with which our author admits that frugality is *only more* conducive to national wealth than prodigality. That prodigality should be esteemed conducive to wealth at all, we sincerely desire may be a doctrine new to our countrymen both in theory and practice. This improved method of becoming wealthy by consuming to the full extent of production, and rather than have a surplus, casting part of the commodities into the ocean, is another of the discoveries of Lauderdale, to which Mr. Raymond has given a place in his publication.

But even these guarded admissions of our author, as to the influence of frugality on wealth, are scarcely consistent with what he has elsewhere said in connexion with the same subject. "This absurd doctrine of augmenting national wealth by accumulation, proceeds from confounding national with individual

* According to present estimation. † Vol. i. p. 143.

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wealth."* "If there be a surplus of the product of industry, it is as much the duty of the legislature to make provision, if possible, for its immediate consumption, as it could be to adopt measures for the purpose of supplying the nation with food in case it should be in want. *It is better that the surplus be converted into manure or thrown into the ocean*, than to remain on hand after the ordinary period of consumption:"† that is, "one year."‡ It is impossible to mistake our author's meaning on this subject. He maintains that *barren* consumption, in the strict sense of the word—consumption without any return either of gratification to the producers, or of reproduction, is preferable to accumulation. We flatter ourselves that a very moderate degree of sagacity will be sufficient to expose the gross fallacy of this tenet.

Whatever logical precision, Mr. R. intended to exhibit in the use of terms, the foundation of his notions with regard to the accumulation of wealth, is laid upon that abuse of words, which he condemns in others. The most approved writers, since Smith, on the science of political economy, reject his classification of labour as productive and unproductive; and, therefore, the earl and counsellor have no claim to singularity on this point. And as it gratifies most persons to fancy themselves competent to point out the defects of a great man, we have no cause for surprise that Dr. Smith should be criticised by every stripling who might wish to acquire celebrity by running a tilt with a veteran of established fame. Such combatants are secure of coming off with the advantage, whatever may be the issue of the contest, since the reputation of having entered the lists with the renowned, is far beyond anything they can reasonably expect to obtain by their own achievements. We mean not to assert, however, that Dr. Smith has been proof against all attacks, nor that all his challengers have been of the class just described; but we do say that it becomes all who imagine they have discovered gross and palpable mistakes in the productions of such a mind, to pause a moment, and cautiously to examine whether what they esteem his absurdities, may not arise from their own misapprehension. The invidious distinction between the different classes of labourers is certainly liable to many objections; but would not nearly all that is obnoxious of this part of the wealth of nations be removed, by substituting "not reproductive," in the place of "unproductive?" It is undeniably true that the labour of the menial servant does not fix and realize itself in commodities which may be consumed reproductively—that is, in the

* Vol. i. p. 138. † Ibid. pp. 123, 124 ‡ Ibid. pp. 123, 130, 146.

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production of other commodities ;* and the importance of distinguishing between the classes which are reproductive consumers, and those which are not, is manifest. Indeed, it is from a want of accuracy in this very particular that the errors of Mr. Raymond with respect to the accumulation of wealth, have had their origin.

By consumption, we mean the destruction of the products of industry—the destruction of value. All will admit that there may be different objects of consumption. Value may be consumed in the satisfying of our wants and the gratification of our desires. This consumption will not be unproductive in the literal sense of the word; as our lives have been sustained, and pleasures have been enjoyed, but neither will it be reproductive. The values annihilated, will not reappear in another form. Such is not the fact with the expenditures of the capitalist and the farmer. A capitalist possesses one hundred thousand dollars; he expends part in buildings and machinery, suitable for manufacturing cotton; and such a part of the remainder of his capital as may be necessary, is disposed of in the purchase of the raw material and the payment of wages. It may be that every dollar has been expended before he has been engaged in business for a month. What then? Is this man really penny-less? By no means. He will receive in a short time his whole capital with profits. What he formerly possessed in gold and silver, will be returned to him in cotton goods; and by selling these, he may again have his capital in money. Every dollar that was expended in machinery, was consumed reproductively;—the machines are immediately engaged in the production of values. Every dollar that was laid out for cotton and for labour, was also consumed reproductively. The cotton has value which is consumed in the manufacturing of cotton cloth; and the labour has value which, when consumed in working up the cotton, is realized in the finished article. Suppose the capitalist turns his attention to commerce, and transports his capital to China for a cargo of tea. In this case the whole capital is consumed at once, and will be reproduced in the shape of tea, which may be sold for one hundred thousand dollars, and so much more as will pay expenses and profits. If the capital should be expended in the improvement of land, the return would be expected in the increased value of the plantation.

* The language, indeed, even when thus changed, would not be strictly correct, as it is impossible for us to say that any one class alone is engaged in reproduction. The labour of the judge as well as of the farmer—of the cook as well as of the manufacturer, performs a necessary part in all reproduction, and without this part, those immediately engaged could not continue their labour.

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But it is obvious that this capital may be disposed of in yet another manner. Perhaps the owner wishes to enjoy the luxuries of life, and sets out in the gay world. At the end of a few years, instead of having doubled his capital, as would probably have been the result of reproductive exertion, his whole capital will be consumed, and the capital of the nation will be diminished to the same extent. It may be thought, indeed, that as the tailors, and players and cooks, and other persons employed by the capitalist, have received his property, that therefore, the wealth of the nation is unimpaired. We reply that they gave their labour for what they received. These individuals would have been employed in their respective occupations, or in others, even if the owner of the capital of one hundred thousand dollars had expended it in a different manner—in reproduction; and since they have received only the ordinary rate of wages and profits of capital on their investments, (which they would have received, however this particular capital was disposed of, or else would have turned their attention to more profitable employments,) their wealth is not greater than it would have been in the usual course of things. Since then one individual of the nation is poorer by one hundred thousand dollars, and no other individual has been enriched by his loss, it follows that the nation has been impoverished to the same amount. The capitalist, it is true, has enjoyed his personal gratification; but this is all that has been received by any one.

It appears then that there is an entire difference in the two kinds of consumption, when considered as they affect national wealth. Now if Mr. Raymond had said that reproductive consumption is highly beneficial, and that the accumulation of finished products, withheld from consumption, is so much dead capital, useless so long as not appropriated according to the intention of all production—that is, so long as not consumed, we certainly would never have questioned the correctness of his opinions, however we might have doubted their novelty. But when we find our author supporting the expediency of converting valuable products into manure,* and asserting not only that war promotes national wealth, but that it promotes it by preventing accumulation,† we are compelled to suspect the accuracy of his information on the subject,‡ and to conclude that having involved himself in a cloud, he mistakes in attributing the indistinctness

* Vol. i. p. 123. † Vol. ii. p. 92.

‡ Doubtless Mr. R. will say that we are "exposing our ignorance," (v. i. p. 180); but the judgment of him who said that Lord Lauderdale wrote a book on political economy, to prove he knew nothing of the subject, happens to coincide with our own; and we are willing to be included with him in our author's censure.

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with which objects are seen, to the haziness of their own atmosphere. Thus, that "original"* and satisfactory chapter of Say, "Des débouchés," appears to Mr. Raymond the "strangest doctrine of all;"† and he ventures to challenge any ingenuous man to say that he understands certain chapters of the "Wealth of Nations"—and why, gentle reader? Because there is great difficulty in comprehending them? No: but because they were not understood by Mr. Raymond himself! ‡

"Sed tamen amoto quæramus seria ludo." We do not wish to make assertions, and dogmatize without other support than may be derived from an unlimited confidence in our own infallibility. We will give the reasons on which our opinions are founded, and our readers may decide for themselves. If, according to our author's own definition, a nation consists of all the individuals who compose it, we presume it must be granted that if any individual of the nation gains, and no other individual loses, it is a national gain. If, for example, a merchant at the end of a year's business, finds his net revenue to be ten thousand dollars, and if this revenue has been acquired at the expense of no other individual of the nation, it cannot but be that the capital of the nation is ten thousand dollars greater than it was a twelvemonth before. We admit that other merchants may have suffered loss, even though not by their own countrymen; but this does not affect our argument—which is, that if an individual of a nation gains, and no other individual of the nation loses in consequence, this is a national gain. It is equally true that if one citizen loses, and none of his fellow-citizens gain in consequence, this is a national loss. If this reasoning be correct, we are authorised to say that the aggregate of the net revenues of all the indivduals, will form the net revenue of the nation. We must be understood here as embracing the net revenues of all the individuals; and, in our abstract argument, we may use the terms in relation to those who have lost, as well as those who have gained. The revenue of the former will be negative—of the latter positive; and we ascertain the revenue of the nation by striking a balance. In all nations which are advancing in wealth, by simply subtracting the former sum of the losses from the latter sum of the gains, the difference will be the net revenue of the nation. If then the whole of this net revenue were consumed in the luxuries of life, the productive sources of the nation would remain exactly the same as before

* So called by no less a person than Ricardo. † Vol. i. p. 109.

‡ Alas! what cancelling, if Mr. Raymond were the standard of intelligibles in political economy.

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its existence, supposing the annual loss of fixed capital to be annually repaired; for otherwise the sources of production would be gradually dried up. In this state of things the whole annual revenue is consumed, while the capital of the nation remains stationary, and consequently the population; because an increase of the means of subsistence must necessarily precede an increase of those to be subsisted. But says Mr. Raymond "it may be laid down as a universal rule, that a nation is in the greatest state of prosperity, when the annual consumption just equals the annual production."* A nation then in such circumstances, as those we have described, would be in the best possible condition. We know of no country, at all removed from barbarism, which has so nearly reached this acmé of prosperity, as China; and, perhaps, Spain may advance claims worthy of respect, to a station not far behind; but it has not been customary to envy the happiness of the Chinese or the Spanish.

There is another way in which the net revenue of the nation may be disposed of;—it may be added to the capital engaged in production, and thus consumed reproductively. This is what Adam Smith means by accumulation; and if there be any other method of increasing the wealth of a nation, we confess ourselves ignorant of its existence. "What is annually saved, is as regularly consumed as what is annually spent, and nearly in the same time too: but it is consumed by a different set of people. That portion of his revenue which a rich man spends, is, in most cases, consumed by idle guests and menial servants, who leave nothing behind them in return for their consumption. That portion which he annually saves, since for the sake of the profit, it is immediately employed as a capital, is consumed in the same manner, and nearly in the same time too, but by a different set of people, by labourers, manufacturers and artificers, who *reproduce* with a profit the value of their annual consumption."† It is fortunate for mankind that self-interest and the prospect of future enjoyment govern their conduct, and teach what is best to be done. Men know that is their interest to consume the whole of their revenue; (not, however, to convert it into manure or throw it into the ocean); but they are equally well aware that they must consume part of it reproductively, if they wish to advance in wealth. Hence they deny themselves present gratification;—they are frugal; they will not spend their whole revenue in the pleasures of life, but add part of it to their productive capital. Thus they accumulate wealth. Every year increases their sources of production, and increases them in a progressive ratio.

* Vol. i. pp. 122, 123. † Wealth of Nations, vol. i. p. 240.

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Mr. Raymond is in terror, perhaps, lest accumulation should be carried too far in our country. We have no such fears, and we would refer him to that "strange"* chapter of Say, for proof that demand is limited only by production. In proportion as production increases, the producers have the means of augmenting their consumption—that is, each producer will have extended means of originating a demand for the products of the industry of all others; and the increase of population, consequent upon the greater abundance of subsistence, will soon supply labourers for the working up of any amount of capital. "There cannot then be accumulated in a country any amount of capital which may not be employed productively, until wages rise so high, in consequence of the rise of necessaries, and so little consequently remains for the profits of stock, that the motive for accumulation ceases. While the profits of stock are high, men will have a motive to accumulate. Whilst a man has any wished-for gratification unsupplied, he will have a demand for more commodities; and it will be an effectual demand while he has any new value to offer in exchange for them."†

It will be easy for our readers to form an estimate of Mr. Raymond's speculative opinions generally, from those we have passed in review before them. Such doctrines would, perhaps, have been undeserving of the extended notice we have given them, had they not been made the support of practical maxims certainly not unworthy of the theory. After the just remark of our author, that "all the labour which has hitherto been employed in endeavouring to discover a perpetual motion, has been unproductive,"‡ we had reason for surprise to find him engaged in the construction of something similar in finance. Taxation, according to these new views, is nothing more than a transfer of property from the right hand to the left, or from the left to the right; and thus capital§ may be transmitted from the producers to the treasury, and thence again to the producers; and from these again to the treasury, and so on to infinity.‖ In like manner a national debt, which is due to individuals of the nation, has no other effect, while its interest does not exceed the national revenue, than to cause such a part of the annual revenue, as may be necessary, to pass through the public treasury in order to its distribution.¶ A nation, in conformity to this system of

* Vol. i. p. 109. How differently one of Say's countrymen speaks of his work: "De tous les livres composés en Français sur la science economique c'est le plus complet sans contredit; nous croyons pouvoir ajouter, le plus instructif." Chenier, de la Literature Français. p. 81.

† Ricardo, p. 301. ‡ Vol. i. p. 72. § Vol. ii. pp, 284, 285

‖ Vol. ii. pp. 257, 258, 260, 261, 265, 271, 272, 318, 319.

¶ Vol. ii. pp. 261, 333.

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finance, would seem to be more complete in all its parts, when finished off by a public debt* of such magnitude, that the interest should equal the gross annual revenue; and we may illustrate this state of the body politic by its analogy with the body natural. The public treasury performs the functions which belong to the heart and lungs in the animal body; and as the blood must pass through the lungs to be fit for the nourishment of the body, the national revenue must also pass through the treasury. But we are rather incredulous with respect to these discoveries, however exact may appear their analogy with some things that do exist.

If we have made ourselves understood in relation to reproductive consumption, and that which is not so, it will at once be seen the consumption of governments is of the latter kind. They have sometimes engaged in reproductive occupations; but as their efforts in production have usually been attended with loss, the lessons of experience are listened to, and such enterprizes have nearly ceased. We do not say that the taxes are consumed without an equivalent; for if we wish for the protection of government, it is just what we provide for its support. It is our own creature; and when we are desirous of tasting the sweets of anarchy, we may free ourselves from the expense of legislative and executive departments. And even if loans have been contracted, and wars entered into, it is very absurd to say that the millions expended in the equipment of the army and navy, have been consumed without a return, since our rights may have been vindicated, and our existence as a nation secured. But all this being granted, it is very obvious, that the consumption of war and the civil list is not reproductive. The values destroyed, do not "fix and realize" themselves in objects which may be applied to reproduction. Whence then the marvellous power of multiplying wealth, which Mr. Raymond has discovered? The whole annual revenue of a nation may be required to pay the interest of the public debt; and still, if the public creditors be of the nation, the national wealth will be unimpaired. The revenue of the nation will be paid into the treasury, and again paid out, and returned to the first owners.† Now if the revenue should be paid back to the same individuals from whom it was collected, its being paid into the treasury at all was utterly useless, and a little worse. But if it should be given to the public creditors, who, generally speaking, are rather consumers than producers of annual revenue, they will consume it in supplying what is needful to their support; and how it can afterwards

* Vol. ii. pp. 274, 329. † Vol. ii. pp. 261, 265.

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satisfy the wants of the other portion of the nation, we are unable to determine, unless the same values may be consumed twice, once before they cease to exist, and once afterwards. "The annual product of a nation's labour is its revenue,"* according to our author. This is paid to the treasurer of government. Upon what then does the nation subsist? The treasurer pays it again to the public creditors, and they pay it to the producers. For what? For food and raiment certainly. But have not those producers just now paid the whole produce of their industry into the treasury, and in consequence do not possess a penny's worth? The producers, therefore, must perish through want, while the public creditors may live in luxury; only, however, for a single year, when they must perish too, as their stock will be exhausted, and there will be no producers to furnish a new supply.

We may see more clearly the result of this improved method of multiplying wealth, when applied to an individual. "A manufacturer pays ten thousand dollars into the public coffers, equal to the whole value of the product of his labour. This money the government pays to a public creditor as interest on the public debt, and the creditor returns it to the manufacturer in payment for goods, which he and his dependants consume; and thus the money circulates from hand to hand, and is paid away for precisely the same considerations, after it has come out of the treasury, that it would have been paid away for, had it never been paid into the treasury, and it amounts to no more than an artificial mode of dividing property, and of distributing the product of labour among the people."† Q.E.D. But wait a moment, kind sir! we wish to be shewn the connexion of the various steps of the demonstration. First then, what induced the stockholder to give the interest which he received on his stock, to the manufacturer? The product of the manufacturer's industry. But if you will take the trouble of retracing your path for a short distance, you will find that the manufacturer paid the whole produce of his labour into the public coffers. Ah, true; but that was the revenue for last year, and he is exchanging what he produces now with the stockholders for money. Since then the whole of his produce is disposed of in this way, upon what does the manufacturer subsist? On gold and silver? Ah, that also deserves consideration: for this no provision appears to have been made.‡

* Vol. ii. pp. 256, 264. † Ibid. p. 265.

‡ If Mr. R. had said that a nation can pay taxes to the whole amount of its net revenue, all difficulty would have been removed from the proposition; but at the same time all appearance of novelty. That the author means gross revenue is evident from vol. ii. p. 264, and various other passages.

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Our author seems to have made the slight mistake of supposing the producers to have paid the whole of their revenue into the public treasury, and still to retain it in their own hands, with which to supply their wants. If this arrangement be practicable, certainly public debt will not affect national wealth; but if it be not so, (which we confess to our very plain understanding appears the more probable) then we say, that neither Mr. Raymond nor any other person can show that after ten millions have been consumed by the army or navy, those ten millions still exist. The money may still exist, which as a medium of exchange, assisted in the transfer of values to the amount of ten millions; but those who received the commodity, money, gave an equivalent in other commodities:—the farmer his grain and his cattle; and the tradesmen their respective products; and these values have been consumed—annihilated forever without reproduction.

The source of this and other small matters, such as building ships of the line, and then destroying them; digging canals in situations, where to supply them with water is an utter impossibility; or performing excavations for the exquisite pleasure of filling them up again;* and all these pleasant divertisements without any diminution of national wealth—is the exploded error of the mercantilists, that money alone is wealth. "There will be just as much money in the nation after these expenditures as before,"† says our author.

There is another course of policy which originated in the same school, and which is much more extensively supported than the notions that have just engaged our attention—the latter falling to pieces by their own rottenness—we refer to restrictions on trade. In a society where individuals are free to dispose of their capital and industry in the manner that best pleases themselves, all the different employments which will yield the ordinary profits, will present equal attractions to capitalists; and, consequently, will be occupied according to the demand of the community. When then any department of industry does not draw towards it capital and labour, we may be certain that it will not afford the compensation obtained in other branches of business; since, if such were not the case, there is no reason why it should be unoccupied rather than others. It will be understood that we are speaking of net profits. Now what will be the effect of a bounty to a particular class of producers on the supposition that all who are engaged in production receive the average profits? It must be visible to all, that the class

* Vol. ii. pp. 96, 97. † Ibid. pp. 97, 280.

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which receives the bounty, will then make more than the average profits by the whole amount of the bounty; and that this excess will fall upon the community at large, who pay the tax by which government is enabled to grant the bounty. But this state of things cannot continue; as not only will the capitalists, already embarked in the production which receives the bounty, be enabled to extend their business, and be made desirous of doing this by the unusual profits, but others also will invest their funds in the same employment, and thus, in a short period, the price of the products of that department will be reduced to the sum, which, with the bounty will pay the average profits. Was there any injustice then in conferring this upon a particular class? There was; because its immediate effect was to transfer property from the consumers to the producers, for which the former received no equivalent whatever. The regulation did not affect national wealth, except in so far as this may have been influenced by the sudden fluctuations in business, caused by the irregular gains of some, and the unforeseen losses of others; for what the body of the nation lost, the producers gained. Besides, it will have very injurious effects in causing the transfer of capital from other employments to that which receives the bounty, and afterwards back again, as these transfers can scarcely be made without considerable loss. The bounty is also impolitic, since the part of the cost of production paid by it, is not, in all probability, distributed throughout the community, according to the individual consumption of the article.

What then would be the effect of an equal bounty to all the different departments of industry? It is evident that in this case, all enjoying impartially the gifts of government, equally high profits would be made by all, and therefore there would be no transfer of capital. Those engaged in the production of what Say terms "immaterial products,"—governors, legislators and professional men would be oppressed for a time, as they would have to pay the ordinary prices of commodities, besides their share of the tax necessary to supply the means of paying bounty. But this would soon change. The producers by their high profits, would have both the power and desire of extending their production; and the increased supply would cause competition in the market, and by degrees prices would be brought down to that point, at which, when added to the bounty, they would yield what is the average rate of profit in the nation. Equal encouragement to all then, if carried further than the protection of all in their rights, will produce merely an unnatural excitement for the moment, that will be followed by a cor-

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responding depression,* and no permanent effect whatever will be accomplished. Government withdraws a part of its property from the community by taxation, and pays it back in the diminished prices of the articles of consumption; deducting, however, the charges of collecting the taxes, and distributing the bounties, which are never returned to the nation, but entirely consumed. Neither do these form the whole loss; for besides the evil, before mentioned, that the taxes may not press in proportion to the consumption of individuals, we cannot doubt that the property of the nation would have been appropriated more beneficially, had it been permitted to remain, without being carried hither and thither, in the hands of those who acquired it. A bounty then on a particular branch of industry, may encourage this department at the expense of all others; while bounties on all at the same time will have but a momentary influence. Indeed, even in the first case, when a grant is made to one of the departments of industry, where all previously afforded equal profits, the operation of the bounty will not be much more lasting.

But there are some employments which do not engage the capitalists of a nation, because they do not hold out the allurement of the customary profits; and it has been more frequently the intention of governments to nourish those occupations which do not present sufficient inducements to individual enterprize, than to encourage those already flourishing. This is what is proposed by increasing the tariff rates, so as to give the domestic producer, in a great measure, the monopoly of the home market; and it is with respect to this policy, that there are so many discordant opinions. The propriety of such duties as may be necessary for raising a revenue, is generally admitted; and we suppose it will be granted that the request for protection and exclusive privileges in favour of any branch of industry,

* We are now experiencing this inevitable consequence of the interference of the public authorities in the private affairs of individuals The large increase of duties on foreign goods, in the last revision of the tariff, opened an unbounded field for speculation; and persons who previously had been advancing in wealth with the gradual but certain progress of the ordinary profits of our country, were captivated by the prospect of amassing property almost instantaneously, and without limits; and rushed in crowds to the protected employments. The consequence has been what any one of tolerable judgment might have foreseen. The cotton business is completely overdone, and also the iron; and those engaged in these employments, complain that they cannot continue them at the present rate of profits. Those persons who have been long employed in these occupations, say the tariff has injured them, and that they are less profitable than before the additional protecting duties were imposed. From this state of things, it must result that hundreds of those, possessing the smaller capitals, will sink into bankruptcy and ruin; and thus thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars will be utterly sacrificed. Our Congress has given origin to this wild speculation that we may thus pay for our experience.

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implies that its products, if sold at the price which has been current with respect to the foreign article, will not yield the common returns to the adventurers; since in such circumstances only will any commodity need the fostering care of government. In all other cases, individual enterprize will soon occupy any field which may exhibit the prospect of a reasonable compensation. We may remark also, that if there is a probability that the domestic product will soon attain to such perfection and cheapness, as to be sold lower than that received from abroad, the only thing to be considered is, whether the future advantage is likely to be so great as to counterbalance the present loss in paying a higher price for the commodity. That there is a present loss, and a national loss, is so obvious that we believe few can deny it.

We are furnished with a commodity from abroad at a certain price. This price will not recompense the domestic producers of the same commodity. Government then gives them a bounty on their production, or imposes a duty on the foreign article. In the first case, we have to pay the former price for the same product, and also the taxes which are expended in the payment of the bounty. In the last, the duty on the foreign product will cause its price to rise, as it will not be imported till its price has been so much increased as to pay the costs of production, its former price, and also the duty. In both cases then, we pay a higher price for the same commodity—for the same gratification which we may derive from its consumption. If, for example, it should cost one-fifth more to produce the commodity at home than to purchase it from foreigners, we will have to give our service during six days for what previously had been obtained for the labour of five, when we employed those five in the production of other commodities, which were exchanged with the foreign merchant for the article in question. Neither do the domestic producers of the privileged commodity gain what the consumers lose; since, owing to obstacles in the way of that species of production, they are supposed to receive only the ordinary profits by selling at the increased price; and if they should receive more, the accession of other capitalists would cause the price to fall down to the lowest rate at which the domestic production could be carried on—that rate which would yield the same profits which those same producers received in their former occupations. Still there would be a national loss; (unless the exchangeable value of the domestic product should fall to that rate at which the price of the foreign article had been previously;) and this loss would be exactly equal to the

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difference between the present and former prices of the article, on the whole amount consumed in the nation.

This reasoning may be illustrated by its application to a particular case. If a yard of cloth can be manufactured in Great-Britain and brought to this country for five dollars, and if a yard of the same quality costs to the domestic producer six dollars,* it is obvious that the commodity will not be manufactured amongst us. But government may, by imposing a duty of one dollar a yard on the foreign product, enable the domestic producer to supply our wants. The foreign fabric must then sell for six dollars, if it continue to be imported; and if it do not bring this price, the importation will cease. Consequently, the domestic producer will be able to manufacture the article at the new price of six dollars. What then is the effect of this new arrangement upon the consumers—those who use the commodity, comprising the mass of the nation? Simply this, that they must now pay six dollars, or so much of their industry as they usually give for that sum of money, for what they before received in exchange for five;—precisely the same effect as would result from laying a tax of one dollar a yard on the whole consumption of the particular article. Do then the manufacturers receive this tax? Not at all; since they receive no larger profits than in their previous occupations, before they commenced manufacturing. If government should impose a duty of two dollars a yard on the cloth, so that the capitalists who first engaged in its production, might make exorbitant profits, very soon their rapidly increasing wealth would draw the attention of others to the same employment, and thus competition would reduce their profits to the ordinary rate—the rate of profits made by selling the fabric at six dollars. We have already seen that where there is freedom of person and property, the exchangeable value of products will be reduced to that which will yield the usual profits to those employed in their production. Since then the consumers lose, and the producers do not gain, there is no possibility of escaping the conclusion that the duty is *pro tanto* a national loss.

We are still of the opinion, therefore, (Mr. Raymond to the contrary notwithstanding) that it is adviseable "to buy where we can buy cheapest;" and if we can obtain cloth, or any other articles with less labour *mediately*, by producing other values and exchanging them with foreigners, than is possible *immediately*, by employing our own industry in their production, why should we not turn our labour to the best possible account? If the British are wil-

* Owing to the higher price of industry and capital.

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ling to manufacture for us at a lower rate of profits, and since our own people, by their conduct in not changing their employments, say they are more profitably employed than they would be in manufacturing at such prices, by all means let us accept the service of Britain, and give her in return those things in the production of which we have the advantage. In manufactures, Britain has undoubtedly the superiority over any other nation. There capital is abundant, and interest low. Labour is cheaper than we ever wish it to be in our own land; and these and various other circumstances enable Great-Britain to make more finished fabrics, and cheaper than is yet possible in the United States.* The time will come, though the vast extent of our territory will very much retard its approach, when our population will be dense, and our labourers forced to confine themselves to the bare necessaries of life—when profitable modes of investing capital will not be so numerous, and its diminished returns will have been followed by a diminution of interest;—then we may manufacture even more cheaply than Britain now does, in cottons at least, since we have the advantage of growing the raw material. But for ourselves, we are very far from looking forward to this period with pleasurable anticipations. We prefer the present state of things, when, owing to the almost unlimited extent of the most fertile lands, and the profitable modes of investment which they present, the returns on capital are maintained at a very high rate; and progress in wealth is proportionally rapid. By applying a small amount of money-capital to our great extent of landed capital, the proceeds will be larger than would be received, if the same amount of money-capital were appropriated in any other way. We may safely leave individuals to follow the dictates of their own good sense, sharpened by interest. "It is the maxim of every prudent master of a family, never to attempt to make at home

* We must except the coarser cottons, in which the price of the raw material forms a large portion of the value. In such goods, the greater cheapness of the cotton may more than counterbalance the greater dearness of the capital and labour: since these last compose but a small part of the cost of the manufactures. There is a feature in the internal economy of the English nation, of which the influence, in enabling them to sell their fabrics low, cannot be questioned, though it may sometimes have been overlooked—we allude to the system of poor laws. If the labourer must be subsisted for the whole year on his wages, it is obvious that those wages must be higher than at present: since now it is necessary for his support, that he should receive the assistance of the poor rates during some months in the year. If, however, wages were higher, the prices of goods, of which wages are a component part, must also be raised. Consequently, the system of poor laws has some influence in lessening the prices of the products of industry; and by this means they are sold cheaper by the British merchant to the foreign consumers. The poor rates, therefore, amounting still to near thirty millions of dollars annually, are a premium paid by Britain to induce other nations to consume her products: since no motive will have such influence on foreigners as their cheapness. Shall we also have a system of poor laws?

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what it will cost him more to make than to buy. The tailor does not attempt to make his own shoes, but buys them of the shoemaker. The shoemaker does not attempt to make his own clothes, but employs a tailor. The farmer attempts to make neither the one nor the other, but employs those different artificers. All of them find it for their interest to employ their whole industry in a way in which they have some advantage over their neighbours, and to purchase with a part of its produce, or what is the same thing, with the price of a part of it. whatever else they have occasion for."* These remarks are applicable to nations.

It is of the utmost importance on this subject to remember, that the question is not whether we shall produce manufactures or not, but whether we shall produce them in one way rather than another. They are equally our own production, and equally employ our own labourers, whether we produce other commodities, and receive manufactures in exchange for them,† or whether we have the manufactories among ourselves. The former, we believe, to be the less expensive mode of production; and the arguments in its favour are so strong, that many of those who advocate restrictions on trade, have assumed new ground. Among these we find Mr. Raymond; and his last resource, and indeed, the only resource of his party, is what a celebrated writer would call "a false fact." A large portion of our labourers, it would seem, are out of employment, or at least only partially occupied in business; and, therefore, even if the cost of manufactures of domestic production should be greater than of those which might be imported, it would be policy to encourage our own manufactures, that all our people may be

* Wealth of Nations, vol. i. p. 320.

† The difficulty which will be started here that Britain will not receive our products, is rather apparent than real. It is true Britain does not admit, to any great extent, the growth of the Northern States; but of the Southern, she does very largely; and of the Middle States, to a very considerable amount. Hence the South is employed in the production of articles of export, partly to the exclusion of other products, and depends on the North for the necessaries of life. Thus an extensive market is opened for the produce of the Northern States. The demand of Britain for our productions, is not equally diffused over the United States; but is very excessive in one quarter, and very small in another: but on the whole, perhaps, as great as could reasonably be expected. Even if we have to exchange with the British, partly in specie, this is equally the produce of our own labour, since it must have been purchased with our exports. So long then, as we have products to exchange for gold or silver, we can have a sufficiency of those metals to exchange for other commodities. If the precious metals should rise in value in our country, there will be stronger inducements to export goods, and bring back the returns in bullion. Thus the evil, such as it is, will rectify itself. If the goods which are valued at an ounce of gold in foreign countries, should bear the value of only half an ounce in our own, our merchants, by exporting goods and importing bullion, will realize cent. per cent. on the adventure.

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fully employed. Now this seems on first view to be a very formidable argument; and the only objection to it is, that the author has drawn too liberally on his imagination for his facts. Consequently, the superstructure cannot be more stable than the foundation. Can any thing be more preposterous than that men, who talk of the Baconian mode of philosophizing,* should stand forward and assert that a nation which doubles its wealth and population in less than twenty-five years, is overrun with idlers? In our country, the unexampled increase of wealth and population has given form and substance to theories which previously were supposed to have no existence but in the brains of fanciful philosophers; yet in the very face of these facts, some have the hardihood to affirm that the American people are idle—that they are not employed! If such be the fruits of idleness, we pray Heaven to bless our country with the continuance of them; and for ourselves, will confess that we have been bewildered by gross prejudices against men of a very deserving character. It appears now, that idle, indolent persons double their wealth in less than twenty-five years; while the active, industrious inhabitants of Great-Britain, who are engaged extensively in manufactures as well as agriculture and commerce, require about eighty years to accomplish the same object.† But we have, perhaps, misunderstood Mr. Raymond on this subject. He is dealing in new and startling propositions, and, perhaps, reconciles the whole by a small change in the meaning of words. Thus, by "idleness," he designs to express what less refined reasoners call "industry;" and when he says, that our citizens are slothful, and their time only partially taken up with business, he means that the people of these United States are more industrious, and more productively employed than any other nation of the same extent on the face of the earth. This reconciles theory with observation.

But enough of this; and we suppose our readers are ready to say the same in relation to Mr. Raymond's book. Perhaps they may be surprised that we have found so little to commend. We can assure them, however, that this is not our fault, but our misfortune. And if we should appear to have treated with little ceremony the gentleman who has thought himself qualified to remand political economists to the merchant's clerk for further

* Vol. i. p. 274.

† We do not say, that it is altogether fair to compare a young and growing nation with one far advanced in age, and which has a small territory and crowded population. As Great Britain, however, is triumphantly held forth as exemplifying the truth of the restrictive theory, we thought that to contrast her condition with our own, might not be unprofitable.

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instruction with respect to the meaning of their terms, and to the farmer's boy for information on the nature of rent, we plead guilty to the charge; but declare ourselves unconscious of having misrepresented the author in any one particular; and believe that our readers will acquit us of having done him injustice, when they have read but a very small portion of the volumes before us.

ART. III.—1. *History of Charles the Great and Orlando, ascribed to Archbishop Turpin. Translated from the Latin in Spanheim's Lives of Ecclesiastical Writers: together with the most celebrated ancient Spanish Ballads, relating to the Twelve Peers of France mentioned in Don Quixote; with English metrical versions.* By THOMAS RODD. In 2 vols. London.

2. *Floresta de varios Romances sacados de las Historias antiguas de los Doce Pares de Francia.* Por DAMIAN LOPEZ DE TORTAJADA.

SINCE the beginning of that struggle which resulted in the deliverance of German literature from the bondage of French authority and a servile imitation of foreign models, a new order of researches, and almost a new theory of criticism have been proposed to scholars. It has been discovered that there is no genuine, living beauty of composition which springs not spontaneously, if we may so express it, out of the very soil of a country; which is not connected with the history, animated by the spirit, and in perfect harmony with the character and opinions of its people. It has been found that all imitative or derivative literatures are in comparison of the truly primitive and national, tame, vapid and feeble—that Roman genius, for instance, did but dimly reflect the glories of the Attic muse, and that even in the *chefs d'œuvre* of the Augustan age of France, replete as they are in other respects with the highest graces of composition, the want of this native sweetness, this "colour of primeval beauty," is universally complained of by foreigners. The German critics, therefore, and after their example, many others have, within the present century, busily employed themselves

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in tracing the history of modern literature up to its sources, with a view to show its connexion with national history and manners. The repositories of antiquarian lore have been ransacked for forgotten MSS. The oldest monuments—the most scattered and mutilated fragments have been brought to light, and collated and compared. The simplest traditions, the wildest fictions, the superstitions of the common people, the tales of the nursery and the fireside, legend and lay, and love-ditty and heroic ballad, have been all laid under contribution, to furnish forth such pictures of national manners, and "to show the very age and body of the times" which produced them, "its form and pressure." These collections, both of metrical and prose "Reliques," in English as well as in foreign languages, are multiplying every day, and becoming more and more generally studied and popular. In short, it is undeniable that the spirit of criticism is, in this respect, far more liberal now, its views more enlarged and profound, than they were in the reign of Queen Anne, and during the former half of the last century. The age is gone by when his display of the beauties of "Chevy Chase," exposed Addison to "the ridicule of Wagstaffe and the contempt of Dennis," and when Dr. Percy found it necessary to use the names of "many men of learning and character," as "an amulet to guard him from every unfavourable censure for having bestowed any attention *upon a parcel of* OLD BALLADS."*

There is no country in Christendom whose literature furnishes such a striking exemplification of these ideas as Spain. Her old national poetry is second to none—if it is not superior to any in Europe. Her classical productions of a later date, on the contrary, whatever may be said of them by enthusiasts, and whatever may be, in fact, the merit of some of them, have ever appeared to us, as to the majority of mankind, incomparably inferior to those of her neighbours. We do not mean to repeat the well-known *bon-mot* of Montesquieu, yet we venture to say, that, in spite of Schlegel or Cervantes,† it will be long before Calderon, or Herrera, or Garcilaso de la Vega, shall rival Dante, and Ariosto and Tasso in the estimation of the world. But we pity the man who can read a genuine old Spanish *romance*, and not feel "his heart," in Sir Philip Sidney's phrase, "more moved than with a trumpet." For these artless lays are the very language of nature, at once heroic and simple—the living record of what the most "renowned, romantic" race of modern men, under circumstances the most peculiar and the most interesting, did

* Reliques, &c. vol. i. pref. xiv. † Don Quixotte, c. 6.

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and suffered—a picture of "fierce wars and faithful loves," when every war was a Holy War, waged for hearth and altar, and the stoutest champion that ever drew sword for his country and the cross, would have deemed it a foul blot upon his escutcheon, to be wanting in devotion to his lady-love and all gentleness and knightly grace in hall and bower. The intimate connexion, especially, which so long subsisted between the Spaniards and those inveterate enemies of the whole Christian name, their Oriental conquerors, gives a singular and most attractive colouring to this early literature. From the influence of the church in the dark ages, and the absence of the diversified interests and avocations which absorb the attention of mankind in an advanced state of society, religion mixed itself up with all the pursuits, feelings, opinions, and even the very amusements of those times. Every thing breathed of it—every thing recalled it to the mind and impressed it upon the imagination and the heart. But this zeal for the true faith, or this fidelity to Mother-Church, was perpetually exercised and enflamed by the dangers which were supposed to beset them from the progress and the influence of a rival, though a false creed. In the depth of that starless night, the banners of Mohammedanism had been suddenly displayed in the very heart of Christendom. Sicily and Spain were subdued; Constantinople was repeatedly threatened, and the prowess of Charles Martel seems to have been the only barrier between the hitherto irresistible impetuosity of these martial fanatics and the whole western world. Never, perhaps, either before or since, were such mighty interests staked upon the issue of a single battle, as depended upon that gained by the hero just mentioned, over the Saracens, between Tours and Poitiers. When at length the tide of conquest was rolled back upon the East, the same fierce and burning spirit of conflict and hostility was kept alive by the Crusades for two centuries together, at the very æra of awakening civilization in Europe, and thus pervaded all its institutions and deeply tinctured its character in their first formation. The influence of these wars of enthusiasm upon modern literature, has been often adverted to, but cannot be exaggerated. They are to us what Thebes and Troy and the Argonautic expedition were to the Greeks. The particular effect of them, however, to which we are now adverting, was to make an irreconcileable hatred, or at least, perpetual resistance to Islamism, be considered as of the very essence of all true piety. "Mahound and Apolyn," in the old metrical romances, are other names for the incarnate Spirit of Evil. Nor could a good Catholic in those times, give a better proof of a saving faith in his own

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religion, or make a surer atonement for his sins, than by visiting the Holy Sepulchre with a warrior's sword and spear, instead of the scrip and staff of a pilgrim. The feelings and opinions of this heroic age are preserved in all its monuments, and were transmitted to succeeding ages, with the exaggeration and enchantment which objects of fancy or feeling are sure to derive from time and distance. To judge from some curious relics of the past, the recovery of Palestine out of the hands of the Infidel, was, long after the last of the crusades, an engrossing interest in Christendom. The idea of the barbarian conquerors, of the execrated *miscreants*, who had formerly struck such terror into Europe—who had overrun so many of the fairest lands, once blessed with the light of the gospel—who had thus been brought into close contact and perpetual and vexatious conflict with the faithful followers of Christ—had "built their seats long after near the seat of God, their altars near his altar—

> ——————————yea, often placed
> Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
> Abominations"—

this idea took such strong possession of the minds of men as to be identified with their ordinary pursuits, their daily thoughts, and their most ruling passions. Thus, in a collection of records subjoined by Burnet to his History of the Reformation,* we find the following. It is from "the bidding prayer" in popish times, and was taken out of the festival printed in 1509, as it is said. "The Bedes on Sunday. Ye shall kneel down on your knees, and lift up your hearts, making your prayers to Almighty God for the good state and peace of all Holy Church, &c. For our Holy Father the Pope, with all his true College of Cardinals, &c. Also; ye shall pray for *the Holy Land and the Holy Cross* that Jesus Christ died on for the redemption of men's souls, that it may come into the power of Christian men. Again: ye shall pray for all true pilgrims and palmers," &c. No wonder that the genius of Tasso—the Christian poet *par excellence*—should have kindled with these feelings, and that the subject of, by far, the most popular epic of modern times, were the perils and the triumph of the first crusade!

But these religious wars, which—important as were their effects, were but an episode in the annals of the rest of Europe—are the whole history of Spain. For upwards of seven centuries together, this mighty conflict of fanaticism was carried on with

* Vol. ii.

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various success, but uniformly the same spirit. From the battle of Xeres in 712, until towards the end of the tenth century, the crescent had been in the ascendant, but the faithful few who had defended themselves with so much difficulty in their mountain fastnesses, began about that period, to act, vigorously and successfully, on the offensive. * The exploits of the Cid signalized the greater part of the eleventh century, and finally decided the question of superiority, between the Christians and Mahometans, in favour of the former. The capture of Toledo, in 1085, in which he was assisted by the flower of European chivalry, has been justly classed, by Sismondi, with the Crusades soon after proclaimed, as forming one of the most important eras in modern history. In the twelfth century, the religious orders of St. Jago, Calatrava and Alcantara were founded after the example of the Templars and Hospitallers of Jerusalem. One of their vows was perpetual hostility to the Moslem, and in every effort subsequently made to recover their country from its Saracen conquerors, these martial monks fully acquitted themselves of that obligation. The knights of Calatrava, second in dignity and consequence to those of St. Jago, combined in a remarkable degree, the various and apparently incompatible duties of the camp and the cloister. In their dress and diet, they were distinguished by the severest simplicity, and even by an ascetic rigour. "They were silent in the oratory and the refectory, one voice only reciting the prayers or reading a legend of battle; but when the first note of the Moorish atabal was heard by the warder on the tower, the convent became a scene of universal uproar. The caparisoning of steeds and the clashing of armour, broke the repose of the cloister, while the humble figure of the Monk was raised into a bold and expanded form of dignity and power."* It is easy to conceive how deep an impression such institutions and habits must have made upon the Spanish character, during seven centuries of incessant warfare under the holy banner of the cross. Every encounter with "the Paynim Chivalry," every siege, and battle, and skirmish, during that long period, is invested with somewhat of that romantic character and poetical interest, which are justly ascribed to the adventures of the Croisès; and a crown of martyrdom, in addition to all the other rewards of valour, was reserved for the patriot soldier, who fell by the Moorish scimitar. If christianity and chivalry are, as they have been said to be, the vital principles of modern literature, the old heroic ballads of Spain, breathe more of this spirit than any other similar monuments of past times.

* Mills' History of Chivalry.

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They are genuine primitive specimens of what the German critics designate as the "romantic" style, and cold indeed, it seems to us, must be the bosom of a reader—of a christian reader, at least—in which this rude minstrelsy finds not an echo for its lofty and thrilling strains!

Besides our immediate interest in Turpin's Chronicle—most of the Spanish ballads having some sort of connexion with the leading subjects of the Romances of Chivalry, as they are called, it may be necessary to cast a glance at these before we proceed farther in our remarks.

What was the *origin* of the Romances of Chivalry? Is it to be found, as Dr. Percy has ventured to affirm that it "incontestibly" may be, in the mythology of Scandinavia and the lays of the Scalds? Or shall we adopt the (more probable?) opinion of Warton, that "amid the gloom of superstition, in an age of the grossest ignorance and credulity, a taste for the wonders of Oriental fiction was introduced by the Arabians into Europe, many countries of which were already seasoned to a reception of its extravagancies, by means of the poetry of the Gothic Scalds, who, perhaps, originally derived their ideas from the same fruitful region of invention. These fictions, coinciding with the reigning manners and perpetually kept up and improved in the tales of Troubadours and Minstrels, seem to have centered about the eleventh century in the ideal histories of Turpin and Geoffrey of Monmouth, which record the supposititious achievements of Charlemagne and king Arthur, where they formed the ground-work of that species of fabulous narrative called romance. And from these beginnings or causes, afterwards enlarged and enriched by kindred fancies fetched from the Crusades, that singular and capricious mode of imagination arose, which at length composed the marvellous machinery of the more sublime Italian poets and of their disciple Spenser."*

But whatever diversity of opinion may exist about the source from which the Romances of Chivalry were derived, there can be none as to their principal subject-matters. These are the two just mentioned in the extract from Warton, viz. the exploits of Arthur's Round Table, and those of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers. To the fictions founded upon the fabulous chronicles of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the imaginary Turpin, we may add those which sprung up in Spain out of the Romance of *Amadis of Gaul*. These three classes of fictions are alto-

* Hist. Eng. Poet. Diss. I. Sub. cac.

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gether distinct from each other.* The last of them is peculiar to the Spanish. To this belong the Florismart of Hyrcania Galaor, Esplandian, &c. They have no pretensions to historical accuracy or verisimilitude. The heroes who figure in them—the Perions, Kings of France, the Languines of Scotland, the Lisoards of Britany, exist no where else but in them. The great model of this school as we have already mentioned, is the famous Amadis de Gaul, well known to the readers of Don Quixote, for the honourable exception made in its favour by the curate and master Nicholas, in the auto-da-fe of the knight's library. This work is ascribed by the Spanish and Portuguese critics to Lobeiras, a Portuguese, who is supposed to have written it about the close of the thirteenth century; but as no mention is made in it of the Moors, it seems to be a more probable opinion, that it was originally the work of some *Trouvére*, vamped up and enlarged at different times by "various able hands."

We owe to Geoffrey, a Welsh Benedictine, sometime Archdeacon of Monmouth and Bishop of St. Asaph, all that has come down to us in so many various and wonderful tales of King Arthur and his faithless Guenevre or Gwenhwyfar, of Sir Kay, Sir Launcelot, Sir Gawain, Sir Tristam, and above all, of that first of seers and sorcerers, the mad eremite of the Caledonian Forest, the enchanter Merlin. Not that Geoffrey composed the substance, or even the shadow of all that has been written about these worthies; but his works, as Mr. Ellis remarks, gave countenance, and as it were authenticity, to the legendary lore and popular stories of the Bretons and the Welsh, and at once, no doubt, brought out all of these that were already current, and gave occasion to the invention of many similar figments. Thus, in the Chronicle, of which a very copious abstract is to be found in the second series of Mr. Ellis' Specimens,† no mention at all is made of Sir Launcelot, Sir Tristam, Sir Yvain, Joseph of Arimathea, the Sang-réal, the Round Table and its perilous seat, and many other equally important subjects which fill so many invaluable old MSS. The publication of Geoffrey's history was followed by a flood of these Cimric fables which issued from the same great fountain-heads of this sort of literature, Wales and Armorica. Nay, this Chronicle itself, was probably nothing more than a *cento* of popular legends and traditions,

* To these three, we may add with Mr. Ellis, (Specimens, &c. Vol. i. p. 134,) 4. The History of Troy, from Dares Phrygius and Dictys Cretensis, and 5. The Poem of Alexander, from Q. Curtius, but still more from a Greek version of a Persic work by Pseudo-Calisthenes in 1070.

† Edit. 1805, Vol. i. p. 46.

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long separately said or sung by the bards or rhapsodists of the country. It was first brought to England by Gualter, Archdeacon of Oxford, on his return from a tour in France, and put into the hands of Geoffrey to be translated into latin about the year 1100. The original title of the work was *Brut-y-Brenhined*, or *History of the Kings of Britain*, from the time of the imaginary founder of their dynasty, Brutus the Trojan, down to the demise or disappearance of Arthur, who—as we understand from Geoffrey's other work, the Life of Merlin—was translated by enchantment to the Fortunate Islands, where in the never-fading bowers of the Fay Morgana, he still "quaffs immortality and joy" in expectation of once more reigning over his faithful lieges in Britany and Wales. It seems probable that Geoffrey took some liberties with the Cimric MS. embellishing his paraphrase of it by several additional legends gathered either from popular tradition among his countrymen, the Welsh, or from the communications of his friend, the Archdeacon of Oxford. Of this paraphrase, again, a French metrical version was made about the year 1155, by Wace, to whom the world is under many other weighty obligations of a similar kind. For without mentioning a metrical history of the Norman Kings in 12,000 verses, and sundry other chronicles of equal accuracy and importance, this Wace was the author of the famous *Roman du Rou* (written in Alexandrines) and the *Roman du Chevalier au Lion*, and is suspected by some writers of having had a hand in the composition of the *Romance of Alexander*. We ought to add, that the same service which this writer had done Geoffrey, was rendered to himself before the close of the twelfth century, by Layamon, who translated his French version into English.

We are now got down to our immediate subject. Arthur and Charlemagne, as Warton expresses it, were the first and original heroes of Romance, and as Geoffrey's history is the grand repository from which every thing relating to the former is either directly or indirectly derived, so Turpin's Chronicle is the ground-work of all the Ballads and Romances that have been since published about the Emperor and his Paladins. The date of this fabulous book is exceedingly doubtful. It was certainly written befor 1122, when it was (dit-on) declared authentic by a bull of Calixtus II. It ought, perhaps, to be referred to it has been by the French critics, to the latter part of the eleventh century. What we have said of the history of the *Brut d'Angleterre*, is, no doubt, equally applicable to the Chronicle before us. It was probably, little more than a collection of the old ballads and legends that had long been current among the common people, embellished, it may be, as Warton sup

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by an admixture of Oriental fancies communicated to the Armoric bards, through the Saracens of Spain. It is certain that an heroic rhapsody of which Orlando was the subject, was sung to the Norman troops at the battle of Hastings, to inflame their courage, and Ritson, upon what authority we know not, affirms that it *unquestionably* related to the encounter at Roncesvalles.* As the following remarks of Mr. Ellis, which are quoted by the author of the work under review, throw as much light upon the subject as can be derived from any other single source, we have no scruple in extracting them for the benefit of our readers.

"'This Chronicle was composed defore 1122, with the title of "Joannes Turpini Historia de Vitâ Caroli Magni & Rolandi;' and it may be presumed that the MSS. of such a history were formerly very numerous, though it appears to have principally derived its popularity from its French metrical paraphrases and imitations, some of which were probably of almost equal antiquity with the original, and are alluded to by the subsequent prose translators.

"The earliest of these, according to Fauchet, was written by a certain Jehans, who, at the instance of Regnault, Comte de Boulogne and de Daumartin (then detained as a prisoner by Philippe Auguste), turned into French prose a latin copy of Turpin, which he found in the archives of St Denis. A copy of this work is still preserved in MS. in Bibl. Reg., 4. c. xi.

"The next translation was made by Gaguin: it is dedicated to Francis I, and was printed at Paris in 1527, quarto.

"There is a latin paraphrase of the original in hexameters, many of which rhyme to each other, entitled 'Karolettas,' and preserved in Bibl. Reg., 13 A. xviii.

"The original work was first printed in a collection entitled 'Germanicarum rerum quatuor Chronographi.' Frankfort, 1566, folio.

"Another pretended French translation was afterwards published at Lyons, in 1583, octavo, with the title of 'La Chronique de Turpin, Archevesque et Duc de Rheims, et Premier Pair de France.' This however, which Mr. Ritson supposes to be the work ascribed by Mr Warton to Michel le Harnes, who lived in the time of Philippe Auguste, contains, as he tells us, the Romance of Renaud de Montauban, and not that of Roland. Perhaps it may be a conversion into prose of the metrical Romance on the same subject, written, as Fauchet informs us, by Huon de Villeneuve, about the commencement of the fourteenth century.

"Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that numberless fables concerning Charlemagne were grafted on the narrative of the supposed Turpin; and, indeed, his translator Gaguin appears to be almost

* Dissertation on Romance and Chivalry p. xxxv. He quotes the words of W. of Malmesbury, who wrote about the year 1140. Tunc CANTILENA ROLANDI inchoata ut Martium viri exemplum accenderet, &c.

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ashamed of the imperfect narrative contained in his original, and is very solicitous to excuse himself for suppressing many particulars concerning his hero, which, though very necessary to be known, the Archbishop had not thought fit to notice. Thus, after mentioning (chapter 26) Olivier, Gondebault Roy de Frigie, Ogier Roy de Dannemarc, Arestaigne Roy de Bretaigne, Guarin Duc de Lorraine, and others, he refers us to 'leurs histoires plus au long descriptes, lesquelles je laisse pour le present à ceux qui lisent les Romans, livres, et autres escriptures.' And, in his concluding chapter, he gives us a sketch of some important events, which, if he had thought fit, he could have communicated more at large.

"That such absurdities as these should be accepted in lieu of authentic history in a credulous age, and where better materials could not be had, would excite no astonishment; but it is very surprising that for a length of time they should have usurped the place of the numerous historical documents which record the glory of a Charlemagne, whose character, when left to the sober voice of truth, is far more amiable and respectable than that of his ideal and romantic substitute. In fact, there is good reason to believe that the name of Charlemagne was first introduced by mistake into a series of fictions, of which the real hero was of a still earlier date; and it is the opinion of Mr. Leyden, an author of much research and information, that the origin of these fictions is to be sought in Britany. I shall give his sentiments in his own words.

"'That class of Romances which relates to Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers, ought probably to be referred to the same source, since they ascribe to that French Monarch the feats which were performed by an Armorican Chief. The grand source from which the fabulous history of Charlemagne is thought to be derived, is the suppositious history ascribed to his contemporary Turpin, which, in 1122, was declared to be genuine by papal authority. The history of this work is *extremely* obscure; but as it contains an account of the pilgrimage of Charlemagne to Jerusalem, its composition must have been posterior to the Crusades. The Abbé Vellet has shewn, that the principal events which figure in the romantic history of that Monarch have no relation to him whatever, though they are historically true of the Armorican Chieftain, Charles Martel. It was this hero, whose father was named Pepin, and who had four sons, who performed various exploits in the forest of Ardenne against the four sons of Aymon; who warred against the Saxons; who conquered the Saracens at Poictiers; it was he who instituted an order of Knighthood; who deposed the Duke of Aquitaine; and who conferred the donation of the sacred territory on the See of Rome. Is it not, therefore, more probable that the history and exploits of this hero should be celebrated by the minstrels of his native country, than that they should be for the first time, narrated by a dull, prosing Monk some centuries after his death? It is not more probable that, when the fame of Charles Martel had been eclipsed by the renown of Charlemagne, the Monkish abridger of the songs of the minstrels should transfer the deeds of the one to the other, by an error of stupidity, than that he should have deliberately falsified history

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when he had no purpose to serve? The ingenious author to whom I have referred seems to have pointed out the sense of this error. In the Armoric language meur signifies great, *mayne;* and *marra* is a mattock, *martel;* so that, instead of Charlemagne and Charles Martel, we have Charlemeur and Charlemarra; names, which, from the similarity of sound, might easily be confounded. A similar blunder has been committed by the Norman trouveur, who transferred the characteristic epithet of Caradoc from the Welsh or Armorican to the Romance language.' " Vol. i. Pref.

We add the following "brief account" of Archbishop Turpin, prefixed to the history.

" Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, the friend and secretary of Charles the Great, excellently skilled in sacred and profane literature, of a genius equally adapted to prose and verse; the advocate of the poor, beloved of God in his life and conversation, who often hand to hand fought the Saracens by the Emperor's side; he relates the acts of Charles the Great in one book of Epistles, and flourished, under Charles and his son Lewis, to the year of our Lord eight hundred and thirty " Vol. i. p. 1.

This warlike ecclesiastic, in an epistle to Leopander, Dean of Aix-la-Chapelle, which serves at once for preface and introductory chapter to the whole work, explains his motive for writing it, as well as his means of acquiring the very best information on the various matters contained in it. For forty years he had been at the Emperor's side through "the battles, sieges, fortunes that he had passed," and now on his return from the Spanish campaigns, "his wounds being at length cicatrized!" (says the book) he sits down at Vienne in Dauphiné to indite a particular account of that memorable expedition. The whole chronicle is exceedingly brief, containing in the translation before us little more than fifty duodecimo pages.—But we shall not attempt anything like a full and elaborate abtract of the work. It is as much as we can afford to do, to run very hastily over its outlines, and submit to our readers a few of the more remarkable passages, by way of specimens. We may observe, generally, upon it, that it is a true monkish history—half legend, half homily—written with an eye single to the advancement of the Church—telling the most preternatural stories with the most perfect *naïveté*, and interlarding its incredible narrative with edifying reflections and significant hints, addressed to the impenitent, and especially to those who, in the disposition of their worldly substance, shew how much they prefer the interests of time before those of eternity.

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Charlemagne's motive for undertaking this expedition, was, of course, a miracle. He had accomplished all his conquests, and was well stricken in years, when having nothing better to do, he fell to observing "*the* [quære *a*] starry way in the heavens, beginning at the Friezland sea and passing over the German territory and Italy between Gaul and Aquitaine, and from thence in a straight line over Gascony, Bearne and Navarre, and through Spain to Gallicia, wherein, till his time, lay undiscovered the body of St. James." After gazing night after night upon this remarkable phenomenon, a certain beautiful, resplendent vision appeared to him in his sleep, and very affectionately calling him "son," inquired what was "the labour of his thoughts." "And who art thou, Lord," answered Charles. "I am," said the apparition, "St. James the Apostle, Christ's disciple, the son of Zebedee, and brother of John the Evangelist, &c.; my body now lies concealed in Gallicia, long so grievously oppressed by the Saracens, from whose yoke, I am astonished that you, who have conquered so many lands and cities, have not yet delivered it." The object of the vision, therefore, was to excite him to this enterprize, by explaining the sign which he had seen in the heavens, and marvelled at so much. That starry way in the sky, at once "marshalled him the way that he should go," and prefigured the glory that he was to acquire. Thrice did the apparition of the blessed Apostle of Compostella, visit nightly the slumbers of the Emperor, until at length he summoned his Twelve Peers and entered Spain at the head of a grand army.

In this great enterprize, as in so many others, it was only the first step that cost any trouble. For three tedious months, the walls of Pampeluna obstinately resisted the utmost efforts of the beleaguerers; but no sooner had Charlemagne offered up a prayer to God and St. James, than down they came of themselves, and left the city to the mercy of its enemies. The report of this miracle convinced the *miscreants*, as well it might, that all further resistance would be fruitless, and so they consented, without more ado, to pay the Emperor tribute; and before the end of a very short chapter, *he* is bowing at the shrine of St. James, and the good Turpin traversing the whole country from sea to sea, converting the "Pagans" by thousands, and either putting to death or making slaves of those who refused to embrace the faith. Such is the rapidity with which our holy chronicler, like another Cæsar, despatches whatever his hands find to do, whether in peace or in war, with the sword or with the pen.

Charles, after spending three years in these parts, and collecting a world of money, which he laid out in building churches,

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appointing abbots and canons to attend them, and enriching them with bells, books, robes, and other ornaments, quietly returned to France. But he was hardly gone, before "a certain Pagan King, called Argolander," recovered the whole country. Another expedition, under the command of Milo de Angleris was straightway determined on, but the good Turpin here interrupts his narrative to relate the case of an awful judgment of heaven upon a "false executor," which is as follows:—

"But the judgment inflicted on a false executor deserves to be recorded as a warning to those who unjustly pervert the alms of the deceased. When the king's army lay at Bayonne, a certain soldier called Romaricus, was taken grievously ill, and being at the point of death, received the eucharist and absolution from a priest, bequeathing his horse to a certain kinsman in trust, to dispose of for the benefit of the priest and the poor. But when he was dead his kinsman sold it for a hundred pence, and spent the money in debauchery. But how soon does punishment follow guilt! Thirty days had scarcely elapsed when the apparition of the deceased appeared to him in his sleep, uttering these words: "How is it you have so unjustly misapplied the alms entrusted to you for the redemption of my soul? Do you not know that they would have procured the pardon of my sins from God? I have been punished for your neglect thirty days in fire; to-morrow you shall be plunged in the same place of torment, but I shall be received into Paradise." The apparition then vanished, and his kinsman awoke in extreme terror.

"On the morrow, as he was relating the story to his companions, and the whole army was conversing about it, on a sudden a strange uncommon clamour, like the roaring of lions, wolves, and calves, was heard in the air, and immediately a troop of demons seized him in their talons, and bore him away alive. What further? Horse and foot sought him four days together in the adjacent mountains and vallies to no purpose; but the twelfth day after, as the army was marching through a desert part of Navarre, his body was found lifeless, and dashed to pieces, on the summit of some rocks, a league above the sea, about four days' journey from the city. There the demons left the body, bearing the soul away to hell. Let this be a warning, then, to all that follow his example to their eternal perdition." Vol. i. pp. 8–10.

In their first encounter, Charles was utterly overthrown, and his general, Milo de Angleris, Orlando's father, slain in the battle. The Emperor, however, is rescued by the timely arrival of four Marquisses from Italy, with four thousand troops, and Argolander now summons all his forces to decide, for good and all, this mighty contest. The array of the Infidels exhibited a Babylonish confusion of Saracens, Moors, Moabites, Parthians, Africans and Persians, led by Texephin, King of Arabia; Urabell, King of Alexandria; Avitus, King of Bugia; Ospin, King of Algarve; Facin, King of Barbary; Ailis, King of Malelos; Ma-

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auo, King of Mecca; Ibrahim, King of Seville; and Almanzor, King of Cordova. The reader of Ariosto will, we ween, be puzzled to recognize in this host, any of his old acquaintance,

> Che furo al tempo che passaro i Mori
> D'Africa il mare, e in Francia nocquer tanto
> Seguendo l'ire e i giòvenil furori
> D'Agramante lor re.

This great host was defeated by Charlemagne in a battle near Xiantonge, after which Argolander recrossed the Pyrenees and came to Pampeluna, where he sent the Emperor word "that he would stay for him." This challenge was accepted, and every vassal of the Western Empire was summoned to join its standard.

"These are the names of the warriors that attended the King:—Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, who by the precepts of Christ, and for his faith's sake, brought the people to fight valiantly, fighting likewise himself hand to hand with the Saracens. Orlando, General of the whole army, Count of Mans and Lord of Guienne, the King's nephew, son of Milo de Angleris and Bertha, the King's sister. His soldiers were four thousand. Another Orlando likewise, of whom we are silent. Oliver, a General also, and a valiant soldier, renowned for strength and skill in war, led three thousand troops. Aristagnus, King of Brittany, seven thousand. Another King of Brittany, of whom little mention is made. Angelerus, Duke of Aquitaine, brought four thousand valiant bowmen.

"Gayfere, King of Bordeaux, led three thousand warriors. Galerus, Galinus Solomon, Estolfo's friend and companion; Baldwin, Orlando's brother, Galdebode, King of Friezeland, led seven thousand heroes; Ocellus, Count of Nantes, two thousand, who achieved many memorable actions, celebrated in songs to this day, Lambert, Count of Berry, led two thousand men. Rinaldo of the White Thorn, Vulterinus Garinus, Duke of Lorraine, four thousand. Hago, Albert of Burgundy, Berard de Miblis, Gumard Esturinite, Theodoric, Juonius, Beringaire, Hato, and Ganelon, who afterwards proved the traitor, attended the King into Spain. The army of the King's own territory was forty thousand horse, and foot innumerable.

"These were all famous heroes and warriors, mighty in battle, illustrious in worldly honor, zealous soldiers of Christ, that spread his name far and near, wherever they came. For even as our Lord and his twelve Apostles subdued the world by their doctrine, so did Charles, King of the French and Emperor of the Romans, [by his twelve peers] recover Spain to the glory of God. And now the troops, assembling in Bordeaux, overspread the country for the space of two days' journey, and the noise they made was heard at twelve miles distance. Arnold of Berlanda, first traversed the pass of the Pyrenees, and came to Pampeluna. Then came Astolfo, followed by Aristagnus; Angelerus, Galdebode, Ogier the King, and Constantine, with their several divisions. Charles and his troops brought up the rear, covering the whole land

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from the river of Rume to the mountains, that lie three leagues beyond them on the Compostella road." Vol. i. pp. 15-17.*

Charles grants Argolander a truce to draw out his forces and prepare for battle; but in the meantime, they agree to settle the matter by a combat between a certain number of picked warriors. The Moslem were defeated, but their King declining to acquiesce in this decision of fortune, nothing remained but the last resort to a general engagement. A truce for a few days, meanwhile, gives room for an interview and most edifying theological controversy between the two chiefs; Charles piously attempting—and, as he seems to have persuaded himself, not without good hopes—to make a proselyte of his foe. Argolander, however, sends him a Rowland for his Oliver in the discussion, and takes occasion to taunt him with the inconsistency between his professions and practice in his treatment of the poor. The whole chapter is at once so piquant and so characteristic, that we will quote it without abridgment.

"On the third day Argolander attended the King, as he promised, and found him at dinner. Many tables were spread at which the guests were sitting; some in military uniform; some in black; some in priest's habits; which Argolander perceiving, inquired what they were? "Those you see in robes of one colour," replied the King, "are priests and bishops of our holy religion, who expound the gospel to us, absolve us from our offences, and bestow heavenly benediction. Those in black are monks and abbots; all of them holy men, who implore incessantly the divine favour in our behalf." But in the meantime, Argolander espying thirty poor men in mean habiliments, without either table or table-cloth, sitting and eating their scanty meals upon the ground, he inquired what they were? "These," replied the King, "are people of God, the messengers of our Lord Jesus, whom, in his and his Apostles names, we feed daily." Argolander then made this reply: "The guests at your table are happy; they have plenty of the best food set before them; but those you call the messengers of God, whom you feed in his name, are ill fed, and worse cloathed, as if they were of no estimation. Certainly, he must serve God but indifferently, who treats his messengers in this manner, and thus do you prove your religion false." Argolander then refused to be baptized, and returning to his army, prepared for battle on the morrow.

"Charles, seeing the mischief his neglect of these poor men had occasioned, ordered them to be decently cloathed and better fed. Here then we may note the Christian incurs great blame who neglects the

* The names of the twelve Peers from the metrical romance of Sir Ferumbras in Ellis' Specimens, vol. ii. p. 376, are as follows: Orlando or Roland; Oliver; Guy, Duke of Burgundy; Duke Naymes of Bavaria; Ogier le Danois; Béry l'Ardennois; Fulke; Le Roux; Iron of Brabant; Barnard of Prussia; Bryer of Bretagne, and *Sir* Turpin.

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poor. If Charles, from inattention to their comfort, thereby lost the opportunity of converting the Saracens, what will be the lot of those who treat them still worse? They will hear this sentence pronounced: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; naked, and ye cloathed me not.'

We must consider likewise that our faith in Christ is of little value without good works. As the body, says the Apostle, without the soul is dead, so is faith dead if it produce not good fruit. And as the Pagan King refused baptism because he found something wrong after it, so our Lord, I fear, will refuse our baptism at the day of judgment if superfluity of faults be found in us." Vol i. pp. 20–22.

The battle of Pampeluna, in which Charles brought into the field one hundred and thirty thousand men, and Argolander one hundred thousand, results in the total overthrow and death of the latter. Some time after, Charles heard that a certain King of Navarre, called Furra, intended to fight him at Mount Garzim, and immediately prepared for the combat. But feeling a great curiosity to know who were predestined to fall in the *mêlée*, he prays to the Lord that they may be designated beforehand. They, accordingly, all appear in the morning marked with a cross on their backs; whereupon, the Emperor, rather impiously, we fear, attempting to jockey the fates, had the designated victims, as he thought, safely locked up in his Oratory. But what was his surprise upon returning from the field in which he had been completely victorious, to find these hundred and fifty elect, dead to a man! "O holy band of Christian warriors," exclaims the good Turpin in a pious rapture, "though the sword slew you not, yet did ye not lose the palm of victory, or the prize of martyrdom."

We have only one more war to advert to, before we come to the fatal battle, where "Charlemagne and all his peerage fell, by Fontarabbia"—at once the catastrophe and chiefest attraction of this most exact and veracious chronicle. We allude to the war with Ferracute, of which Mr. Ellis has furnished another version, in the metrical Romance of Roland and Ferragus, published from the Auchinleck MS.* Tidings were brought to the French camp that a certain outrageous giant, of the name of Ferracute, and of the race of Goliath, had been sent to Nager by Admiraldus, at the head of twenty thousand "Turks of Babylon," expressly to fight with the victors of Pampeluna. Charlemagne had no hesitation in accepting the defiance, and with true chivalrous courtesy, went immediately to Nager, to make his respects in person to this Titanian champion. Perhaps he had not been accurately informed, before he made up

* Specimens, (ed. 1805) vol. ii. p. 307.

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his mind to do so, what were the dimensions of this "Son of Earth,"—for his stature was twelve cubits, and his face a cubit long; his arms and thighs four cubits; his fingers three palms in length; and he had a nose (though that might have been in the way) that measured a span! Besides this, neither spear nor dart could make any impression upon his body, except in a single spot, and he monopolized the strength of forty men! This dreadful adversary begins by defying the whole chivalry of France to meet him, one after another, in single combat.—Ogier, the Dane, (the Dacian as he is called here) sallies forth first—but the giant approaching him leisurely, catches him up under the right arm, and as leisurely marches off with him to the city. Rinaldo of the White Thorn—that flower of knighthood and glory of romance—was treated just as unceremoniously. Then Constantine and Ocellus, who went out together, were spirited away—then scores of other warriors, by pairs, shared the same fate. Charles was in utter despair, but now Orlando sought and obtained his permission to enter the lists. Like the rest of them, the giant picked *him* up too and seated him quietly upon his steed before him. But as he was making off with him, Orlando collecting all his strength, and "trusting in the Almighty," seized the terrible miscreant by the beard, and tumbled him off his horse, so that they both came to the ground together. A blow, aimed at the giant, fell upon his steed and cut him through and through; a compliment which the owner of the unfortunate animal presently after returned, by killing Orlando's horse (which the knight had just remounted) by a blow with his fist, and laying it dead upon the earth. The giant being disarmed of his sword by a well-directed stroke of his adversary's, the combat was kept up until noon, with fists and stones. The mighty infidel then demanded a truce till next day, which Orlando, no doubt, very willingly granted him, and it was agreed that they should return to the encounter on the morrow, without steed or spear.

They did accordingly meet; the giant bringing with him a sword, but Orlando only a long staff (that is, we suppose, a pole or beam) to ward off his adversary's blows, who wearied himself to no purpose. "They now began to batter each other with stones, that lay scattered about the field, till at last the giant begged a second truce, which being granted, he presently fell fast asleep upon the ground. Orlando, taking a stone for a pillow, quietly laid himself down also. *For such was the law of honour between Christians and Saracens at that time, that no one, on any pretence, dared to take advantage of his adversary before the truce was expired, as in that case his own party would have slain*

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him."* The words printed in italics, are worthy of notice, as shewing how early these refined ideas of chivalry began to be acted on and proclaimed as settled principles of conduct, even in the intercourse between Christian nations and their deadly and irreconcileable foes—to say nothing of the exception which might, perhaps, have been fairly pleaded in so anomalous a case as a contest with a most disproportionate foe.

When Ferracute's nap was over, Orlando (for he also was awake by this time) rose, and seating himself by the giant's side, fell into a conversation with him, in the course of which, the son of Anak was indiscreet enough to reveal the secret of his strength. Their talk was of various indifferent matters, until at length the Saracen asked the knight what law he followed. "The law of Christ, so far as his grace permits me." This answer leads to the question who was Christ, and then ensues a dialogue, continued through five pages, of the most extraordinary character. We will not extract it here, because it is unworthy of the subject, nor shall we attempt a summary of it, because it would be difficult to do so without seeming to fall into the burlesque. It is enough to say that Orlando, undertakes to explain to his enormous catechumen, the most unfathomable mysteries of the Christian faith—the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Passion, and the Resurrection—and that the illustrations he makes use of, are exceedingly well adapted to the intellectual capacity of a giant, which is, we believe, according to a well-established opinion, in the inverse ratio of his bodily stature. But if Ferracute was puzzled, he certainly was not convinced by his foeman's logic, and he, accordingly, proposed to refer the decision of the controversy, to a trial by battle. "Be it so," said Orlando: whereupon they immediately fell to blows—but the fatal secret being now revealed, Orlando, dexterously availing himself of the advantage, gave his adversary a mortal wound, and scampered away to the camp. The Christians then carried the city by storm—the wounded giant and his people were put to death, his castle taken, and all his prisoners set at liberty.

Passing over the diverting "War of the Masks," and the division of the conquests, which forcibly reminds one of the grants made by Alexander VI. to the discoverers of America, we present our readers with the following portrait of Charlemagne. It may be proper to premise, that in an age of criticism, his true stature has been fixed at six feet one inch and a quarter, English measure.

* Chapter 17.

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"The Emperor was of a ruddy complexion, with brown hair: of a well-made, handsome form, but a stern visage. His height was about eight of his own feet, which were very long. He was of a strong, robust make; his legs and thighs very stout, and his sinews firm. His face was thirteen inches long; his beard a palm; his nose half a palm; his forehead a foot over. His lion-like eyes flashed fire like carbuncles; his eye-brows were half a palm over. When he was angry, it was a terror to look upon him. He required eight spans for his girdle, besides what hung loose. He ate sparingly of bread; but a whole quarter of lamb, two fowls, a goose, or a large portion of pork; a peacock, crane, or a whole hare. He drank moderately of wine and water. He was so strong, that he could at a single blow, cleave asunder an armed soldier on horseback from the head to the waist, and the horse likewise. He easily vaulted over four horses harnessed together; and could raise an armed man from the ground to his head, as he stood erect upon his hand." Vol. i. p. 36.

We now come to the treachery of Ganalon and the battle of Roncevaux.*

"When this famous Emperor had thus recovered Spain to the glory of God and St. James," he returned to Pampeluna, on his way to France. There were at that time at Saragossa, two Saracen Kings, Marsir and Beligard, "sent by the Soldan of Babylon from Persia to Spain." To these roitelets, Charles despatched Ganalon, requiring them to be baptized and to pay tribute. They complied very readily with the latter part of the requisition, but concerted with the ambassador that diabolical scheme of treachery which was attended with such fatal consequences to the Emperor and his army. The rear guard, in which the whole body of the twelve peers happened to be marching, was cut to pieces. The death, however, of so many gallant spirits did not go unrevenged. Orlando pierced through the thickest array of the Moslem, dealing death on all sides, until he encountered and slew Marsir, one of their kings. The other made his escape by flight, with the shattered remains of his army. Of the Christians, only a few, under Theodoric and Baldwin survived. Orlando himself, covered with wounds, and

* The only notice which Gibbon bestows upon an event so important in the History of Fiction, is the following:—"After his Spanish expedition, his rear-guard was defeated in the Pyrenæan mountains; and the soldiers, whose situation was irretrievable, and whose valour was useless, might accuse with their last breath, the want of skill or caution of their general."—*Decline and Fall*, c. 49. To this is appended the following note—"In this action, the famous Rutland, Rolendo, Orlando, was slain—cum pluribus aliis. See the truth in Eginhard, (c. ix. pp. 51-56) and the fable in an ingenious supplement of M. Gaillard, (tom. iii. p. 474). The Spaniards are too proud of a victory which history ascribes to the Gascons, and romance to the Saracens." A totally different version of this affair is given by Beuter in the Cronica de Valencia' p. 158, as quoted by the translator of the work before us.

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very much exhausted with rage and extreme toil " felt that his hour was come, and prepared himself to meet his fate in a manner becoming the first of Christian heroes. There is something very touching in this picture, in spite of the grotesque colouring of the Pseudo Archbishop of Rheims. After scattering the whole host of the enemy, the Paladin " alighted from his steed and stretched himself on the ground, beneath a tree, near a block of marble, that stood erect in the meadows of Ronceval."

" Here drawing his sword, Durenda, which signifies a hard blow, a sword of exquisite workmanship, fine temper, and resplendent brightness, which he would sooner have lost his arm than parted with, as he held it in his hand, regarding it earnestly, he addressed it in these words: ' O sword of unparalleled brightness, excellent dimensions, admirable temper, and hilt of the whitest ivory, decorated with a splendid cross of gold, topped by a berylline apple, engraved with the sacred name of God, endued with keenness, and every other virtue, who now shall wield thee in battle? who shall call thee master? He that possessed thee was never conquered, never daunted at the foe; phantoms never appalled him. Aided by Omnipotence, with thee did he destroy the Saracen, exalt the faith of Christ, and acquire consummate glory. Oft hast thou vindicated the blood of Jesus, against Pagans, Jews, and Heretics; oft hewed off the hand and foot of the robber, fulfilling divine justice. O happy sword, keenest of the keen; never was one like thee! He that made thee, made not thy fellow! Not one escaped with life from thy stroke! If the slothful, timid soldier should now possess thee, or the base Saracen, my grief would be unspeakable! Thus, then, do I prevent thy falling into their hands.'—He then struck the block of marble thrice, which cleft it in the midst, and broke the sword in twain.

" He now blew a loud blast with his horn, to summon any Christian concealed in the adjacent woods to his assistance, or to recal his friends beyond the pass. This horn was endued with such power, that all other horns were split by its sound; and it is said that Orlando at that time blew it with such vehemence, that he burst the veins and nerves of his neck. The sound reached the king's ears, who lay encamped in the valley still called by his name, about eight miles from Ronceval, towards Gascony, being carried so far by supernatural power. Charles would have flown to his succour, but was prevented by Ganalon, who, conscious of Orlando's sufferings, insinuated it was usual with him to sound his horn on light occasions. ' He is, perhaps,' said he, ' pursuing some wild beast, and the sound echoes through the woods; it will be fruitless, therefore, to seek him.' O wicked traitor, deceitful as Judas! What dost thou merit?

" Orlando now grew very thirsty, and cried for water to Baldwin, who just then approached him; but unable to find any, and seeing him so near his end, he blessed him, and, again mounting his steed, galloped off for assistance to the army. Immediately after Theodoric came up,

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and, bitterly grieving to see him in this condition, bade him strengthen his soul by confessing his faith. Orlando had that morning received the blessed Eucharist, and confessed his sins before he went to battle, this being the custom with all the warriors at that time, for which purpose many bishops and monks attended the army to give them absolution. The martyr of Christ then cast up his eyes to heaven, and cried, 'O Lord Jesus, for whose sake I came into these barbarous regions; through thy aid only have I conquered innumerable Pagans, enduring blows and wounds, reproach, derision, and fatigue, heat and cold, hunger and thirst. To thee do I commit my soul in this trying hour. Thou, who didst suffer on the cross for those who deserved not thy favour, deliver my soul, I beseech thee, from eternal death! I confess myself a most grievous sinner, but thou mercifully dost forgive our sins; thou pitiest every one, and hatest nothing which thou hast made, covering the sins of the penitent in whatsoever day they turn unto thee with true contrition. O thou, who didst spare thy enemies, and the woman taken in adultery; who didst pardon Mary Magdalen, and look with compassion on the weeping Peter; who didst likewise open the gate of Paradise to the thief that confessed thee upon the cross; have mercy upon me, and receive my soul into thy everlasting rest!"—Vol. i. pp. 41–44.

There is a great deal more to the same effect; for Orlando made a most triumphant end. It appears from the following very satisfactory evidence, that on the very day he was slain, his soul was met on its way to heaven.

"What more shall we say? Whilst the soul of the blessed Orlando was leaving his body, I, Turpin, standing near the king in the valley of Charles, at the moment I was celebrating the mass of the dead, namely, on the sixteenth day of June, fell into a trance, and hearing the angelic choir sing aloud, I wondered what it might be. Now when they had ascended on high, behold there came after them a phalanx of terrible ones, like warriors returning from the spoil, bearing their prey. Presently I inquired of one of them what it meant, and was answered, 'we are bearing the soul of Marsir to hell, but yonder is Michael bearing the horn-winder to heaven." When mass was over, I told the king what I had seen; and whilst I was yet speaking, behold Baldwin rode up on Orlando's horse, and related what had befallen him, and where he had left the hero in the agonies of death, beside a stone in the meadows at the foot of the mountain; whereupon the whole army immediately marched back to Ronceval—Vol. i. p. 47.

We omit the lamentations of Charles over the dead body of his nephew, as well as the embalming and subsequent burial of the dead, at different places in France. But it is proper to mention, that the Emperor revenged, in the most exemplary manner, the loss which he had sustained, upon those who had been the authors of it. The sun stood still for three days, while

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he pursued the Saracens to the Banks of the Ebro, and slaughtered several thousands of them—with Ganalon, he dealt still more severely. Having ordained a trial by single combat, Pinabel, the traitor's champion, (a caitiff often mentioned in the Orlando Furioso) was vanquished by Theodoric, and the accused himself torn to pieces by four wild horses. The death of Charlemagne, which had been revealed, as usual, to Archbishop Turpin, closes this strange eventful history.

So much for Turpin's Chronicle. We now proceed to the Ballads founded upon it, which occupy the remainder of the first and the whole of the second volume. They are supposed by the translator, to have been published as illustrations of Don Quixote, in which all of them are mentioned with more or less particularity. We need not add, that the point of view in which Cervantes regards them, is that of burlesque and caricature. So true is it, that in this tragic-farce of human life—this ludibrium rerum humanarum—there is but a single step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and, that the most heroic devotedness and the loftiest aspirations of man, are excellent game for the wit of the satirist, or the scoffings of the misanthrope. Alas!

——————— Celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt turres ———

and too often "the paths of glory lead but to"—a jest.

But we are addressing ourselves to those who look at these matters through the medium of a romantic imagination—whose notions of "Rinaldo with his friends and associates,* and of Turpin and the Doseperes," have been formed not in the school of Cervantes, but in that of Boiardo and of Ariosto—who, in short, when they sit down to read a book of fiction, consent "to become as little children," and make it a merit to believe, like honest Tertullian, because "the thing is impossible," rather than indulge their "reasoning pride," at the expense of their best interests, in scepticism and profane mockery. To such as have this sturdy faith, we can promise a high gratification from the perusal of these Ballads—in the original, we mean, not in this editor's very mean translation of them. He has published the Spanish text on one page and his own work on the other, and it is difficult to imagine a more abominable *perversion*, than the latter presents. The great charm of ballad-

* Mas ladrones que Caco, says that slashing and spirited reviewer, the Curate in the sixth chapter of Don Quixote, to which the reader is referred for a great deal of curious remark upon these old romances.

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writing consists in telling a metrical tale with spirit, and at the same time, with the most perfect simplicity of style, and all the ease of a prose narrative. The smallest appearance of effort or constraint is fatal to its beauty and grace. For this reason the metrical forms of the Spanish Romances are better than those of any other language. The kind of verses almost universally adopted in them, are what are called *Redondillas*—composed uniformly of four trochees. These four-footed lines run off so trippingly from the tongue, that they are precisely what the Iambics were in Greek dramatic composition, which were chosen because they approached so nearly to prose, that it was difficult not to let them slip even in ordinary conversation. "Thanks to these Redondillas," as Bouterwek expresses it, "any one might sing to his guitar, with scarcely an effort of mind; the sentiments, whether of heroism or of tenderness, which possessed his bosom: there was no curious criticism in these effusions, as to the quantity of the syllables, or the exactness of the rhymes. If it were a narrative of facts—a sort of composition, to which at length the name of *romance* became appropriated, verse after verse was uttered just as it occurred to the mind of the *improvisatore*—but when he wanted to express a series of *thoughts* or reflections, they were couched in verses distributed into periods, which produced regular strophes, known by the name of stanzas or couplets." (Estancias y coplas.) In short, "these venerable ancient song editers" took all manner of liberties with the rude prosody of their language, and were quite satisfied, if instead of exact rhyme and quantity, they blundered out a not unpleasing or inharmonious rythm. What aided them greatly in this, was a peculiarity of the Spanish language, which in this artless versification, admits of imperfect rhymes, formed by a recurrence of the final vowel without the consonant of the preceding line. In this way, these Redondillas, equally remarkable for simplicity and variety, took entire possession of the Ballads and, almost, of the drama of that language. But nothing can be imagined more unequal than the competition between this native simplicity and flowing ease, "which voluntary wake harmonious numbers" and the awkwardness and poverty of a mere uninspired tagger of rhymes like this translator, straining with all his might to make both ends meet in his beggarly versification. Sometimes he is solemn, emphatic and pompous. At other times in his extremity, he errs on the opposite side, and turns the charming natural graces of the original, into downright vulgarity. We take at random the following lines from the ballad of Don Gayferos, to exemplify this criticism.

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The knight who was married to one of the daughters of the Emperor, was amusing himself at dice with another of the Paladins. His father-in-law coming in, and seeing him thus occupied, reproaches him in a strain such as Hector addressed to Paris under circumstances somewhat similar. "If you are as good at the use of your weapons, Gayferos, as you seem to be at the dice-board, go rescue your captive wife from the Moors. You know how I, at least, feel for her, for she is my own flesh and blood. Many sought to win her grace; but she smiled on none but you. Since you married her for love, love ought to protect her. Had any other knight been her husband, she would not be where she now is." The conduct of the young hero upon receiving this bitter taunt, is thus described:—

Gayferos que aquesto oyera,
Movido de gran pesar,
Levantose del tablero
No quiriendo mas jugar.

A manos toma el tablero
Para haverle de arrojar,
Sino por quien con-él juega
Que era hombre de linage.

Jugaba con èl Guarinos
Almirante de la mar;
Voces dà por el Palacio,
Que al cielo quieren llegar.

Preguntando, preguntando
Por su tio Don Roldan,
Hallaronlo en el patio
Que queria cavalgar.

When *renowned* Gayferos heard him,
Deeply grieved the speech he bore,
And uprising from the tables,
Vowed that he would play no more.

And the tables rudely seizing,
Fain had dashed 'em to the ground;
But reflection soon returning,
Kept his rage in decent bound.

With a noble was he playing,
With the Admiral of the fleet;
Thro' the palace instant shouting,
Fain he would his uncle meet.

Soon *he heard* that Count Orlando
Was upon the point to ride;
In the court Gayferos found him,
Just as he had leaped astride.

A literal prose translation will shew how much is strained, emphatic and impertinent in the English lines—the vulgarity and doggerel speak for themselves. "Gayferos hearing this, deeply excited, (by the reproach) arose from the table, for he would play no more. He takes up the table (or board) in his hands, and would have thrown it with violence from him—but for his respect for the person with whom he was playing, who was a man of high rank (or descent.) He was playing with Guarin, the Admiral. Then he cried aloud through the palace—so loudly that his voice seemed to mount up to the skies—calling again and again upon his uncle Orlando. He found him in the court-yard, just about to ride."

The dates and the authors of these early Ballads are, it is said, equally unknown. This has been ascribed to the contempt in which they were held by the classical scholars, who, in the course of the fifteenth century, acquired influence enough to give the tone to all literature. They considered these relics of barbarous times,

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as quite beneath the notice of men who had access to the models of Attic and Augustan elegance. Nobody will wonder at this prejudice who considers what is the invariable progress of the human mind, from a state of complete ignorance to that of the highest refinement. The first efforts of genius are, like these before us, the spontaneous effusions of nature, uttered without any idea of rules, or pretension to excellence, or fear of criticism. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. This is the whole sum and substance of the rhetoric and poetry of rude ages. The warm passion, the glowing conception break forth in a simple, but fervid and vigorous eloquence.

> "With rude, majestic force they move the heart,
> And strength and nature make amends for art."

But there is more in it than this—there is even a surprising degree of *grace* in the operations of the mind, as in the motions of the body, in this savage state of society. It is the consciousness of perfect equality with those around them—the possession of that unqualified liberty of nature, ubi sentire quæ velis et quæ sentias dicere liceat—the confidence not of experienced and disciplined talent, but of happy, unrebuked ignorance, that gives to our Indian orators the ease and imposing dignity which have so frequently been remarked in them. They speak well because they are neither ambitious of speaking well nor afraid of speaking ill. No man is either sheepish, or stately and affected, until he has conceived the idea of a degree of excellence to which he feels that he has not attained, or of the terrors of a criticism to which he is apprehensive of being exposed. In this, as in a graver sense, the δουλιον ἡμαρ—the day which condemns him to feel his inferiority, robs him of (more than) half his grace and power. So that, in this view, a little learning is a dangerous thing, for the same reason that what is called the second class of fashionable people, are every where the stupidest and most disagreeable of any.

At the revival of letters, pretty nearly the same set of phenomena was exhibited every where. The age of creative genius, of passionate eloquence, of vast and profound and adventurous imaginings came on early. It was immediately after—nay, rather coeval with—that of legends and Troubadours—the day-break, as it were, while twilight, with its spectral imagery and shadowy wonders, still lingered in the vale and the wood. It is such an age that produced Dante and Chaucer. Then came a long period of sterility and blank vacancy—the æra in Italy, of the Filelfos and Poggios and Politians—of plodding, pedantic mediocrity, oppressed by its own acquirements and embarrassed by

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its own art, with just talent enough to perceive and to avoid the dangers of originality. A still more advanced age, generally brings back the simplicity of nature, because it restores the confidence of genius—the Ariostos and the Macchiavellis take the place of the Dantes and Boccaccios, and making allowance for improvement in minuter matters, extremes in literature—the perfection of discipline and the total absence of it—may be said to meet. In Spain, the age of imitative mediocrity came on about the same time as in other parts of Europe, but it, unfortunately, lasted much longer. Juan de Mena and the Marquisses of Santillana and Villena have been charged, by late critics, with being the first to enroll themselves under the banners of foreigners, and to bring the early national literature into discredit and oblivion. Whoever may have been the authors, or whatever the cause of this revolution, the fact is certain; nor, as we think, was a strain ever again heard within the borders of that land, so true to nature, so sweet, so touching, so heroic, as that of her old minstrelsy.

> " Say, is her voice less mighty than of yore,
> When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?"

But although it may be impossible to assign its proper date to any particular ballad in the Romancero General, or other collections, yet it may be affirmed with confidence, by analogy to what has been observed in other languages,* that the most simple, and strictly narrative or historical, are, probably, the most ancient of them. In the earliest stages of society, when there is no history, or indeed any other kind of knowledge, but what is preserved by oral tradition, not only the records, but the very laws of a country are apt to be preserved in verse, in aid of the memory. What is called the poetry of those ages, (that is, its metrical relics) is more subservient to the purposes of truth than of fiction, and even when the historical outline comes to be filled up with legendary wonders, and coloured with the glow of an improved fancy, there is still, for sometime, a closer adherence to fact than is afterwards observed in works of imagination. The bard, the scald, the minstrel, the rhapsodist, are the first teachers of mankind and the great reposi-

* This is remarked of the old English Ballads by Dr. Percy.—Rel. v. iij. p. 5. To which we may add the following remark from the Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada, from which it would appear that some of these early ballads were valued merely as history. The book is rather apocryphal, it must be owned—but it is good authority to such a point. Y aunque son Romances es muy buen traerlos à la memoria para los que agora vienen al mundo, porque intiendan la historia porque se cantavan. Y *aunque* los romances *son viejos* son buenos para el efeto que digo. p. 366.

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tories, by profession, of the experience and memorable doings of their rude tribes. Many examples might easily be adduced to shew how completely the poets of a primitive age fill the place of its philosophers and annalists. Thus, Solon, the law-giver, was so great a master of versification, that, it is affirmed by some one in Plato, he might even have rivalled Homer; and it is remarked of Homer himself, by a geographer who seems better acquainted with Parnassus than with any other spot on the globe, that his romance was always founded upon, or mixed up with a good share of truth.* This is, at any rate, so far just that the Iliad, for its simplicity, its animation, its minute circumstantiality in description, and the air of earnestness and conviction that pervades its details, approaches, in many places very nearly to the unaffected, narrative style of an old border ballad. Indeed, we have always felt this to be one of the peculiarities which most advantageously distinguish the Greek bard from his imitators in after times. His is true *epic* poetry—it not only has an *action*, but it is full of action. His narrative does not flag a moment, and though he recounts very much the same scenes and incidents over and over again, you get through his twenty-four books without a tithe of the fatigue which any other poem of the same kind—not excepting the Gerusalemme—occasions, even to the most indefatigable reader, after the first edge of curiosity has been taken off. No other writer in the world but this immediate successor of the rhapsodists and minstrels of a primitive age, could have made a readable volume of such length out of such materials; if, indeed, the volume be (as it no doubt is, however) any thing more than a *cento* of legends and ballads, like Geoffrey's History. In this connexion, we cannot refrain from making use of the following apposite observations of Dr. Percy, in his Essay on the Ancient English Minstrels:—"It is to be observed, that so long as the minstrels subsisted, they seem never to have designed their rhymes for publication, and, probably, never committed them to writing themselves; what copies are preserved of them are, doubtless, taken down from their mouths. But as the old minstrels gradually wore out, a new race of ballad-writers succeeded—an inferior sort of minor poets, who wrote narrative songs merely for the press. Instances of both may be found in the reign of Elizabeth. * * * * The old minstrel ballads are in the northern dialect, abound with antique words and phrases, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmost license of metre:

* Ἐκ μήδενὸς δὲ ἀληθοῦς ἀναπτεῖν καινὴν τετραλογίαν, οὐχ' Ὁμηρικον.—Strabo, lib. i. c. 2.

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they have also a romantic wildness, and are in the true spirit of chivalry. The other sort are written in exacter measure, have a low or subordinate correctness, sometimes bordering on the insipid, yet often well adapted to the pathetic; these are generally in the southern dialect, exhibit a more modern phraseology, and are commonly descriptive of more modern manners." The following lines from the ballad of Rinaldo of Montalban in this collection, seem to us to exemplify the latter description of poetry. They are so smooth and finished as to smack of an age less rude than that which produced some others of these relics, that of Calainos, for instance.

Quando aquel claro lucero
Sus rayos quiere embiar,
Esparcidos por la tierra
Por cada parte y lugar.

Quando los prados floridos
Suaves olores dàn,
A mi preciado vergel
Me fuì para dàr lugar
A la triste vida mia
Y muy gran necessidad.

Vida las rosas en flor,
Que querian yà ganar,
Hice una guirnalda de ellas
No hallando à quien la dàr.

Por un bosquete despoblado
Comencè de caminar,
Y diera en una floresta
Do nadie suele passar.
En el dulce mes de Mayo
Yo me fuì por descansar,
Por medio de una arboleda
De ciprès, y de rosal.
De una huerta muy florida
De jazmines, y arrayan,
Los cantos eran tan dulces,
Què me hicieron parar,
De avecitas que por ellas,
No hacen sino volar,

Papagayo, y ruiseñor
Decian en su cantar;

Donde vàs el Caballero,
Atràs te quieras tornar,
Hombre que por aqui passa,
No puede vivo escapar.

"When the glorious sun revolving
Spreads his golden radiance round,
Genial warmth all nature cheering,
Clothes with verdure soft the ground.

Then the meads are all enamell'd,
Then the blooming flow'rs appear;
Ev'ry eye with rapture glist'ning
Sees sweet Spring approaching near.

I alone to range my garden
Bent my solitary way,
Musing on the life of sorrow
Still I led each irksome day.

There I saw the roses blowing;
O how lovely was their hue!
And a chaplet twin'd, but no one
Found to give the chaplet to.

Through a grove then devious wand'ring,
I perceiv'd a bed of flow'rs;
'Twas the month of May, and pleasure
Wanton'd in the shady bow'rs.

In a fair alcove I rested
Of the rose and cypress made;
All around this lovely garden
Was in beauteous tints array'd.

There the jasmine and the myrtle
Pleas'd in gentle union grew;
Whilst the birds in soft notes thrilling
Form'd a heav'nly concert too.

Long I listen'd with enchantment,
As they flew from spray to spray,
When the nightingale, sweet singing,
Thus attun'd his plaintive lay:—

"Whither art thou wand'ring, whither?
"Listen to my warning strain;
"Never Knight yet enter'd hither,
"And escap'd with life again.

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Mirando essas avecitas,
Su canto, y armonizar,
A sombra de un ver 'e pino
Me sentè por descansar.

"Pleasure here too fondly reigning,
"Will the hero's nerves unbrace
"Circe's wanton cup disdaining,
"Fly, oh! fly the fatal place."

I arose, and still I listen'd,
As along the walks I stray'd;
Then beneath a shady pine-tree
Down my listless length I laid."

Vol. i. pp. 35–39.

We may state in general terms that none of the old Ballads that have been current in Spain, date farther back than the thirteenth century, and most of them are probably of much more recent date. In the *Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada*—a remarkable book, of which we may say something more by and bye—the distinction of *este Romance antiguo* occurs not unfrequently, and in some instances the *ancient* ballad and a more recent version of it are given together. The three periods of history, to which, by far the greater part of these songs of love and war relate, are the invasion of Spain by Charlemagne—the adventures and achievements of the Cid—and the fortunes of the Moorish kingdom of Granada. Charlemagne's æra is the close of the eighth and the beginning of the ninth century. The Spaniards boast a hero contemporaneous with the Paladins, who proved himself in a contest with Orlando, much more formidable than (as we have just seen) the giant Ferracute had been. This was Bernardo del Carpio, son of Doña Ximena, sister of the king of Leon and of Don Sancho de Saldaña. Beuter in his Chronicle of Valencia, in a passage which has already been referred to, ascribes to him the honour of having done, or at least consummated, the mischief at Roncesvalles. But as no allusion at all is made to him in the collection before us, we shall say no more about him for the present. The Cid, Ruy Dias de Bivar, is the hero of the eleventh century, the very last year of which is made memorable by his death. He is beyond all comparison the most striking object, even in that age of lofty chevisance and wonderful emprize. He was living when the Normans conquered England, and established themselves, by an adventure as romantic as any thing in fable, in Naples and Sicily, and when the rude oratory of Peter the Hermit stirred up all Europe between the Clyde and the Pyrennees to a war, or rather series of wars, to be waged for two centuries together, in a distant region of the earth, for interests not of this world and a crown of more than mortal glory. Everything dates from this æra—poetry has been inspired by it, romance seeks its heroes there, knighthood was established then, and the proudest nobility of Europe are glad to trace their line to a war-

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rior who fought in Palestine, and to explain their blazonry by the history of a Crusade. The deeds of the Cid were celebrated so long ago as the beginning of the thirteenth century, in a poem which bears his name, and since that time ballads innumerable have diversified or perverted his story. In this Floresta, there is a single *romance* relating to him—the title of it is "The Ballad of the Moorish King who lost Valencia." We will quote some of the first stanzas, with a literal version opposite.

Helo, helo por do viene El Moro por la calzada, Caballero à la gineta, Encima de una yegua vaya:	Look, look where comes The Moor riding up the highway, Mounted in gallant style* Upon his fleet bay mare.
Borceguies morroquies Espuela de oro calzada, Una adarga ante sus pechos Y en su mano una azagaya.	His buskins are of morocco A golden spur is upon his heel, A target before his breast, And in his hand a Moorish javelin.
Mirando estaba Valencia Como estaba bien cercada; O Valencia, O Valencia, De mal fuego seas quemada!	Intently gazed he at Valencia, How well enclosed as it was; O Valencia, O Valencia, Mayest thou be given to a devouring fire.
Primero fuistes de Moros Que de Christianos ganada, Si la lanza no me miente A Moros seràs tornada.	Thou wert a Moorish city Ere thou wert conquered by Christians, But if my lance deceive me not, To the Moors thou shalt belong once more.
Aquel perro de aquel Cid Prenderlohe por la barba, Su muger Doña Ximena Serà de mi cautivada.	For that dog of a Cid, I will pluck him by the beard, His wife Donna Ximena Shall be my slave.
Su hija Urraca Hernandez Serà mi enamorada, &c.	His daughter Urraca Shall be my mistress, &c.

"My Cid" overhears this complimentary apostrophe, and bids his daughter show herself at the window, in order to detain the Moor until he shall have saddled his steed Babieca, and girded on his own good sword. Urraca makes her appearance accordingly, and receives the salutation of the King, which she returns quite lovingly.

Alà te guarde, Señora, Mi Señora, Doña Urraca.	Allah be with thee, Lady, My own Lady, Doña Urraca,
Assi, haga à vos Señor, Buena sea vuestra llegada: Siete años ha Rey, siete, Que soy vuestra enamorada.	And be he with you too, Sir, Most welcome in your coming This seven long years, O King, That I have been enamoured of you.

* That is with short stirrups, *à la Turque.*

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He is paying her back in her own coin with interest, when the footsteps of Babieca are heard. Away he flies like the wind and the Cid after him, until they come to a river, which the Moor crosses hastily in a boat. The Cid coming up to the bank, hurls his javelin at his foeman—addressing him at the same time in these words:

——— recoged yerno,
Recoged aquessa lanza,
Que quizà tiempo vendrà
Que os serà bien demandada.

Pick up, my son-in-law, pick up this lance—for perhaps the time will come, when it shall be demanded at your hands.

The rest of these Ballads all relate to Charlemagne and his Peers. The first of them is the famous *romance* of Calainos, which Ritson thinks (and with good reason) one of the most ancient among them. It is mentioned in Don Quixote, and is so well known in Spain, that it is said to be a proverbial expression of contempt there, *no vale las coplas de Calainos*. With the most profound deference, however, for the Señor Sarmiento, upon whose authority this is affirmed, we presume to suggest that this saying may mean nothing more than, that that venerable old ballad is in every body's mouth, like the Children of the Wood and Johnny Armstrong, and so it may be with it, as the wife of Bath sagely teaches of conjugal endearments, that "a glutted market makes provision cheap." But it must be owned that this *romance* of Calainos falls very far short of the merits of some of the other pieces in this collection. One of the best of them is the ballad of Gayferos, to which we have already had occasion to allude. Another remarkable one is that of Count Claros of Montalban, the son of the famous Paladin Rinaldo. The story relates an anecdote of one of Charlemagne's daughters, who are all of them known to have been very far above the *vulgar* prejudices of mankind in relation to their sex. Perhaps it is founded, as the translator conjectures, upon the well-known story of his secretary and historian, Eginhart. Those who read Spanish, may be edified with the unceremonious gallantry of the following colloquy sublime.

Count Claros has past a sleepless night for love of Doña Clara. So at the first peep of dawn, he leaps out of bed, and calling up his chamberlain, puts on a dress, all glittering with scarlet, and gold, and precious stones. His steed is caparisoned in the same gorgeous style, and is, in particular, tricked off with *three hundred* morris-bells jingling about his poitrail with a most delectable din. Thus equipped, he hurries to the imperial palace, and is presently upon his knees before his mistress. She returns his salutation, and goes on to address him—

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Las palabras que prosigue
Eran para enamorar;
Conde Claros, Conde Claros,
El Señor de Montalvan,

Como haveis hermoso cuerpo
Para con Moros lidiar!
Respondiera el Conde Claros,
Tal respuesta la fue à dàr.

Mejor lo tengo, Señora,
Para con damas holgar.
Si yo os tuviesse Señora
Esta noche à mi mandar,

Y otro dia de mañana
Con cien Moros pelear,
Si à todos no los venciesse,
Mandassedesme matar.

Calledes, Conde, calledes
Y no os querais alabar,
Que el que quiere servir damas,
Assi lo [qu. no] debe hablar.

Y al entrar en las battallas
Bien se suele escusar;
Sino lo creis Señora,
Por las obras se verà.

He then swears, as Doña Urraca did to the Moorish king who lost Valencia, that he has been for seven years desperately in love with her, with other the like approved *fleurettes*. She tells him he is a gay deceiver, and so forth; but the result is, that the Emperor, who is not quite as much pleased with Count Claros and his way of making love, as the princess had been, has him arrested, put in irons, and seated upon a mule; and not satisfied with thus disgracing him, though the Paladins all intercede for him, orders him to be sentenced to death by a jury of his peers—which is accordingly done. In this extremity, the Archbishop obtains leave to visit the unfortunate youth in prison, for the purpose of administering to him the usual ghostly consolations. The first words which he addresses to the Count are very characteristic of the times and manners. These words were most pathetic, says the book—they are as follows:—

Pesame de vos el Conde,
Quanto me puede pesar,
Que yerros por amores
Dignos son de perdonar.*

I feel as deeply for you, Count,
As it is possible I should feel,
For the sins of lovers
Deserve to be pardoned.

He repeats this wise saw again soon after, and tells him he ought to meet death very cheerfully, considering in how good a cause he is to suffer. His Page is so much of the same way of thinking, that he tells the Count he would rather change places with him than with the crabbed, old Emperor, who has condemned him to this honourable martyrdom. The Count, however,

* Count Claros had probably heard the same thing from his own father, if we may believe what Messer Lodovico says on the authority of the "good Turpin."

Pensò Rinaldo alquanto e poi rispose:
Una donzella dunque de' morire,
Perchè lasciò sfogar nell' amorose
Sue braccia al suo amator tanto desire?
Sià maladetto che tal legge pose,
E maladetto che la puo patire.
Debitamente muore una crudele,
Non chì da vita al su 'amator fedele.
[*Orlando Fur.* Cant. iv. 63.

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calls upon his young friend for a much lighter service than to act as his substitute on the scaffold—he only sends by him a request to his mistress to place herself so that his last looks may be turned upon her, assuring her that her presence would disarm death of its terrors and its sting. The Infanta, as she is called in the ballad, is in despair, and her sorrow is extremely well-painted. She rushes forth with the eloquent *abandon* of a woman made desperate by a conflict of high passions, and at length prevails upon her stern father to spare the Count's life on condition of his marrying her, and atoning for the lover's indiscretion by the virtues and fidelity of the husband.

Charlemagne is represented in a still more trying situation in by far the longest, and, perhaps, the most celebrated of these ballads, we mean that of the Marquis of Mantua. He is there made to act the part of the elder Brutus, and to pass sentence upon his own son, Carloto. This is the story which takes possession of the knight's imagination, after he had undergone that unmerciful drubbing from the mule-driver, mentioned in the fourth chapter of Don Quixote. At the beginning of the next chapter, we see him sprawling upon the ground, from which he was utterly incapable of rising, so dreadfully belaboured had he been by that rascally churl. In this uncomfortable situation, he bethinks him, as usual, of his books, and "his anger recalled to his memory the story of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded in the mountain—a story known by children, not forgotten by youth, celebrated and even believed by the old, and for all that, as apocryphal as the miracles of Mahomet."

The outline of this interesting tale is as follows:—The Marquis of Mantua—Danes Urgèl el Léal—is engaged in a stag chase, when a violent thunder storm arising, his company is scattered, and he finds himself alone in the midst of the forest. At a loss whither to direct his course, he gives the rein to his gallant steed, who presses forward with such incredible expedition, that Danes Urgèl is presently at the distance of more than ten leagues. Here he enters a wood of pines, and thence descending into a valley—his attention is suddenly arrested by a fearful cry of distress. Dismounting from his steed, he advances on foot a few steps, and sees the carcase of a war-horse, caparisoned as for battle, and horribly maimed in almost every part of his body. A little further onward, he hears a voice uttering a devout and doleful prayer to the Virgin. His curiosity is now worked up to a painful pitch of excitement—he makes an opening by cutting down the thick bushes and foliage, and sees the ground all stained with gore—immediately after, he espies a

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knight seated under an oak, cased in armour from head to foot, but without any offensive weapon. The Marquis pauses, and listens in breathless silence. The first words uttered by the wounded cavalier, are those quoted in the chapter of Don Quixote just referred to. It is, therefore, impossible to repeat them with any gravity, much less in that deeply pathetic tone with which they were, no doubt, uttered by a dying lover.

Donde estàs, Señora mia Que no te pena mi mal ? O no lo sabes, Señora, O eres falsa ò desleal.	'Alas! where are you, lady dear That for my pains you do not moan ? Thou little know'st what ails me here. Or art to me disloyal grown.'

Ozell.

This address, to his lady fair, becomes gradually more affectionate and confiding as it proceeds, and is followed by an apostrophe to all and singular the Twelve Peers, whom he reproaches, for not knowing that he stands in need of their assistance—to the Emperor in whose justice he relies, even when it is invoked against his own son—to God, whose mercy he supplicates—to his assassin Don Carlote—to his own mother, and last of all, to the Marquis of Mantua himself. The Marquis now approaches him, and without disclosing who he is, inquires into the story of his calamity. Baldwin (for it was he) states that he is the son of the King of Dacia, one of the *Doseperes*—that the Marquis of Mantua is his uncle—and that he was married to the beautiful "Infanta Sevilla or Sybilla," whose fatal charms had been the source of all his woe. For the Prince Don Carloto, being desperately enamoured of her, and having hitherto failed in his attempts upon her virtue, had determined to make away with her unfortunate husband, for the purpose of succeeding him in that relation to Sevilla. That, with this design, he had upon some fair pretext, decoyed his victim into the forest, where the unhappy young man was set upon by three assassins, and left in his present deplorable situation. He beseeches the stranger Knight to bear these tidings to his friends. Here the feelings of the Marquis of Mantua become uncontrollable—and he gives vent to them in a truly pathetic manner; for, after losing all his own children, he had adopted this young man as his heir, and centered his affections in him. But he was now a desolate old man, and would not be comforted. This scene is interrupted by the arrival of Baldwin's squire, bringing with him a Hermit, who dwelt hard by in the forest. The holy recluse was a priest, and he was come to shrive the dying cavalier. After this melancholy office is performed, and Baldwin has breathed his last, the Marquis asks what wood that was and who was its lord.

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Tal respuesta le fue à dàr:
Haveis de saber señor,
Que esta tierra es sin poblar;
Otro tiempo fue poblada,
Despoblòse por gran mal,
Por batallas muy crueles,
Que huvo en la Christiandad.
A esta llaman la floresta,
Sin ventura, y de pesar;
Porque nunca Caballero
En ellà aconteciò entrar,
Que saliesse sin gran daño,
O desastre desigual.

Esta tierra es del Marquès
De Mantua, la gran Ciudad;
Hasta Mantua son cien millas,
Sin poblacion, ni lugar:

Sino solo una Hermita,
Que à seis leguas de aqui està;
Donde yo estoy retraìdo,
Por el mundo me apartar.

'Thus the ancient Hermit answer'd,
You shall soon hear what he said—
"Know, my Lord, from this wild country
"All the people long have fled.

"Once a region fair and fertile,
"Till a sad mischance befel;
"Fatal wars throughout prevailing,
"Their disastrous horrors tell.

"Of distress and lamentation
"Is this gloomy forest call'd;
"Never Knight its bounds hath enter'd
"But some dire mishap enthrall'd.

"To fair Mantua's noble Marquis
"Does this country appertain;
"'Tis a hundred miles to Mantua,
"Yet between no souls remain.

"Six leagues hence, amidst the forest,
"Stands a lonely Hermit's cell;
"In it, from the world secluded,
"There in gentle peace I dwell."

Vol. ii. pp. 100–103.

The Marquis now questions the squire, who gives him a detailed account of the treachery of Carloto. He then binds himself by the vow so pleasantly ridiculed by Cervantes in that passage (c. xii. b. 2) where the knight, after his combat with the Biscayan, finding his helmet quite demolished, laying his hand upon his sword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, pronounces the following oath, "I swear by the creator of all things, and by all that is written in the four Evangelists, to lead the life which the Marquis of Mantua led when he made a vow to revenge the death of Baldwin; not to eat food upon a table cloth, nor—with many other things which though I do not remember I here consider as expressed,* until I have taken vengeance upon him who has done me this injury.

* This vow being quite a curiosity, we publish it here for the readers of Spanish.

Puso la mano en el ara,
Que estaba sobre el altar,
A los pies de un crucifixo
Jurando comenzò à hablar.

Juro por Dios poderoso,
Y à Santa Maria su Madre,
Y al Santo Sacramento,
Que aqui suelen celebrar.

De nunca peynar mis canas,
Ni de mis barbas cortar,
De no vestir otras ropas,
Ni renovar el calzar.

De nunca entrar en poblado,
Ni las armas me quitar,
Sino fuera solo una hora
Para mi cuerpo limpiar.

De no comer en manteles,
Ni à la mesa me assentar.

Hasta que muera Carloto,
Por justicia, ò pelear,
O morir en la demanda,
Manteniendo la verdad.

Y si justicia me niegan,
Sobre esta gran maldad,
De con mi estado, y persona
Contra Francia guerrear,

Y manteniendo la guerra,
Vencer, ò en ella acabar.
Y por este juramento
Prometo de no enterrar,

El cuerpo de Baldovinos,
Hasta su merte vengar.

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The second part of the Ballad is an account of the embassy sent by the Marquis to the Emperor to demand that the murderer of his nephew should be brought to justice. His delegates were the count of Irlos and the Duke of Sanson, men of the highest rank, and "of the twelve who ate together at the Round Table." They have an audience—open their business, and enforce the demand of their principal, by the most persuasive topics. The Emperor, as may naturally be supposed, was in very great tribulation, but he comes to the determination to see justice done, "as it was ever wont to be in France, without distinction of persons."

Assi al pobre, como al rico,
Assi al chico, como al grande
Y tambien al extrangero,
Como al proprio natural.

He only begs to be excused from personally assisting at the trial, but appoints commissioners, with plenary powers, to conduct it, whether it be by witnesses or by wager of battle. A safe conduct is granted to the Marquis, who comes attended by a brilliant and formidable retinue, and encamps (according to his vow) *without* the walls of the city.

The third part contains the judgment of the court, which is drawn up with all the pedantic formality of the bar. The sentence passed upon the young Prince was less proportionate to his rank than to his base treachery. He is ordered to be dragged on the ground by a wild colt, and beheaded and quartered like a common felon. In great consternation at this harsh and ignominious doom, Carloto writes to his cousin Orlando, who determines to come to his rescue, but his intention being discovered, is prevented by an anticipated execution of the sentence. The fourth part describes the Exequies of Baldwin. It is much shorter than the other three parts, but is excellent in its way. The last stanza reminded us of the famous line in the dirge of Sir John Moore—"We left him alone with his glory."

Lo meten en el sepulchro;	And then they lay him in the tomb
Como usarse soleà;	As all the dead must lie—
Quedando el cuerpo con fama	Fame dwells there with his cold remains,
Con glorià el alma subia.	His spirit has soar'd on high.

We are so much beyond the limits which we had assigned to this article, that we must defer to a future opportunity, many of the remarks we purposed making in relation to the fortunes and the influence of the Moorish kingdom of Granada. This is the last of the three periods to which, as we remarked just now,

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these old ballads principally relate. There are few subjects that kindle up our own enthusiasm for the romantic and the chivalrous, (and we are not ashamed to confess this fondness) so much as the factions of the Zegris and the Abencerrages, and the duels, jousts and tournaments which continually occurred in that famous *plain* and by the Fuente del Pino, between Moorish or Christian and Moorish knights.* Some of these ballads, relating to those encounters, are most admirable specimens of this simple poetry. Indeed, the work just referred to in a note, is a mere romance of chivalry, written in what has been called the Varronian style, that is, partly in prose and partly in verse, the former being little more than a loose paraphrase of the latter, or a running commentary upon it. It is just such a chronicle as we may suppose that of Cide Hamete Benengeli—the imaginary authority of Cervantes—would have been. A cursory mention is made of the foundation of the city of Granada in very remote times, and the origin of the kingdom in the thirteenth century—of the eighteen kings who successively held its sceptre—and of the thirty-two noble families which at once adorned and defended it. But the narrative does not properly begin before the reign of the last (the nineteenth) king, Muley Hazen and his son Boaudilin, called the Rey Chico, or Little King. It then unfolds the petty rivalships and jealousies which at length produced a fatal feud in the court of the latter, and contributed to the conquest of the country by Ferdinand and Isabella. Never did so important an event spring out of causes apparently so insignificant. The honest chronicler writes a mere court calendar—a tale of lord and lady gay—

> ——races and games
> And tilting furniture, emblazoned shields,
> Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds;
> Basings and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
> At joust and tournament—then marshalled feast
> Served up with sewer and seneschal.

The situation of Granada, in relation to the Christian power in Spain, from the middle of the thirteenth to the close of the fifteenth century, was a highly interesting one. As Toledo, and Valencia, and Cordova and Seville successively fell; as the boundaries of Islam were narrowed down by the progress of the Christian arms, this last strong hold of the Moors, received new

* The title of the old fabulous chronicle of this kingdom, which now lies before us, is Historia de los Vandos de los Zegoris y Abencerrages, Cavalleros Moros de Granada, de las civiles guerras que uvo en ella y battallas particulares que se dieron en la vega entre Christianos y Moros, hasta que el rey Don Fernando Quinto gano este Reyno.

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accessions every day, and ultimately became the asylum of the greater part of the race. It was for the two last centuries, a scene of perpetual war—the orchestra of Mars, as Epaminondas called his own Bæotia—and often even in times of truce (for *peace* there was none) would a master of Alcantara or Calatrava—a Saavedra or a Ponce de Leon—gallop in defiance about the vega, or rein up his war-horse before the Alhambra, while each Paynim *gentleman* burned to enter the lists with him, and to exhibit his prowess to the Galianas and the Daraxas, in a joust to the utterance.

Independently of the influence, real or imaginary, which they are supposed to have exercised over modern literature, there is something exceedingly brilliant and captivating in these pictures of Moorish life. The splendor of Oriental imagination is there—the soft and bewitching voluptuousness of those bright climes, where the earth is ever gay with flowers and the whole air loaded with perfumes, and the sky lighted up with a cloudless and tranquil glory. The dreams of that "delightful londe of faerie" where the fancy of Spenser lingered so fondly, seem to be realized in these sunny regions. In the garden of Generalife, with its fresh fountains and its myrtle bowers, the very atmosphere breathed of poetry and love. But the sensibility of the Moors of Spain was refined by the imagination which it awakened and warmed. The Ommiades of Cordova as is well known, rivalled the Abassides in their patronage of letters, and the arts of cultivated taste at once heightened and chastened every enjoyment of a life of pleasaunce.

> Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
> Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris shore,
> In mighty Bagdad, populous and great
> Held their bright court, where was of ladies store,
> And verse, love, music, still the garland wore.
> When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there,
> Cheered the lone midnight with the muse's lore;
> Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
> And music lent new sweetness to the morning air.

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ART. IV.—*Memoir, Correspondence and Miscellanies, from the papers of Thomas Jefferson.* Edited by THOMAS JEFFERSON RANDOLPH. 4 Vols. 8vo. Charlottesville, 1829.

EVERY American who is proud of his country, and who feels an interest in the history of that great event which gave it existence as a nation, or of the formation and subsequent progress of the general government, will find in these volumes abundant sources of gratification. We have here the letters, public and confidential, of a man who, for forty years, either as legislator, diplomatist, or statesman, took a leading part in the councils of his country, and whose history is so identified with that of the United States, that no very meagre account of their political affairs may be compiled from the Memoirs and Correspondence now presented to the public.

During a part of this period, Mr. Jefferson is known to have been the leader of one of the great parties, which divided the nation, and his letters, written at that time, disclose the principles, the arguments, and often the motives of the popular party, relative to all the great measures of the government. Those who have taken sides on the questions of the assumption of the state debts—the funding system—the establishment of a national bank—the undue predilections imputed to some of our politicians for England, and even for monarchical government, and to others for France, may here find new facts and reasoning to confirm or contradict their previous opinions, as they chance to belong to one sect or the other.

But, in truth, these volumes derive less interest from the subjects of which they treat, curious and diversified and often momentous as they are, than from the illustrious author himself. No citizen of the United States, except one, has been so conspicuous in the eyes of his countrymen as Mr. Jefferson; and, except General Washington and Dr. Franklin, no one has been so well known abroad. The same force of character which has elevated him to the public gaze of so many, has made them also behold him with livelier sentiments both of favour and ill-will. He has undoubtedly had more warm friends and bitterer enemies than any other statesman of our country. By one portion of his compatriots most of his public measures were deemed either visionary or prejudicial; and the least exceptionable were ascribed to some vile motive, as a blind adherence to faction—a servile devotion to France—or a

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truckling desire of popularity. His speculative opinions were made the subject of angry reproach; and in the intemperance of party feeling, his private life was closely scrutinized, in search of those errors or foibles from which no one can be supposed exempt, for the purpose of lessening his influence, and obtaining some petty advantage in the squabbles of the day.

Nor have his friends been far behind his enemies in the fervour of their zeal. Mr. Jefferson has been an especial favourite with the great body of his countrymen, and well merited the title often bestowed on him, of "the man of the people." In the eyes of his numerous adherents, his talents were unrivalled—his political opinions, the standard of orthodoxy—his virtues without a blemish. No witness was believed who testified aught to his prejudice; and if falsehood was often appealed to by the genius of party to sully his fame, her aid was sometimes invoked by the same evil spirit, to obtain for him unmerited praise!* The strong, but opposite emotions which Mr. Jefferson excited among his contemporaries, though greatly abated, have not yet passed away; and we are aware that in speaking of his character, as we would wish to please his admirers or revilers.

"We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;"

especially as there is much in the present publication to fan the expiring embers of that fire which once raged so fiercely throughout the land. It certainly seems to us that it would have been more favourable to the impartiality of the present generation—to that judgment which is likely to coincide with the award of posterity, if some of the papers now published had not yet been permitted to see the light. They will, too probably, rouse to activity the slumbering resentments of the immediate objects of his censures or suspicions, as well as the sympathies of their friends and admirers. The more intemperate part of his own adherents, too, will here find new aliment for their former bitterness and intolerance; and thus the premature publication of some of these papers is likely to excite the

* The following incident, which took place in Philadelphia, at the presidential election, in the first contest between Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson, will serve as a specimen. Parties were supposed to be nicely balanced in Pennsylvania, and the greatest efforts were made for the ascendancy. A visitor to the city of Philadelphia, at that period, partaking of the general anxiety, went to the State-house-yard, to learn the progress of the election, and having joined one of the numerous groupes that were there assembled, he heard a voter, whom a politician was soliciting for his vote, say, that he had a decided preference for Mr. Jefferson, but there was one difficulty that he could not get over: "*he is a slave holder.*" "As to that," said the other, "there is now a scheme on foot for emancipating the slaves, [alluding to a pamphlet on the subject, recently published,] and it is a well-known fact, that Mr. Jefferson sits down to dinner with his negroes, every day of his life." "If that is the case," said the first, "I believe I will vote for him."

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regret of one half of his party associates, and to minister to the angry passions of the other.

We understand that the respectable editor, his grand-son, conceives himself acting under a sense of duty on the present occasion, and that in selecting the papers to be published, he is bound to regard only the importance of the subjects, and the sacredness of private character—believing that the opinions of his distinguished relative on most topics, were already known to the world 'and that his fame was too firmly riveted in the minds of his countrymen, to be loosened by open avowals which were in accordance with his presumed sentiments and character.

While these reasons may be sufficient to justify the *motives* of the editor, we do not think he judged rightly. It had been generally believed that the feelings engendered by the mad contests of party, had subsided, and that time had produced, if not positive good-will, at least forbearance and forgiveness. Yet when injurious imputations, made under the spur of embittered feeling, perhaps of just resentment, are now given to the world, under the imposing sanction of Mr. Jefferson's name, they seem like new accusations, and can scarcely fail to provoke a spirit of fierce recrimination. We regret the course that has been pursued, the more, perhaps, because it increases the difficulty of our labour. We undertake the task, with a conviction, that whatever may be our efforts to make a just estimate of this great statesman's acts and opinions as here recorded by himself, we shall fail to obtain, with many of our fellow-citizens, the suffrage of impartiality.

The first of these volumes contains a brief Memoir of the principal incidents of his life, before the year 1790, when he became Secretary of State; with an appendix, containing several documents connected either with the Revolution, or his legislative functions. The Memoir and its appendix comprize one hundred and forty-six pages. The remainder of this volume, together with the other three, contain a series of letters, written almost entirely by Mr. Jefferson himself, during a period of fifty years, (from 1775 to 1825.) The fourth volume contains also about eighty pages of what are quaintly termed "ANAS," which consist of notes of conversations held with General Washington, Mr. Adams, Colonel Hamilton and others, while he was Secretary of State or Vice-President. There is also appended to this volume, a fac-simile of the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, with the verbal alterations made in it by Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams.

Of these several parts, we consider the Memoir as the most interesting, in proportion to its extent; and we cannot but feel

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the same regret as is caused by Dr. Franklin's unfinished sketch of his own life—so captivating by its frankness and simplicity—that the author had not completed what he had so happily begun. It is a mere outline of the first forty-seven years of the author's life; yet brief as the chronicle is, it has great merit. Its details, confined principally to his public acts, are given with great perspicuity and precision; and the part he bore in them is stated without too visible a self-complacency on the one hand, or an affectation of humility on the other. The style is always smooth and flowing, often strong and felicitous, but now and then marked by some quaintness of expression, seldom exceeding a single word. This peculiarity often furnished the small critics among his opponents, with the materials of attack, and as it was at variance with the general purity and elegance of his writings, some of his admirers, who could "in every fault a beauty spy," supposed that like Alcibiades, when he cut off his dog's tail, he purposely provoked small attacks, to escape the annoyance of greater. But, in truth, he was a friend to neology, which he formally defends in a letter to Mr. Adams, (in August, 1820) and these minute blemishes, as we must consider them, had no doubt the sanction of his deliberate judgment.

Of the early part of his life he has related nothing except what concerns the cultivation of his mind, and of that he says very little. He was born April 2, 1743, in Albermarle, not far from Monticello, where he died. He was placed at an English school when he was five years of age, and at the age of nine, was sent to a Latin school, where he continued until he was fourteen, when death deprived him of his father. He then was placed under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Maury, the father of the late consul at Liverpool; a good classical teacher, with whom he continued two years, and at the age of seventeen, he entered William and Mary College, where he remained two years longer. Of what he owes to a Professor of that institution he thus gratefully speaks:

"It was my great good fortune, and what probably fixed the destinies of my life, that Dr. William Small of Scotland, was then Professor of Mathematics, a man profound in most of the useful branches of science, with a happy talent of communication, correct and gentlemanly manners, and an enlarged and liberal mind. He, most happily for me, became soon attached to me, and made me his daily companion, when not engaged in the school; and from his conversation, I got my first views of the expansion of science, and of the system of things in which we are placed. Fortunately, the philosophical chair became vacant soon after my arrival at college, and he was appointed to fill it *per interim*: and he was the first who ever gave in that college, regular lectures in ethics, rhetoric, and belles lettres. He returned to Europe

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in 1762, having previously filled up the measure of his goodness to me, by procuring for me from his most intimate friend George Wythe, a reception as a student of law, under his direction, and introduced me to the acquaintance and familiar table of Governor Fauquier, the ablest man who had ever filled that office. With him, and at his table, Dr. Small and Mr. Wythe, his *amici omnium horarum*, and myself, formed a *partie quarrée*, and to the habitual conversations on these occasions, I owed much instruction. Mr. Wythe continued to be my faithful and beloved mentor in youth, and my most affectionate friend through life. In 1767 he led me into the practice of the law at the bar of the general court, at which I continued until the revolution shut up the courts of justice."—vol. 1, p. 2.

In 1769, Mr. Jefferson, then twenty-six years of age, became a member of the House of Burgesses, for his native county, and so continued until the revolution. Three years afterwards, he married Mrs. Martha Skelton, by the death of whose father soon afterwards, he acquired a considerable accession to his estate.

While Mr. Jefferson was a student of law, he attended the debate in the House of Burgesses, on the resolutions against the stamp act, and there first heard that remarkable self-educated orator, Patrick Henry, whose eloquence made a strong impression on his youthful mind, being such he says, "as he never heard from any other man, and who appeared to him to speak as Homer wrote." We see in this enthusiastic admiration the first dawning of that resistance to lawless power and zeal for civil liberty, which never deserted him through life. The very first year he entered the legislature, he met the other members, the day after the governor had dissolved them, and entered into an association against the use of British merchandize. After a short cessation to the spirit of resistance, it broke out again in 1773, when Mr. Jefferson says that Mr. Henry, himself, and a few others, "not thinking the old and leading members up to the point of forwardness and zeal which the times required, met in a private room at the Raleigh, to consult on the state of things." At this meeting originated the plan of those committees of correspondence, which so contributed to a harmony of feeling and action among the colonies before they entered into articles of confederation. The resolutions in the House of Burgesses, proposing them, occasioned another dissolution by the Governor. Massachusetts had previously made use of similar committees, for producing concert among her several towns.

From this time we find Mr. Jefferson among the foremost and boldest, in all measures which concerned the rights of the colonies. After a third dissolution, in 1774, for offensive resolu-

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tions proposed by him and a few others, the members assembled immediately at the Raleigh, then, as we believe it still is, the principal tavern in Williamsburg, and proposed a convention for Virginia, and to the other colonies, an annual Congress. On his return home, Mr. Jefferson prepared a draft of instructions for the deputies from Virginia, in which he took the bold ground, that the relation between Great-Britain and her colonies "was exactly the same as that of England and Scotland, after the accession of James, and until the Union; and the same as her present relations with Hanover; having the same executive chief, but no other political connexion." But in this doctrine, he remarks, I had been able to get no one to agree with me but Mr. Wythe. "Our other patriots, Randolph, the Lees, Nicholas, and Pendleton, stopped at the half way house of John Dickinson, who admitted that England had a right to regulate our commerce, and to lay duties on it for the purpose of regulation, but not of raising revenue."

Mr. Jefferson was elected to the Convention, chosen by the people, in pursuance of the recommendation of the assemblage at the Raleigh; but being unable to attend by illness, he sent duplicates of the instructions he had prepared, to Mr. Henry, and Peyton Randolph the presumed chairman. And, although they were not adopted, "as being too bold for the present state of things," they were printed in the form of a pamphlet, under the title of "a summary view of the rights of British America." This pamphlet was reprinted in England, with some interpolations by Edmund Burke, ran through several editions, and procured for the author, as he thinks, the honour of having his name inserted, with about twenty other Americans, in a bill of attainder, which he learnt was introduced into Parliament, but "suppressed in embryo by the hasty step of events." A copy of these instructions is inserted in the appendix. It is a cogent piece of reasoning, expressed in clear and forcible language, and resting on the same liberal principles as would be assumed at the present day.

In the following year, 1775, Mr. Jefferson was appointed a delegate to the second Congress, held at Philadelphia, in the place of Peyton Randolph. Though then but thirty-two years of age, he seems at once to have been ranked among the leading members of that body; for he took his seat on the twenty-first of June, and on the twenty-third, he and John Dickinson were added to the committee for preparing "a declaration of the causes of taking up arms"—the first report of the same committee not having been approved. He prepared a draft of the declaration, but it being "too strong for Mr. Dickinson,"

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that gentleman was requested to prepare a new one, which was adopted—and again, on the twenty-second of July, he was appointed with Dr. Franklin, John Adams, and Richard Henry Lee, to consider and report on Lord North's "conciliatory resolutions," and he, by request, prepared the report.

The Convention of Virginia having on the 15th of May, 1776, instructed their delegates in Congress to declare the Colonies independent of Great-Britain, and appointed a committee to prepare a plan of government for that State, her delegates in Congress accordingly made the motion on the 7th of June, and on the debate to which it gave rise the next day, and which continued for two days, it appeared that New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and South-Carolina were "not yet matured for falling from the parent stem." It was therefore thought prudent to defer the decision of the question, until the 1st of July; but, to prevent unnecessary delay, a committee, consisting of Mr. Jefferson, John Adams, Dr. Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston, was appointed to prepare, in the interval, a *Declaration of Independence*. Mr. Jefferson, the chairman of the committee, was requested by them to draw the Declaration, and thus he became the author of that instrument, which will be dear to the affections of the American people, so long as they set a value on political liberty, or take an interest in their national history; and which must ever be inseparably connected with his name. It was reported to the house on the 28th of June; laid on the table; considered in committee of the whole on the 1st of July, was agreed to by the house, after some amendments, on the 4th, and signed by every member present, except Mr. Dickinson.

As this Declaration cut the last ligament which held this country in colonial dependence, and was its first solemn act as a nation, Mr. Jefferson, knowing the curiosity and interest with which every thing is regarded concerning it, has given the document in its original form, with its subsequent alterations. And as there have been inconsistent accounts published of the votes and proceedings on that memorable occasion, he details them with great minuteness in the Memoir, and still more in a letter to Mr. Samuel A. Wells, of Boston, in the appendix; for the truth of which, he says, "he pledges himself to heaven and earth; having, while the question of Independence was under consideration before Congress, taken written notes, in his seat, of what was passing, and reduced them to form, on the final conclusion."

Mr. Jefferson's detail of the proceedings has the higher claim to our confidence in its accuracy, as it carefully distinguishes

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between the votes on the proposition from Virginia, and those on the Declaration of Independence, reported by the committee, which others having confounded in their recollections, their accounts may thus have varied from the fact, and from each other.

According to Mr. Jefferson's statement, the facts appear to be as follow: on the motion made by the delegates from Virginia, on the 1st of July, Pennsylvania and South-Carolina voted in the negative; Delaware was divided; and the members from New-York, being restricted by their instructions (dated twelve months before) from voting for the proposition, withdrew, declaring at the same time that they and their constituents were in favour of it.

On the next day, July 2d, the members from South-Carolina, though not approving of the measure, voted for it, "for the sake of unanimity." A third member having also appeared on that day from Delaware (Mr. Rodney) decided her vote in its favour. Members from Pennsylvania of a different sentiment from those who voted before, attending that morning, her vote was also changed, so that, on that day twelve of the colonies voted in favour of the motion.

On the same day, the Declaration (referred the day before to a committee of the whole) was taken up; discussed on that and the two following days, and on the evening of the last day, the 4th, passed by twelve states, New-York being absent as before, and signed by all the members present, except one.

But of the Pennsylvanian delegation, consisting of seven members, only three had signed, these were Dr. Franklin, John Morton, and James Wilson. Morris was accidently absent; Willing and Humphreys had withdrawn, and Dickinson refused to sign. The convention of Pennsylvania, then in session, therefore on the 20th of July, appointed a new delegation, consisting of the three members who had signed, Morris, and five new members, to wit, Rush, Clymer, Smith, Taylor, and Ross; all of whom were permitted to sign.

The delegates from New-York received authority from their convention to sign on the 9th, and they signed on the 15th. Mr. Thornton, of New-Hampshire, who had been appointed in September, was permitted to sign on the 4th of November, but wherefore, it does not appear. The original Declaration of Independence which had been thus signed, was afterwards engrossed on parchment and signed again on the 2d of August. The preceding account, it will be perceived, differs in several particulars from that given in Saunderson's Biography of the Signers.

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In the following September, Mr. Jefferson resigned his seat in Congress, and returned to the Legislature of his native state, where he was active in the work of reformation, and in introducing those laws that were calculated to cherish and maintain republican principles. The most important of these, were the laws abolishing entails, and the right of primogeniture; the act of religious freedom, that which allows expatriation, and another, providing for the education of the people. He had also, in 1776, proposed the removal of the seat of government from Williamsburg to the more central position that it now occupies, but it was not removed to Richmond until three years afterwards.

Mr. Jefferson having introduced a bill for a general revision of the laws, it was passed, and he, together with Mr. Pendleton, Mr. Wythe, Geo. Mason, and Thos. H. Lee, were appointed a committee for that purpose. Mr. Mason and Mr. Lee, having excused themselves on the ground of not being lawyers, the arduous duty devolved on the other three, who, distributing it among themselves, assigned the common law and English statutes, before the settlement of Virginia, to Mr. Jefferson. The opinion of Mr. Pendleton, who is represented as "zealously attached to antient establishments," in favour of the first born, will sound somewhat oddly in the ears of most of our citizens at the present day.

"As the law of descents, [says Mr. Jefferson,] and the criminal law fell of course within my portion, I wished the committee to settle the leading principles of these, as a guide for me in framing them; and, with respect to the first, I proposed to abolish the law of primogeniture, and to make real estate descend in parcenary to the next of kin, as personal property does, by the statute of distributions. Mr. Pendleton wished to preserve the right of primogeniture, but seeing at once that that could not prevail, he proposed we should adopt the Hebrew principle, and give a double portion to the elder son. I observed, that if the eldest son could eat twice as much, or do double work, it might be a natural evidence of his right to a double portion; but being on a par in his powers and wants, with his brothers and sisters, he should be on a par also in the partition of the patrimony; and such was the decision of the other members."

These distinguished revisors were employed in the useful and laborious work more than two years, and the system which they recommended, is, in its most important features, that which prevails in Virginia to this day. It was not adopted, however, *en masse*, nor without opposition.

"Some bills were taken out, occasionally, from time to time, and passed; but the main body of the work was not entered on by the Legislature, until after the general peace in 1785, when, by the unwea-

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ried exertions of Mr. Madison, in opposition to the endless quibbles, chicaneries, perversions, vexations and delays of lawyers and demi-lawyers, most of the bills were passed by the Legislature, with little variation."

Three of the most important measures of legislation recommended by them failed of obtaining the sanction of the legislature. These were, First, the attempt to proportion punishments to crimes, and the substitution of hard labour for death. This bill was lost by a majority of a single vote. But after the system had been proved, by experiment in Pennsylvania to be practical and salutary, it was adopted by Virginia, and still continues there in successful operation.

Second: A systematical plan of general education, comprising three distinct "grades," each of which was provided for by a separate bill. But only that for "elementary schools" was acted on, and that, not until 1796, when a provision was inserted in it, which defeated its execution. A law having the same objects, but on a different plan has since been passed, and is now in force.

Third: A plan of gradual emancipation, accompanied with deportation from the country. Mr. Jefferson was persuaded that the two races, if equally free, could live in the same government. The *importation* of slaves into the state being suspended by the war, the subject was not acted on until 1778, when Mr. Jefferson introduced a bill to put a final stop to it, which passed without opposition.

The last part of his plan was not brought forward.

All of these bills were penned by Mr. Jefferson, and appear to have originated with him. In the two first, it has since appeared that he was only some years in advance of his countrymen. Whether he was so too, in his plan of emancipation, is a part of the inscrutable future, and men may differ as much about the probability of its adoption, as they certainly do about its expediency, if adopted.

Of those legislative labours to which he attached the greatest importance, on account of their political tendency, he thus gives his opinion, nearly fifty years after they were performed.

"I considered four of these bills passed or reported, as forming a system by which every fibre would be eradicated of ancient or future aristocracy; and a foundation laid for a government truly republican. The repeal of the laws of entail would prevent the accumulation and perpetuation of wealth, in select families, and preserve the soil of the country from being daily more and more absorbed in mortmain. The abolition of primogeniture, and equal partition of inheritances, removed the feudal and unnatural distinctions which made one member of ev family rich, and all the rest poor; substituting equal partition, t

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of all Agrarian laws. The restoration of the rights of conscience, relieving the people from taxation for the support of a religion, not theirs; for the establishment was truly of the religion of the rich; the dissenting sects being entirely composed of the less wealthy people; and these, by the bill for a general education, would be qualified to understand their rights, to maintain them, and to exercise with intelligence their parts in self-government: and all this would be effected, without the violation of a single natural right of any one individual citizen. To these, too, might be added, as a further security, the introduction of the trial by jury into the chancery courts, which have already ingulphed, and continue to ingulph, so great a proportion of the jurisdiction over our property."

It may not be unworthy of notice that one of the first questions discussed by the revisors was, whether they should pursue the plan which Mr. Bentham has since so strenuously maintained in theory, under the name of *codification*, and which Louisiana is now testing by experiment. A majority, including Mr. Jefferson, decided against it, and there seems to be great force in the reasons he assigns:

"The first question [says he,] was, whether we should propose to abolish the whole existing system of laws, and prepare a new and complete Institute, or preserve the general system, and only modify it to the present state of things. Mr. Pendleton, contrary to his usual disposition in favor of ancient things, was for the former proposition, in which he was joined by Mr. Lee. To this it was objected, that to abrogate our whole system would be a bold measure, and probably far beyond the views of the Legislature; that they had been in the practice of revising, from time to time, the laws of the Colony, omitting the expired, the repealed, and the obsolete, amending only those retained, and probably meant, we should now do the same, only including the British statutes as well as our own: that to compose a new Institute, like those of Justinian and Bracton, or that of Blackstone, which was the model proposed by Mr. Pendleton, would be an arduous undertaking, of vast research, of great consideration and judgment; *and when reduced to a text, every word of that text, from the imperfection of human language, and its incompetence to express distinctly every shade of idea, would become a subject of question and chicanery, until settled by repeated adjudications; that this would involve us for ages in litigation, and render property uncertain, until, like the statutes of old, every word had been tried and settled by numerous decisions, and by new volumes of reports and commentaries; and that not one of us, would probably undertake such a work, which to be systematical, must be the work of one hand.* This last was the opinion of Mr. Wythe, Mr. Mason, and myself."

In June, 1779, Mr. Jefferson, then thirty-six years of age, was appointed Governor of Virginia, and the two years that he continued in that office were the most trying periods of the war in that state. At the end of the second year, "believing," as he says, "that the public would have more confidence in a mili-

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tary chief, under the pressure of an invasion, and that the military commander being invested with the civil power also, both might be wielded with more energy, promptitude and effect, for the defence of the state," he resigned the administration, and General Nelson was elected his successor.

He had been appointed by the old Congress, in 1776, a joint Commissioner to France with Dr. Franklin, and afterwards, in 1781, a Minister Plenipotentiary with Mr. Adams, Dr. Franklin, Mr. Jay, and Mr. Laurens; both of which appointments, from the "state of his family," he was obliged to decline. But, being again appointed in November, 1782, and death having two months before deprived him of the "cherished companion of his life," he accepted, and was preparing to embark, as he heard of the provisional treaty of peace. He therefore did not proceed.

In June of the following year, he was again elected a delegate to Congress, and there proposed that system of coins and computation of money, which now prevails in the United States.

In May, 1784, having once more received the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary, with Mr. Adams and Dr. Franklin, for negotiating treaties of commerce with foreign nations, he accepted it, and reached Paris in August, accompanied by his eldest daughter. He continued in this mission until the latter end of the year 1789, and during these five years' residence abroad, he seems to have discharged his duty with equal fidelity, ability and zeal, though not with proportionate success. His letters show unremitted attention to the commercial interests of the different states; especially to the shipping interest generally—the oil and the fisheries of New-England—the tobacco of Maryland and Virginia—the rice and naval stores of the Carolinas. During his mission, he visited England, Holland and Italy, at which times he seems to have accurately observed, and carefully treasured up whatsoever he could turn to the account of his country. The letters now published, and which evidently constitute but a part of his correspondence, shew the diversity of his knowledge and pursuits; and that in his exertions to protect and promote the great agricultural and commercial interests of his country, he was not inattentive to the progress of science, and could even find time to execute the smallest commissions for his friends. The causes of our Ministers failing to make a commercial treaty with any other power than old Frederick of Prussia, are fully detailed either in the Memoir or the Correspondence. That, in the case of Portugal, deserves to be mentioned for its singularity.

"While in London, we entered into negotiations with the Chevalier Pinto, Ambassador of Portugal, at that place. The only article of dif-

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ficulty between us was, a stipulation that our bread-stuff should be received in Portugal in the form of flour, as well as of grain. He approved of it himself, but observed that several Nobles, of great influence at their court, were the owners of windmills in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, which depended much for their profits on manufacturing our wheat, and that this stipulation would endanger the whole treaty. He signed it, however, and its fate was what he had candidly portended."

The difficulty with the other European powers, proceeded partly, no doubt, from their want of confidence in the stability of the existing government in America. They, moreover, "seemed," says Mr. Jefferson, "to know little about us, but as rebels, who had been successful in throwing off the yoke of the mother country. They were ignorant of our commerce, which had been always monopolized by England, and of the exchange of articles it might offer advantageously to both parties." But he attributes the unwillingness, manifested by England, to the hostile feelings engendered by the late war, in the minds both of the king and people, and to their belief that they could have the American commerce on their own terms. He thus writes to Mr. Jay from London, in April, 1786.

"If we take a retrospect to the beginning of the present reign, we observe, that amidst all the changes of ministry, no change of measures with respect to America ever took place; excepting only at the moment of peace; and the minister of that moment was immediately removed. Judging of the future by the past, I do not expect a change of disposition during the present reign, which bids fair to be a long one, as the King is healthy and temperate. That he is persevering, we know. If he ever changes his plan, it will be in consequence of events, which, at present, neither himself nor his ministers place among those which are probable. Even the opposition dare not open their lips in favour of a connexion with us, so unpopular would be the topic. It is not that they think our commerce unimportant to them. I find that the merchants here, set sufficient value on it. But they are sure of keeping it on their own terms."

The cold and ungracious reception, with which the overtures from this country to a treaty of commerce were received by Great-Britain, produced a natural reaction in his mind, and gave new life to the unfavourable sentiments occasioned by the irritations of the war. The following description of England, which he gave to a friend in Virginia, soon after he returned to Paris, may be thought to derive a part of its colouring from the same source:—

"I returned here but three or four days ago, after a two month's trip to England. I traversed that country much, and own, both town and country fell short of my expectations. Comparing it with this, I found a much greater proportion of barrens; a soil, in other parts, not natu-

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rally so good as this, not better cultivated, but better manured, and therefore more productive. This proceeds from the practice of long leases there, and short ones here. The labouring people here, are poorer than in England. They pay about one-half their produce in rent; the English, in general, about a third. The gardening in that country, is the article in which it surpasses all the earth. I mean their pleasure-gardening. This, indeed, went far beyond my ideas. The city of London, though handsomer than Paris, is not so handsome as Philadelphia. Their architecture is in the most wretched style I ever saw, not meaning to except America, where it is bad, nor even Virginia, where it is worse than in any other part of America which I have seen. The mechanical arts in London, are carried to a wonderful perfection. But of these I need not speak, because, of them my countrymen have unfortunately too many samples before their eyes. I consider the extravagance which has seized them, as a more baneful evil than toryism was during the war. It is the more so, as the example is set by the best and most amiable characters among us. Would a missionary appear, who would make frugality the basis of his religious system, and go through the land, preaching it up as the only road to salvation, I would join his school, though not generally disposed to seek my religion out of the dictates of my own reason, and feelings of my own heart. These things have been more deeply impressed on my mind, by what I have heard and seen in England. That nation hate us, their ministers hate us, and their king, more than all other men. They have the impudence to avow this, though they acknowledge our trade important to them.—But they think we cannot prevent our countrymen from bringing that into their laps. A conviction of this, determines them to make no terms of commerce with us. They say they will pocket our carrying trade as well as their own. Our overtures of commercial arrangements have been treated with a derision, which shews their firm persuasion, that we shall never unite to suppress their commerce, or even to impede it. I think their hostility towards us is much more deeply rooted at present, than during the war."

One of the modes in which Mr. Jefferson sought to render his foreign residence useful to his country was, by the introduction of new articles of culture, and among these patriotic efforts, we may notice those made to introduce the olive, and the dry or high land rice into South-Carolina and Georgia. He notices both of these articles in several of his letters, particularly in a long one to William Drayton, Esq. in July, 1787, in which he says, that he would endeavour to procure some of this rice from Cochin China. It seems also, that in 1790 he procured a cask of it from the river Denbigh in Africa, "in hopes (as he says) it might supersede the culture of the wet rice, which renders South-Carolina and Georgia so pestilential through the summer." In 1789 and 1790, he had "a great number of olive plants of the best kinds, sent from Marseilles to Charleston, for

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South-Carolina and Georgia." To this testimony from his letters, we may add that afforded by Mr. John Drayton, in his view of South-Carolina. In the year 1797, Mr. Jefferson, with an attention which has in many instances been manifested to the interests of this state, added greatly to our catalogue of this grain, by presenting the Agricultural Society of South-Carolina with ninety-eight different parcels of rice. These were obtained from one of the Philippine Islands, which, however, we are sorry to add, either from being heated on the passage, or some other cause, all failed.

In his Memoir, and his official letters to Mr. Jay, he narrates with great minuteness the state of political parties in Paris, from 1787 to 1789, and the first movements of the French Revolution; and his account agrees with the history generally given of that memorable epoch, although it is probable that a diligent inquirer may glean some new facts from these letters, written on the spot, and for the most part, from his own personal observation. He thus concludes his remarks on the subject.

"Here I discontinue my relation of the French Revolution. The minuteness with which I have so far given its details, is disproportioned to the general scale of my narrative, but I have thought it justified by the interest which the whole world must take in the Revolution. As yet, we are but in the first chapter of its history. The appeal to the rights of man, which had been made in the United States, was taken up by France, first of the European nations. From her, the spirit has spread over those of the South. The Tyrants of the North have allied, indeed, against it; but it is irresistible. Their opposition will only multiply its millions of human victims; their own satellites will catch it, and the condition of man through the civilized world, will be finally and greatly ameliorated. This is a wonderful instance of great events, from small causes. So inscrutable is the arrangement of causes and consequences in this world, that a two-penny duty on tea, unjustly imposed in a sequestered part of it, changes the condition of all its inhabitants. I have been more minute in relating the early transactions of this regeneration, because I was in circumstances peculiarly favourable for a knowledge of the truth. Possessing the confidence and intimacy of the leading patriots, and more than all, of the Marquis Fayette, their head and Atlas, who had no secrets from me, I learned with correctness the views and proceedings of that party; while my intercourse with the diplomatic missionaries of Europe at Paris, all of them with the court, and eager in prying into its councils and proceedings, gave me a knowledge of these also. My information was always, and immediately committed to writing, in letters to Mr. Jay, and often to my friends, and a recurrence to these letters, now insures me against errors of memory."

It was in France that Mr. Jefferson first published his "Notes on Virginia," written in 1781, while he was confined to his

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chamber in consequence of a fall from his horse, in answer to the queries of Monsieur de Marbois, Secretary of the French Legation. The work is too well known to require particular notice: but it may be remarked, that the number of geographical and statistical facts which it contains, is truly astonishing, considering the difficulty of obtaining such information in this country, and at that time; and is calculated to give us a high opinion of the inquisitive turn of his mind, his industry, and his methodical habits.

Mr. Jefferson was one of those who early regarded the society of the *Cincinnati*, as an institution unfriendly to the political equality which is essential to the peace and permanence of a popular government, and who saw in it the germ of a future aristocracy. The establishment of a nobility in this country, appears now to be one of the most improbable of all imaginable things; but many circumstances have since intervened to increase the improbability. The French Revolution gave a shock to the illusions of rank, from which they have never yet been able to recover; and a new generation has grown up in this country who see in privileged orders, objects only of hatred and jealousy. It had been first publicly assailed by Judge Burke, of South-Carolina, in 1783. In the succeeding spring, Mr. Jefferson wrote a long letter from Annapolis to General Washington, in answer to an inquiry from him, in which he candidly states that the society was an object of public jealousy from its honours being hereditary, and making a distinction between the civil and military. He again wrote to the General in November, 1786, from France, on the same subject, and adverting to an article in the *Encyclopedie* on the Cincinnati, which he had written, and a copy of which he then sent, he repeated his former objections to the society in a more decided tone—remarking, that "he had never heard a person, learned or unlearned, in Europe," speak of the institution, who did not consider it "as dishonourable and destructive to our governments;" and that he himself thought that the time certainly would come, "when a single fibre left of this institution, would produce an hereditary aristocracy, which would change the form of our governments from the best to the worst in the world."

The subject having also attracted considerable attention among those, who speculated in political philosophy, the celebrated Mirabeau wrote a pamphlet, inculcating the same views as Burke; from whom, by the way, he did not disdain to borrow whole paragraphs without having the fairness to acknowledge them. That Dr. Franklin also entertained an unfavourable opinion of the tendency of this association, we cannot doubt

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from the manner in which he speaks of it, in a letter written to his daughter from Paris, in January, 1784. As some of our readers may never have seen this fine specimen of irony, and others may not object to see it again, we cannot forbear relieving the dryness of political disquisition, with a copious extract from it. And as all the apprehensions of the tendency of a society which now only serves to bind together in harmony and charitable associations, the descendants of those who once so gallantly toiled and fought together in the service of their country, have long since passed away: the members will themselves, perhaps, smile at the efforts which were once taken to create alarm at their objects, and to discredit the institution itself.

After insisting that honour ought not to *descend* to a posterity who had no share in obtaining it, but should rather *ascend*, as in China, on the supposition that the success of *the son* has been owing to the good education he has received from his parents, and with admirable mock gravity, urging other arguments against the "future Chevalier de Cincinnatus," he proceeds,

"The gentleman who made the voyage to France to provide the ribbands and medals, has executed his commission. To me, they seem tolerably done; but all such things are criticised. Some find fault with the Latin, as wanting classical elegance and correctness; and since our nine universities were not able to furnish better Latin, it was a pity, they say, that the mottos had not been in English. Others object to the title, as not properly assumable by any but General Washington, and a few others, who served without pay. Others object to the bald eagle, as looking too much like a *Dindon* or turkey For my own part, I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country; he is a bird of bad moral character: he does not get his living honestly: you may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labour of the fishing hawk; and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and bears it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald eagle pursues him, and takes it from him. With all this injustice he is never in good case, but like those among men who live by sharping and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward: the little *king-bird*, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district. He is, therefore, by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the *king-birds* from our country; though exactly fit for that order of knights which the French call *Chevaliers d' Industrie*. I am, on this account, not displeased that the figure is not known as a bald eagle, but looks more like a turkey. For, in truth, the turkey is in comparison a much more respectable bird, and withal a true original native of America. Eagles have been found in all countries, but the turkey was peculiar to ours; the first of the species seen in Europe, being brought to France by the Jesuits from Canada, and served up at the wedding table of

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Charles the Ninth. He is besides, though a little vain and silly 'tis true, but not the worse emblem for that, a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British guards, who should presume to invade his farm-yard with a red coat on.

"I shall not enter into the criticisms made upon their Latin. The gallant officers of America may not have the merit of being great scholars, but they undoubtedly merit much, as brave soldiers, from their country, which should, therefore, not leave them merely to *fame* for their *virtutis premium*. which is one of their Latin mottos. Their *esto perpetua* another, is an excellent wish, if they meant it for their country; bad, if intended for their order. The States should not only restore to them the *omnia** of their first motto, which many of them have left and lost, but pay them justly, and reward them generously. They should not be suffered to remain with all their new created chivalry *entirely* in the situation of the gentleman in the story, which their *omnia reliquit* reminds me of. You know every thing makes me recollect some story. He had built a very fine house. and thereby much impaired his fortune. He had a pride, however in showing it to his acquaintance. One of them, after viewing it all, remarked a motto over the door, OIA VANITAS. 'What.' says he, 'is the meaning of this OIA, 'tis a word I don't understand.' 'I will tell you,' said the gentleman: 'I had a mind to have the motto cut on a piece of smooth marble, but there was not room for it. between the ornaments, to be put in characters large enough to be read. I therefore made use of a contraction anciently very common in Latin manuscripts, whereby the m's and n's in words are omitted, and the omission noted by a little dash above. which you may see there, so that the word is *omnia*, OMNIA VANITAS.' 'O,' said his friend, 'I now comprehend the meaning of your motto, it relates to your edifice: and signifies, that if you have abridged your *omnia*, you have nevertheless left your VANITAS legible at full length.'"—*Franklin's Works*, vol. vi. p. 126.

We scarcely blame the jealous fears of our citizens for their opposition to this society, when the odds are so great between the evils they dreaded and any public benefits it could confer, and when it would also have furnished a theme of ridicule against us, of the same character as our fondness for such titular distinctions, as "honourable," his "excellency," &c. Besides, the deliberate attempt that was afterwards made in the Senate of the United States, to style the President "His Highness," and the affectation which for a short time prevailed, of giving the Senators, the title of "Most Honourable." in contradistinction to the members of the other house, who were merely "Honourables," shew that there was not an insignificant portion of our citizens who were inclined to introduce aristocratical distinctions into the government. But while we excuse the fears which these symptoms of the times occasioned, we much question whether an aristocracy was ever introduced

* Omnia reliquit servare rempublicam.

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into any country, except by conferring wealth and power on particular families. If, with the badges of the order, the members of the Cincinnati could have transmitted to their eldest sons, office or estate, they would have been cemented into a class of nobility, whose weight might, in time, have been felt by the government. Something more substantial than heirlooms, or medals, or swords, whatever merit they may have indicated, or whatever honour they may have conferred on the original possessor, are required to confer rank on their descendants. They may, indeed, administer to the vanity or family pride of those descendants—they may even produce a transient feeling of respect or envy towards their possessors, but on these very accounts they would be less likely to procure power or office in a popular government.

In 1789, he had obtained permission from the new federal government, to return home, for the purpose of attending to some private affairs, with the wish and expectation of resuming the functions of minister at Paris, to see the end of the Revolution, which he says, "he then thought would be certainly and happily closed, in less than a year." He left France with the warmest feelings of gratitude for her services in the American Revolution, her friendly dispositions after the peace, and the kind and flattering attentions which he had personally received in that country. With these sentiments, he expostulates, in a letter to Mr. Madison, written shortly before his departure, against putting France and England on an equal footing; and against the doctrine advanced by some, that "gratitude is never to enter into the motives of national conduct." "I know," he remarks, "but one code of morality for men, whether acting singly or collectively. He who says, I will be a rogue when I act in company with a hundred others, but an honest man when I act alone, will be believed in the former assertion but not in the latter. I would say, with the poet, "*hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*"

Many things contributed to make Mr. Jefferson's residence in France particularly agreeable. Besides the general kind feeling towards Americans, which existed among all classes of the French people, and which is often greater for services *rendered*, than for those *received*, the republican spirit which had then begun to manifest itself, made them still greater favourites. The public station that he filled, gave him access to the best society, and his intellectual acquirements were precisely of that character—a mixture of science, general literature and politics, which were suited to the literary and fashionable circles of the day. With these advantages of his situation, when we recollect that Paris, at that time, possessed every thing that could either

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delight the senses, captivate the taste, or gratify the thirst for knowledge, we cannot wonder at the favourable impression it made on one of Mr. Jefferson's social character and warm feelings. The impression continued with him through life, and was a yet stronger sentiment than his prejudice against England. At the wintry age of seventy-seven, and after the lapse of more than thirty years, we find him speaking with enthusiasm of the people of France, and adding his testimony to that of Hume and Gibbon, that Paris excels all other cities of the universe in the pleasures and refinements of life.

He arrived at Norfolk, in November, 1789, with his two daughters, the youngest having joined him in France, in the second year of his mission. Before he reached Monticello, he received a letter from Gen. Washington, appointing him Secretary of State. A second letter, written soon afterwards, again urged his acceptance, but offered him the option of retaining the office of Minister. "This," he remarks, "silenced my reluctance, and I accepted the new appointment."

On his way to New-York, in March, he called on the venerable Franklin, and found him in his last illness; and with this interview, his autobiography concludes. He then obtained a piece of information which may serve to explain what many have regarded as infatuation in the British Ministry. On Mr. Jefferson's mentioning to Dr. Franklin, that he had heard with pleasure that he had prepared a history of his own life, "I cannot say much of that, said he, but I will give you a sample of what I shall leave," and requesting his little grandson W. Bache to hand him a paper, he put it into Mr. Jefferson's hands, with a request, twice repeated, that "he would keep it." After the Doctor's death, Mr. Jefferson informed Mr. William Temple Franklin, that he had this paper, and on application, it was delivered to him. It was about a quire of manuscript, containing a narrative of the negotiations carried on between Dr. Franklin and the British Ministry, for the purpose of preventing a rupture with the colonies. This negotiation was conducted through the medium of Lord Howe and his sister. "I remember," says Mr. Jefferson, "that Lord North's answers were dry, unyielding, in the spirit of unconditional submission, and betrayed an absolute indifference to the occurrence of a rupture; and he said to the mediators distinctly, at last, that "*a rebellion was not to be deprecated on the part of Great-Britain; that the confiscations it would produce, would provide for many of their friends.*" This expression indicated so cool and determined a purpose in the ministry, that compromise was deemed hopeless, and the negotiation was discontinued. Mr. Jefferson then asks,

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"If this is not among the papers published, what has become of it? I delivered it with my own hands, into those of Temple Franklin. It certainly established views so atrocious in the British government, that its suppression would, to them, be worth a great price." We certainly think that the preceding recital calls for some explanation on the part of the depositary of Dr. Franklin's papers, and that if the suppression of this one is not otherwise accounted for, the public will be justified in attributing it to the cause intimated by Mr. Jefferson.

He arrived at New-York on the 21st of March, 1790, to take upon him the duties of Secretary of State; and now commenced a new era in his life. We think that its halcyon days then terminated, and that he was never afterwards exempt from his full share of public or private cares. Hitherto he had acted in unison with the great body of his countrymen, and had had their confidence and support in all his measures. His residence abroad had kept him aloof from the contentions between the friends and opponents of the new constitution, and when he arrived from France, it might have been difficult to decide whether he should be ranked with one side or the other. In a letter to Judge Hopkinson, in March, 1789, he says, "I protest to you, I am not of the party of federalists; but I am much farther from that of the anti-federalists." He then goes on to state what he approved in the new constitution, and what he objected to. His letters to Mr. Madison and others, also show that he judged of the constitution according to his speculative principles of government, uninfluenced by the passions that personal collisions always more or less produce.

But he was not destined to remain long in this state of neutrality and calm. His great popularity, his own lively sympathies, and the times themselves, all concurred to forbid it. He soon not only joined one of the parties which then divided the country, but became its leader, and thus found himself fairly embarked on that stormy ocean of political ambition, on which whoever ventures, whatsoever may be the success of his voyage, must bid farewell to his peace.

From the first formation of the Federal Government, our leading politicians had differed about the danger to which it was most exposed. Each seemed to think that it had a predisposition to a malady that would eventually destroy it; but they differed widely about the character of the disease. One party thought that it tended to disunion and anarchy, and they accordingly favored every thing which would give the government energy, and draw the bonds of union closer. Some wished to prepare it to slide gradually into a limited monarchy, under the

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belief, that no more popular government could be permanent. The other party, dreading the result that their opponents wished, bent their efforts to lessen the powers of the general government, and increase those of the states. The different feelings to which the French revolution gave rise, readily amalgamated with the two parties in American politics, and gave them a strength and influence they had not otherwise known.

On the first symptoms of the French revolution, it was viewed by every description of our citizens with favour, and they hoped that the liberty which they so highly valued, was about to impart its blessings to the nation who had assisted them in obtaining it. But the excesses and crimes which attended that event in its progress, soon divided the people here, as every where else, into two parties: one believing that the French nation would never attain a system of rational freedom—feeling too, some prejudice against liberty itself, from the enormities committed in its name—and transferring their disgust to the nation itself, they proportionally hated its friends and loved its enemies. The other party, more sanguine and ardent in their wishes for the triumph of free principles, and confidently expecting what they so fondly wished, were inclined to excuse the excesses in France for the cause in which they were exerted. And as those who were shocked at the proceedings in France, favoured the English, her most formidable enemy, so those who saw in the conduct of the French, only the desperate struggle of an enslaved people against their oppressors, proportionally hated them. Such of our citizens as dreaded the introduction of a more consolidated and energetic government at home, naturally associated themselves with the French party, whilst those who hated anarchy in France, would unite with those who dreaded it here.

In this feverish state of the public mind, it was found that the most elevated and philosophical were not exempt from its contagious influence, and that they partook of the jealousy and distrust which was felt by the multitude. A licentious and mercenary press lent its aid to favor misrepresentation; and men otherwise discerning, and liberal, and just, did not hesitate to suspect their rivals of preferring the interests of a foreign country to those of their own.

Such was the state which the political parties of this country had attained a few years after the new government went into operation; such the brief history of their formation; and such were the great principles of their division. Every public measure was approved or condemned by them respectively, first as it tended to strengthen or weaken that government, and subordin-

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ate to that, as it accorded with French or English policy. The papers now published, show that Mr. Jefferson very soon took sides with those who felt apprehensions from the power of the general government, rather than its weakness.

In a short historical review of the political contests of that period, prefixed to the "*Anas*," to prove that they were contests between "republican and kingly principles," he thus states his first impressions on his arrival at New-York, in March, 1790.

"Here, certainly, I found a state of things which, of all I had ever contemplated, I the least expected. I had left France in the first year of her revolution, in the fervour of natural rights, and zeal for reformation. My conscientious devotion to those rights could not be heightened, but it had been aroused and excited by daily exercise. The President received me cordially, and my colleagues and the circle of principal citizens, apparently with welcome. The courtesies of dinner parties given me, as a stranger newly arrived among them, placed me at once in their familiar society. But I cannot describe the wonder and mortification with which the table conversations filled me. Politics were the chief topic, and a preference of kingly over republican government was evidently the favourite sentiment. An apostate I could not be, nor yet a hypocrite; and I found myself, for the most part, the only advocate of the republican side of the question, unless among the guests, there chanced to be some member of that party from the legislative houses."

When afterwards the sentiments entertained by our citizens for or against the French Revolution, had blended themselves with their other party feelings, Mr. Jefferson's prepossessions in favour of France and his favorable presages of the Revolution, to which we may, no doubt, add his resentments against England, all concurred to attach him more closely to the "democratic party," as it was now called. But in addition to this, Alexander Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury, while he was Secretary of State, and no two persons could have differed more widely in their notions of government. Mr. Jefferson could tolerate no other than the republican form; Col. Hamilton preferred the British model. One looked to the inherent love of authority in rulers, the other to the popular impatience of control, as inconsistent with the salutary restraints of law. Mr. Jefferson loved the simplicity, the quiet, the economy of republics; his colleague and rival was smitten by the splendour of military achievement; the power, and grandeur, and wealth of a great state. Mr. Jefferson was partial to the safe and tranquil employments of agriculture: Col. Hamilton to the more bustling and enriching pursuits of commerce. Mr. Jefferson was best fitted for a life of speculation: Hamilton was qualified for both, but most inclined to action. They both possessed minds

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of the highest order—both were bad economists, yet moderate in their desires of wealth—both were remarkable for their frankness in expressing their several opinions—and both were zealously bent on advancing the interests of the country according to their respective notions of national prosperity.

These two men were, of course, opposed to each other, on every great political measure, and divided the cabinet, then consisting of but four members, into two equal parts: Mr. Randolph commonly siding with Mr. Jefferson, and General Knox with Col. Hamilton; and thus, without doubt, the party zeal of both was inflamed by the feelings of rivalry and the conflicts of debate.

Some of our citizens, at once attached to republican government, and admiring the character of Alexander Hamilton, have been unwilling to believe the opinions here and elsewhere ascribed to him; but not a doubt can now remain on the mind of any one, if regard is to be had to the word of Mr. Jefferson. He here details, with great minuteness, conversations held by himself with Colonel Hamilton, or reported to him by others, and committed to writing soon afterwards, in which Hamilton explicitly avows his want of confidence in our government, or indeed, in any republican government whatever, and his preference for that of Great-Britain, not only in theory, but as it is administered. We extract two of these conversations, held with Mr. Jefferson himself.

"But Hamilton was not only a monarchist, but for a monarchy bottomed on corruption. In proof of this, I will relate an anecdote, for the truth of which I attest the God who made me. Before the President set out on his southern tour, in April, 1791, he addressed a letter of the 4th of that month, from Mount Vernon, to the Secretaries of State, Treasury and War, desiring that if any serious and important cases should arise during his absence, they would consult and act on them; and he requested that the Vice-President should also be consulted. This was the only occasion on which that officer was ever requested to take part in a cabinet question. Some occasion for consultation arising, I invited those gentlemen, (and the Attorney General, as well as I remember) to dine with me, in order to confer on the subject. After the cloth was removed, and our question agreed on and dismissed, conversation began on other matters, and by some circumstances was led to the British constitution, on which Mr. Adams observed, "Purge that constitution of its corruption, and give to its popular branch equality of representation, and it would be the most perfect constitution ever devised by the wit of man." Hamilton paused, and said, "Purge it of its corruptions, and give to its popular branch equality of representation, and it would become an *impracticable* government; as it stands at present, with all its supposed defects, it is the most perfect government which ever existed." And

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this was assuredly the exact line which separated the political creeds of these two gentlemen. The one was for an hereditary king, with a house of lords and commons corrupted to his will, and standing between him and the people. Hamilton was, indeed, a singular character. Of acute understanding, disinterested, honest and honorable in all private transactions; amiable in society, and duly valuing virtue in private life, yet so bewitched and perverted by the British example, as to be under a thorough conviction that corruption was essential to the government of a nation."—Vol. iv. p. 450.

"Alexander Hamilton, condemning Mr. Adams' writings, and more particularly Davila, as having a tendency to weaken the present government, declared in substance as follows: 'I own it is my own opinion, though I do not publish it in Dan or Bersheba, that the present government is not that which will answer the ends of society by giving stability and protection to its rights, and that it will probably be found expedient to go into the British form. However, since we have undertaken the experiment, I am for giving it a fair course, whatever my expectations may be. The success, indeed, so far, is greater than I had expected, and therefore, at present, success seems more possible than it had done heretofore, and there are still other and other stages of improvement which, if the present does not succeed, *may be tried and ought to be tried, before we give up the republican form altogether*; for the mind must be really depraved, which would not prefer the equality of political rights, which is the foundation of pure republicanism, if it can be obtained consistently with order. Therefore, whoever by his writings, disturbs the present order of things, is really blameable, however pure his intentions may be, and he was sure Mr. Adams' were pure.' This is the substance of a declaration, made in much more lengthy terms, and which seemed to be more formal than usual for a private conversation between two, and as if intended to qualify some less guarded expressions, which had been dropped on former occasions. Th: Jefferson has committed it to writing in the moment of A. Hamilton's leaving the room."—Vol. iv. p. 453.

This latter paragraph may be considered, we believe, as exhibiting the real opinions of this distinguished statesman. He doubted the stability of a government altogether popular; he despaired of its having strength enough to protect itself, to preserve order, and enforce obedience to its decrees; he laughed at the idea of establishing a republican government in France—a delusion which, we think, Mr. Jefferson sincerely cherished—and believed that the British constitution had produced more good, than any government which had ever existed. Yet these were but speculative opinions. He avowed not only his willingness, but his great anxiety, to have the experiment of a republican government fairly tried in America, where so many circumstances concurred to favour the experiment, and his determination to devote to this cause, his time, his talents, and his

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life, if necessary. Yet we cannot be surprised, if, with his preconceived opinions, he was disposed, on all occasions, to increase, where practicable, the power of the government; to aid it, where he considered it most weak; and that he should have countenanced that assumption of constructive power, which now threatens to produce so much practical evil.

The discussions in the cabinet on the most important measures of policy, are given in these notes, with a view of showing the principles which actuated the several members, and they form not the least curious and interesting part of the work.

The official acts of Mr. Jefferson are too well known to require more than a brief notice. While he remained in the State Department, he vindicated the proceedings of the several States in his correspondence with the British Minister, Mr. Hammond; and justified the conduct of the general government in his correspondence with Mr. Genet, the Minister from France, with great temper and ability. The character this country then obtained for skill and talent in diplomatic writing, it has, with few exceptions, ever since sustained.

He also, by the request of Congress, prepared an ingenious report on a national system of weights and measures, which aimed to provide a permanent natural standard, adapted to the decimal arithmetic. But it has been found, on a further investigation, that either from physical or moral obstacles, neither of these objects are easy of attainment.

On the last day of the year 1793, he resigned his office, according to an intention which he had indicated to the President in the preceding August, and returned to Monticello, to pursue that course of life which was most congenial to his taste, and to put himself more out of the reach of his political enemies, whose attacks, he had not yet learnt to bear with equanimity. He had mentioned to General Washington among his reasons for resigning, "the particular uneasiness of his situation in Philadelphia, where the laws of society obliged him always to move exactly in the circle which he knew to bear him peculiar hatred; that is to say, the wealthy aristocrats—the merchants connected closely with England, the newly created paper fortunes—that thus surrounded, his words were caught, multiplied, misconstrued, and even fabricated and spread abroad to his injury." And he wrote to Mr. Madison in April, 1794.

"I have never seen a Philadelphia paper since I left it, 'til those you inclosed me; and I feel myself so thoroughly weaned from the interest I took in the proceedings there, while there, that I have never

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had a wish to see one, and believe that I never shall take another newspaper of any sort. I find my mind totally absorbed in my rural occupations."

In a letter to Mr. Tench Coxe, in the following month, he says that he had "so completely withdrawn himself from the spectacles of usurpation and misrule," exhibited in Europe, that he did not take a single newspaper, nor read one a month: "and that he felt himself infinitely the happier for it." It was, however, impossible for him to keep himself long estranged from the concerns of the nation. General Washington had repeatedly signified to his friends his intention of retiring at the end of his second term, and the politicians had already begun in 1794 and '95, to look out for a fit successor, according to the party they were attached to. Mr. Adams was the most prominent among the federalists, and Mr. Jefferson among the Republican party. The first mention of this subject which occurs in these letters, is in one to Mr. Madison, dated April 27, 1795. After referring to two letters which had passed between them on the same subject in the preceding month, by which it appears, that he had expressed a wish to see Mr. Madison a candidate, he thus proceeds:

"For as to myself, the subject has been thoroughly weighed and decided on, and my retirement from office had been meant from all office high or low, without exception; I can say, too, with truth, that the subject had not been presented to my mind by any vanity of my own. I know myself and my fellow-citizens too well to have ever thought of it. But the idea was forced upon me by continual insinuations in the public papers, while I was in office. As all these came from a hostile quarter, I know that their object was to poison the public mind, as to my motives, when they were not able to charge me with facts."

He afterwards adds:

"In stating to you the heads of reasons which have produced my determination, I do not mean an opening for future discussion, or that I may be reasoned out of it. The question is for ever closed with me: my sole object is to avail myself of the first opening ever given me from a friendly quarter, (and I could not with decency do it before) of preventing any division or loss of votes, which might be fatal to the republican interest."

The British treaty, which was negotiated in this year, and in discussing the merits of which the parties exhausted their strength, also furnishes the topic of some letters. In one, he urges Mr. Madison to reply to the papers of "Camillus," by Alexander Hamilton, whom he calls a "Colossus to the anti-republican party."

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It was in this season of rural quiet that he planned the "mould board of least resistance," of the value of which we, who are reviewers, and not practical tillers of the soil, cannot be supposed to be competent judges.

The same sentiments of repugnance to public life, and, of unwillingness to undertake the office of President, which he had first expressed to Mr. Madison, he continued to repeat to him and others, before and pending the election. In a letter to Governor Rutledge, in December, 1796, he says:

"On principles of public respect, I should not have refused; but I protest before my God, that I shall from the bottom of my heart, rejoice at escaping. I know well that no man will ever bring out of that office the reputation which carries him into it. The honey-moon will be as short in that case as any other, and its moments of extacy would be ransomed by years of torment and hatred. I shall highly value, indeed, the share which I may have had in the late vote, as an evidence of the share I hold in the esteem of my countrymen. But in this point of view, a few votes more or less will be little sensible, and in every other, the minor will be preferred by me to the major vote. I have no ambition to govern men; no passion which would lead me to delight to ride in a storm. *Flumina amo, sylvasque, inglorius.*"

He had ten days before written to Mr. Madison, and contemplating an equal division of votes between him and Mr. Adams, (which then appeared not improbable) and that the House of Representatives might also be divided between them, he added, "in that case, I pray you, and authorize you fully, to solicit on my behalf that Mr. Adams may be preferred. He has always been my senior, from the commencement of our public life, and the expression of the public will, being equal, this circumstance ought to give him the preference." And in another letter to the same friend after he had heard the result of the election, and of course that he was Vice-President, he says:

"It is difficult to obtain full credit to declarations of disinclination to honours, and most so with those who still remain in the world. But never was there a more solid unwillingness, founded on rigorous calculation, formed in the mind of any man, short of peremptory refusal. No arguments, therefore, were necessary to reconcile me to a relinquishment of the first office, or acceptance of the second. No motive could have induced me to undertake the first, but that of putting our vessel upon the republican tack, and preventing her being driven too far to leeward of her true principles. And the second is the only office in the world about which I cannot decide in my own mind, whether I had rather have it or not have it.

"If Mr. Adams could be induced to administer the government on its true principles, quitting his bias for an English constitution, it would

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be worthy consideration whether it would not be for the public good to come to a good understanding with him as to his future elections. He is the only sure barrier against Hamilton's getting in."

There are persons who will question the sincerity of these disclaimers, and their propriety, if they were sincere; believing that the answer of the modest and virtuous Lowndes, on a similar occasion, alone satisfies the duty which a patriot owes to his country, to others, and himself. Be this as it may, we imagine it will be long before we shall meet with such another instance of humility, if it be real, as we believe it to be; or if not, before false modesty shall so venture to overact its part; for we ascribe the seeming singularity partly to a trait of individual character, and partly to a difference in the times.

The letters, written during the four years he was Vice-President, are interesting, as disclosing his opinions of public measures, and his party views. He continued, during that period, his former practice of taking notes of conversations, and by these, as well as his letters, it appeared, that, although, when he entered on the duties of his office there was a free, and apparently friendly intercourse between him and Mr. Adams, it did not long subsist, but that they both soon partook of the feelings of their respective parties, which were more imbittered against each other, throughout this administration, than they have ever been at any other period of our annals. We know that in these times of great excitement, one of the modes in which the minority shew their sense of injustice from the dominant party, and their consequent alienation from them, is to threaten a separation of the states. Such sentiments seem to have been broached in a letter from a leading politician in Virginia to Mr. Jefferson, in June 1798, and there is so much good sense as well as patriotism in his reply, that we cannot forbear to make from it the following extracts. After stating that we were "completely under the saddle of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and that they rode us very hard," and that there must always be opposite parties in every free and deliberating society, he adds:

"But if on a temporary superiority of the one party, the other is to resort to a scission of the union, no federal government can ever exist. If to rid ourselves of the present rule of Massachusetts and Connecticut, we break the Union, will the evil stop there? Suppose the New-England States alone cut off, will our natures be changed? Are we not men still to the South of that, and with all the passions of men? Immediately, we shall see a Pennsylvania and a Virginia party arise in the residuary confederacy, and the public mind will be distracted with the same party spirit. What a game too will the one party have in

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their hands, by eternally threatening the other, that unless they do so and so, they will join their Northern neighbours. If we reduce our union to Virginia and North-Carolina, immediately the conflict will be established between the representatives of these two states, and they will end by breaking into their simple units. Seeing, therefore, that an association of men, who will not quarrel with one another, is a thing which never yet existed, from the greatest confederacy of nations down to a town meeting, or a vestry; seeing that we must have somebody to quarrel with, I had rather keep our New-England associates for that purpose, than to see our bickerings transferred to others "*

It is in the memory of most of our readers, that the party, of which Mr. Jefferson was the leader, by way of lessening the popularity that the administration was acquiring, in consequence of the insolent and disgraceful conduct of the French government, attributed the failure of our envoys to adjust matters with France, to a want of sincerity on their part; and that some had gone so far as to say that they had been the easy dupes of a set of swindlers, who pretended to be the agents of the French government. It is also known, that a large majority of the nation, comprehending many of the democratic party, not listening for a moment to a suggestion which was so improbable, and giving full credence to the statement of our Ministers, determined to support the government in maintaining the honour of the nation.

It clearly appears by these letters, that Mr. Jefferson countenanced, if he did not credit, these injurious suspicions against two of our envoys; and that he was, in this instance at least, hurried away by party-spirit to indulge in that distrust of the political purity of others, the injustice of which he had experienced so often, and had felt so keenly in his own case. We

* Such in truth were Mr. Jefferson's opinions even to the last moments of his life. In his memorable letter to Mr. Giles in December, 1825, he reiterates the same opinions, and declares, that nothing but a subversion of all the principles of our government could call for or warrant the dissolution of the Union. The following are his concluding sentences:

"And what is our resource for the preservation of the Constitution? Reason and argument! You might as well reason and argue with the marble columns encircling them. The representatives chosen by ourselves?—They are joined in the combination, some from incorrect views of government, some from corrupt ones, sufficient voting together, to out number the sound parts, and with majorities of only 1, 2 or 3, bold enough to go forward in defiance. *Are we then to stand to our arms?*

"No! that must be the last resource, not to be thought of until much longer and greater sufferings. If every infraction of a compact of so many parties, is to be resisted at once as a dissolution of it, none can ever be formed which would last one year. We must have patience and long endurance then, with our brethren while under delusion. Give them time for reflection and experience of consequences; keep ourselves in a situation to profit by the chapter of accidents—and separate from our companions only when the sole alternatives left, are the dissolution of our union with them, or submission to a government without limitation of powers."

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were among those who considered the facts related by our envoys, to be as well authenticated as such transactions could be; and he must be strangely blind to the evidence of facts, who, at the present day can, on investigation, have any doubt of their verity.

But notwithstanding the temporary advantage thus obtained by the federalists in 1798 and 1799, the democratic party in the following year, by the operation of two obnoxious laws, and little less obnoxious taxes, aided by the indiscretions of Mr. Adams, obtained the ascendancy, and Mr. Jefferson and Colonel Aaron Burr were elected by an equal number of votes, as President and Vice-President. It devolved, of course, on the House of Representatives to designate which of the two should fill one office, and which the other.

At the time when one of the most delicate as well as important parts of our political machinery was about to be put to the test of experiment, it is interesting to know its precise operation, as well as the thoughts and feelings of one who had so deep a stake in its successful issue as Mr. Jefferson. In the letters written pending the election, he exhibits great coolness and firmness, but without any idle affectation of an indifference that was incompatible with the long and arduous struggle to which he had been gradually wrought. On the first morning of the election, February 11, 1801, he writes to a friend that he considers it perfectly problematical which of the two, or whether either, would be elected; and, that his "mind had been long made up for either of the three events. On the 15th of February, he writes to Mr. Monroe—

"Four days of balloting have produced not a single change of vote. Yet it is confidently believed by most, that to-morrow there is to be a coalition. I know of no foundation for this belief. However, as Mr. Tyler waits the event of it, he will communicate it to you. If they could have been permitted to pass a law for putting the government into the hands of an officer, they would certainly have prevented an election. But we thought it best to declare openly and firmly, one and all, that the day such an act passed, the Middle States would arm, and that no such usurpation, even for a single day, should be submitted to. This first shook them; and they were completely alarmed at the resource for which we declared, to wit, a convention to reorganize the government, and to amend it. The very word convention gives them the horrors, as in the present democratical spirit of America, they fear they should lose some of the favourite morsels of the constitution. Many attempts have been made to obtain terms and promises from me. I have declared to them unequivocally, that I would not receive the government on capitulation, that I would not go into it with my hands tied."

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In a subsequent letter to the same gentleman, he gives an account of the course afterwards pursued by his political opponents:—

"But during the suspension of the public mind from the 11th to the 17th of February, and the anxiety and alarm lest there should be no election, and anarchy ensue, a wonderful effect was produced on the mass of the federalists who had not before come over. Those who had before become sensible of their error in the former change, and only wanted a decent excuse for coming back, seized that occasion for doing so. Another body, and a large one it is, who, from timidity of constitution, had gone with those who wished for a strong executive, were induced by the same timidity to come over to us, rather than risk anarchy: so that, according to the evidence we receive from every direction, we may say that the whole of that portion of the people which were called federalists, were made to desire anxiously the very event they had just before opposed with all their energies, and to receive the election which was made, as an object of their earnest wishes, a child of their own."

It is a remarkable fact, and one from which some instructive lessons may be drawn, that the part of the Federal Constitution which concerns the election of President, has, in several respects, acted very differently in practice from the views and intentions of its framers; and, that the particular proviso which obtained the most general approbation (as it is said) in the Convention, has given rise to one of the very few amendments which have been made to the instrument. For, in the first place, it was not foreseen that the people would take the election of the Chief Magistrate into their own hands; but it was expected that they would content themselves with choosing those electors, on whose known judgment and discretion they had confidence, who would make the selection of President for them; whereas, in point of fact, the electors exercise no discretion in the matter, and are never chosen but in consequence of having given a previous pledge to vote in a particular way, which pledge it would be regarded as a gross act of dishonour to violate. Secondly. It was expected that local partialities would have an undue influence in the selection of persons to fill this important office, so as to prevent an election in some cases, and to deteriorate it in all; and it was to counteract such influence, that every elector was required to vote for two individuals, (one of whom was to be from a state different from that of the elector) for the office of President and Vice-President, without designating either person to either office; by which means, it was thought that if one vote was given from local considerations, the other would be likely to regard only the qualifications of the candidate, and thus merit

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would obtain its fair number of votes, in spite of local influence. Yet it was found on trial, that party preferences swallowed up every other, and that the only effect of the double vote was to bring the election to the House of Representatives, in cases in which it would not otherwise have taken place, and thus to enable a minority to produce embarrassment and confusion, and, perhaps, defeat the will of the nation altogether. Thirdly. It was not foreseen that the House of Representatives might fail to make an election, as no provision was made for that case; and still less was it supposed possible that it would think of using its own refusal to exercise a power, expressly given, as a reason for usurping a power that was not given. And yet, if we are to credit the statements made by Mr. Jefferson to his friends, confirmed by other actors in that memorable drama, such a purpose was seriously entertained, and was prevented only by the fear that the contiguous states would resort to force to put down the usurpation.

Let human wisdom be admonished by these facts to distrust itself in the formation of all organic laws which have not been tested by experience. Even where statesmen adopt good general principles, and justly estimate their natural and ordinary operation, something not foreseen in the infinity of accidents to which all human concerns are exposed, often supervenes, and changes the course of action. We do not mean to say that this danger ought to deter us from attempting amendment in this very important part of our federal polity, but, assuredly, it ought to make us act with extreme caution. If it is to be revised, as very many believe it should be, we think that the best time to do it, is at the beginning of a new administration; for although personal and local considerations will act as "disturbing forces," here too, in the decisions of the states, their operation will be weaker at that time than any other.

Of Mr. Jefferson's life, during the eight years he was President, it is unnecessary to say much, as his measures are familiar to all, and his history is comprehended in that of his country. We have here his opinions on these measures expressed to his confidential friends, more minutely and explicitly than the public had them before; and we now have certainty, where much before was conjecture.

It here appears, beyond any question, that Mr. Jefferson, at the time he purchased Louisiana, thought not only that it could not be admitted into the Union, without an amendment to the Constitution, but that he himself, in seizing the fugitive occurrence, which so much advanced the good of the country, had done an act beyond the Constitution." The reasons on which

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his opinion was founded, are given at length in a letter to Wilson C. Nicholas, in September, 1803. The whole history of this acquisition, so creditable to Mr. Jefferson's diplomacy, as well as to his prudence as a statesman, is very fully developed in the Correspondence.

It also appears that he adopted a notion very prevalent at that time, and long since in the Atlantic States, that the separation of the Mississippi States from the confederacy, was by no means improbable; and in commenting on such an event, he says, "we think we see their happiness in their union, and we wish it. Events may prove it otherwise; and if they see their interest in separation, why should we take side with our Atlantic rather than our Mississippi descendants? It is the elder and the younger son differing. God bless them both, and keep them in union, if it be for their good, but separate them, if it be better." It was not then perceived that the Western States, in addition to those motives to union which apply to all the States, have some that are peculiar to themselves, since the navigation of the Mississippi must always be important to their prosperity, and it can be permanently secured to them only by a maritime people, which the Atlantic States are, and they never can be.

Mr. Jefferson is entitled to the praise, and no mean praise it is, of having retained, when in power, the same principles of government which he had previously professed, and to have been both active and persevering in carrying them into execution.—He inculcated simplicity by discontinuing public levees, and the practice of addressing both houses of Congress in person. He lessened his patronage by recommending the repeal of the bankrupt and excise laws, and the reduction of the navy. With this diminution of the sources of revenue, the public affairs were administered with so much economy, that he paid off nearly half of the public debt. In some of these cases there were not wanting ready pretexts for abandoning his former maxims, if he had been so disposed.

But some parts of his policy neither obtained the sanction of public approbation at the time, nor have stood the test of subsequent experience. On the subject of a navy his mind seems to have undergone several vacillations, and of late years he had sided with those who believed that our country was incapable of supporting the expense of an efficient navy—that it would burthen the nation with a perpetual, and still increasing debt; and after all, that we should, in the event of a war with England, only have been building ships for her. The events of the last war have, we trust, annihilated these opinions forever.

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The only species of naval defence which had his countenance, the gun-boats, has been very generally condemned, but by a censure, perhaps, too indiscriminate. The error was not in recommending this species of armament, but in relying on them to the exclusion of ships of war. Every maritime nation in Europe, we believe, has gun-boats for the defence of some of its harbours; the English and French certainly; and the only occasion, if we mistake not, in which Admiral Nelson was ever foiled, was by gun-boats at Boulogne.

The dry docks proposed by Mr. Jefferson, also furnished a fruitful theme of ridicule and attack to his political adversaries; and yet, a plan, agreeing in its chief features with his, has been since adopted, both in this country and in Europe, for preventing ships from early decay, by keeping them out of the water and protecting them from the weather.

Mr. Jefferson's prejudices against Great-Britain, for her former wrongs, and his resentment for her recent aggressions, consummated, as they were, by the attack on the Chesapeake, were overbalanced by his love of peace. Nothing would have been easier than for him to have improved that cause of irritation into a war, if he had so chosen, and had been as subservient to the views of France as his enemies pretended. And his proclamation, indicating that such was his policy, was the only act of his administration, he says, which his opponents approved. The embargo which was resorted to as a substitute for war, it must be admitted, now that the passions which justified or condemned it, have subsided, was a high-handed measure; in prohibiting our citizens, for an indefinite time, from venturing their own ships, laden with their own merchandize, on the ocean, and in depriving a large part of the community of their ordinary means of support, without producing open resistance to the laws, he showed that the bonds of the Union are stronger than its warmest friends once ventured to expect.

The loyalty of our citizens was strongly exemplified on another occasion during this administration: we allude to Aaron Burr's conspiracy. Mr. Jefferson writes to Mr. Bowdoin, our Minister in France, "Although at first, he [Burr] proposed a separation of the western country, and on that ground, received encouragement and aid from Yrujo, according to the usual spirit of his government towards us, yet he very early saw that the fidelity of the western country was not to be shaken, and turned himself wholly towards Mexico. And so popular is an enterprise on that country in this, that we had only to lie still, and he would have had followers enough to have been in the city of Mexico in six weeks." Yet, notwithstanding this popularity of

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his undertaking, no sooner was it known that it had not the sanction of the government, than the necromancer's charm was broken—the visions of wealth and empire that he had conjured up, disappeared—and the fancied conqueror of Mexico, deserted by his followers, was at once transformed into a wretched fugitive from justice. When all danger from this weak imitation of a wicked example was at an end, and the author of the criminal enterprise had been overtaken and brought to justice, we think the agency of the Executive ought to have terminated also—at least, that it should have manifested no feeling in the result; and there are few letters in the whole collection, that we read with less satisfaction than those in which Mr. Jefferson manifests his anxiety for the conviction of the chief conspirator. One side had, indeed, made this a party question, and, in such cases, the other is not slow to follow the evil example; but the President of the United States ought to have been superior to this feeling, and from the moment that Burr's infamy was known, he should have been below Mr. Jefferson's enmity.

We had intended to say something on Lewis and Clark's expedition, as one of the events by which Mr. Jefferson's administration was illustrated, and concerning which we are surprised to see no letter in the whole collection; but the length of our preceding remarks warns us to hasten to a conclusion.

In March, 1809, his second term of service expired, and he withdrew to private life at the same mature age of sixty-six, at which both his predecessors, and his two immediate successors quitted the Presidency. Two days before that event, he thus writes to a friend:

"Within a few days, I retire to my family, my books and farms; and having gained the harbour myself, I shall look on my friends still buffetting the storm, with anxiety indeed, but not with envy. Never did a prisoner, released from his chains, feel such relief as I shall, on shaking off the shackles of power. Nature intended me for the tranquil pursuits of science, by rendering them my supreme delight. But the enormities of the times in which I have lived, have forced me to take a part in resisting them and to commit myself on the boistereus ocean of political passions. I thank God for the opportunity of retiring from them without censure, and carrying with me the most consoling proofs of public approbation."

In this retirement, with unimpaired health, and a mind in full vigour, his time was as much occupied as ever. It was divided between his attention to his private affairs, which had been often ill-managed by his agents—his studies—the claims made on it by numerous visitants—and an extensive correspondence. Of

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the last, he complains most bitterly in a letter to the elder Mr. Adams, and states that on counting up the letters he had received in the year 1820, he found they amounted to twelve hundred and sixty-seven, "many of them requiring answers of elaborate research, and all to be answered with due attention and consideration."

In such of the letters written in the remaining seventeen years of his life, as are now given to the world, we have his opinions on many important subjects at great length; and where the reader may be inclined to dissent from them, as he no doubt will in many instances, he must still admire the ingenuity of the reasoning, and can never fail to derive profit from the perusal. The subjects of the greatest interest, and considered most at length, are banks of circulation; national debts; the science of medicine; the common law of England, how far obligatory here; religion; instruction of youth; the constitution of Virginia; the independence of judges; the English constitution; the successes of Bonaparte; and lotteries, morally and politically considered; on all of which we may consider that he has deliberately written so many essays, in the form of letters to his friends.

It is a source of very pleasing reflection to find, in the last volume of the Correspondence, that Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson, who had been, in early life, fellow-labourers in the great work of the Revolution—then rivals—and then, in the struggle between their respective parties, wholly alienated from each other—should, in the evening of their days, again come together and renew their first friendship. The letters of Mr. Jefferson to this venerable friend, sometimes playful, sometimes learned, and always containing moral and political reflections, befitting his long experience and wide survey of human concerns, are among the most agreeable parts of the work.

It gives a kindred pleasure too, to find, that there is little or nothing in these volumes to detract from the exalted and almost spotless character of General Washington; or to countenance the opinion once entertained, that Mr. Jefferson was his enemy. The character drawn of that illustrious man in the letter to Dr. Jones, in 1814, is sufficient to repel that imputation, though it will be considered by some, as scarcely doing justice to the original; but the letter to Mr. Van Buren, written ten years afterwards, and on several accounts more likely to express his deliberate and precise opinion, contains a splendid eulogy on him, who, "of all men, is best entitled to the appellation of the Father of the Republic."

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He had not been many years at Monticello, before his mind, always on the alert to discover what would advance the public good, thought of that mode which was at once most congenial with his favourite pursuits, and best suited to his permanent withdrawal from public life—the education of youth. His first scheme for this object did not extend farther than a college, to be built and supported by private contribution, and he set an example of liberality by subscribing a thousand dollars to the undertaking, which was followed by Mr. Madison, Mr. Monroe and several others. The plan was, however, gradually enlarged to the establishment of an University, in which he proposed that every branch of education, useful or ornamental, should be taught, and which, he trusted, would be recommended to all the Southern and Middle States, by its healthy and central situation. The plan was on a larger scale than comports with the limited resources of a state treasury, or the views of the great mass of our citizens, who, seldom having leisure for the cultivation of other than professional knowledge, are not sufficiently impressed with the dignity and utility of general science and literature. Such, however, was Mr. Jefferson's popularity, such the weight of his opinions, and such the persuasive powers of his pen, on the minds of the leading members of the legislature, for several years, that they were induced to extend their appropriations from time to time, until his large and liberal views were not far from being completed. Naturally sanguine and enthusiastic in his temper, and these qualities little chilled by the frost of age, he anticipated the most beneficent effects on the legislature, the professional ability, and the literary character of the state, from this institution; and in the pleasing perspective which was always before his eyes, he did little else, thought of little else, when left to himself, than how he should advance this favourite undertaking. He superintended the buildings—drew many of the plans which required a knowledge of architectural rules—minutely inspected every part of the work, though to do so, required a ride of ten miles, (from Monticello to the University and back) several times a week. The success of the University became, in short, his master passion, which left him only with consciousness and life.

It is painful to know that the last years of this patriot's busy, useful life were embittered by pecuniary difficulties. Tenderly attached to his surviving daughter, and his grandchildren, he saw that a large estate, by the depression in its value, and the accumulation of his debts, was not likely to afford them a competent support. He waited, year after year, in the hope of a favourable change in the value of lands, and finding that they

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declined more and more, he thought of an expedient which had been formerly often resorted to in Virginia, that of disposing of his estate by lottery, by which his fellow-citizens might afford him relief, if they were so inclined, in a way the least disagreeable to their feelings or his own. He accordingly obtained the sanction of the legislature, but death intervened before the plan was carried into effect.

In a letter to Mr. Madison, a short time before his death, he gives a history of his embarrassments, and concludes with this interesting appeal to that friend of many years.

"But why afflict you with these details? Indeed, I cannot tell, unless pains are lessened by communications with a friend. The friendship which has existed between us, now half a century, and the harmony of our political principles and pursuits, have been sources of constant happiness to me through that long period; and if I remove beyond the reach of attention to the University, or beyond the bourne of life itself, as I soon must, it is a comfort to leave that institution under your control, and an assurance that it will not be wanting. It has also been a great solace to me to believe, that you are engaged in vindicating to posterity the course we have pursued, in preserving to them, in all their purity, the blessings of self-government, which we had assisted too in acquiring for them If ever the earth has beheld a system of administration, conducted with a single and steadfast eye to the general interest and happiness of those committed to it, one which, protected by truth can never know reproach, it is that to which our lives have been devoted. To myself, you have been a pillar of support through life—take care of me when dead, and be assured I shall leave with you my last affections."

That friend will surely not be unmindful of this last request, "*to take care of him when dead;*" but if he should be arrested by fate in the discharge of this just and pious office, posterity will surely supply the loss. They will do justice to his virtues, his talents and his services. We shall not attempt to draw a character of this illustrious man. A mere outline of one so well known, would be superfluous; and this is not the place or the time for the shades and touches of a finished picture. We may, however, say, that he was one of that class of men, who, by reason of their moral and intellectual qualities and the circumstances in which they are placed, are inseparably linked with the destinies of their country, and by the impetus of whose character, that country is advanced or retarded in its onward march, or deflected from the course it would otherwise take; and we think there are few of his contemporaries who have exerted this influence to a greater extent, or whose opinions will unite more suffrages in their favour than those of THOMAS JEFFERSON.

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ART V.—*Œuvres Completes de Paul Louis Courier.* 4 vols. 8vo. Bruxelles. 1828.

A SOLDIER, during his campaigns, studying and editing Greek authors, and a vine-dresser, while attending to his wine-presses, exposing effectively with his pen the encroachments of church and state, are characters which, separately, excite our surprise and curiosity, but still more when, as in the case of Courier, they are united in the same individual. There was much in other respects to mark him as an extraordinary man, whether in society we view his purity of principles and noble bearing, or in politics his reckless independence amid varying factions, under the Republic, Napoleon and the Bourbons. The reputation he acquired was totally independent of extrinsic circumstances. He was not puffed into vogue by the periodical press; he lived remote from the metropolis, with few acquaintances and fewer intimates; he belonged to no party, he possessed neither wealth, office nor rank.

Paul Louis Courier *de Mery*, as he was baptized, was born at Paris, 1773. He always refused to bear the name of *Mery*, which was that of his paternal estate, lest it should be suspected that his blood was tainted with nobility. His contempt for titles, did not, as with many others, pass away with the Republic; but during all the changes of government, his language is consistent. "Born among the people," says he, late in life, "I have 'remained there through choice. It depended only on myself, 'to quit my class, like many others, who, thinking to ennoble, 'have, in fact, degraded themselves. When it shall be neces-'sary to choose, according to the law of Solon, I will be of the 'party of the people—of the peasants, like myself."*

The father of Courier was a man of talent and learning, and with no other master, the son learnt Greek at the age of fifteen, in the family mansion in Touraine. Being intended for the engineer corps, he was sent to Paris for the purpose of studying mathematics; his teachers there, were, successively, Callet and Labey, both authors of reputation. He also prosecuted his Greek studies, for which he now evinced a strong predilection, under Vauvilliers, well-known as a classical scholar. "Now," writes he to his father, "I sacrifice every thing to my principal 'design, but I do not on that account totally renounce the Greek 'and Latin poets; it is an effort of which my virtue is not

* Réponse aux Anonymes.—Œuv. vol. ii. p. 50.

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'capable; on the other hand, the less I devote myself to this 'study, the more pleasure I enjoy as often as I am permitted to 'quit for a moment the rocks of Euclid *(silvestribus horrida 'dumis)* to descend into plains sprinkled with flowers and in- 'tersected with streamlets."†

Labey having been afterwards appointed Professor in the military school at Chalons, his pupil followed him thither. But the classics had so completely won the affections of Courier, that he certainly displayed no great application in any thing else, although he acquired a good knowledge of mathematics. The restraint too of a military institution, was little suited to one of his independent disposition, and who had never known restraint at home. Hence he often forgot the hour of locking the gates, and had to enter by scaling the walls.

June 1, 1793, he left the school with the rank of sub-lieutenant of artillery, and soon after joined his company, then in garrison at Thionville. Ambition, new scenes and new companions could not divert him a moment from his favourite pursuits. We see in his correspondence with his parents, an officer of twenty-one, anxious for private lodgings in order to study with more tranquillity, and complaining of the interruptions from acquaintances. Some of those letters to his mother, are every way characteristic of him. In one, after requesting her to send him the works of Belidor on Engineering and Artillery, he continues—

"Hunt among my books for two volumes in octavo, that is, of the shape of the Royal Almanack, in green boards; one is all full of Greek, and the other of Latin. It is a Demosthenes you must send me with my other books. These two volumes are both large enough and dirty enough too. My books are my happiness, and almost my only society. I never feel weariness but when I am forced to quit them, and always revisit them with pleasure. *Especially, I love to reperuse those which I have already perused a number of times, and by that I acquire an erudition less extensive, but more solid.* In truth, I shall never have a great acquaintance with history, which requires far more study, but I shall gain something else, which I have no desire of explaining to you; for I shall never finish if I give way to an indescribable tendency which leads me to speak of my studies. I should add, however, that one thing is wanting to all this, which is almost enough to destroy the pleasure I take in such pursuits. I mean the tranquil life I lead with you. Female small talk, follies of youth, what are you in comparison? I can speak on this subject—I, who knowing both, have, in my moments of sadness, never felt the want of any thing but the smiles of my parents, to use the expression o a poet." Vol. iv. p. 17.

† Œuvres, vol. iv. p. 11.

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In another letter, he complains that he had been drawn into society, and that his precious time is lost, but that in spite of a round of visiting, he was become habitually melancholy.

"I see," adds he, "that I must at last resume my former manner of living, which is the only one that suits me; but alas! even in that, it is impossible for me to follow the tastes which nature has given, and which circumstances, study and conversation have, to my misfortune, strengthened. However, I hope, in the end, to have greater facilities for giving myself up to them; and, I believe, that the next winter will be entirely at my disposal. *I shall then take good care to make acquaintances of no kind, a rule which I intend to observe, rigorously, for the future, in whatever country I shall find myself.* My father views, as badly employed, the time I give to the dead languages, but I confess I do not think so. If, in this, I should have no other end than my own satisfaction, it is an important point in my calculations; and I do not consider as lost in my life, any but the time which I cannot enjoy without either repentance for the past, or fear for the future If I can place myself beyond the reach of poverty, it is all I need; the remainder of my time shall be employed in gratifying a taste that none can blame, and that offers me pleasures ever new. I know very well that the majority of mankind think otherwise, but it seems to me that their calculation is incorrect; for most confess that their life is not happy. My philosophy will, perhaps, make you smile, but I am persuaded you will regard all that I have written, as my true sentiments, conformably to which, the practice of my life shall be regulated."—Vol. iv. p. 22.

Courier, in the spring of 1794, joined the army of the Moselle, and saw, for the first time 'the pomp and circumstance' of war. After the occupation of Treves, he was ordered to organize a work shop, for the repairing of arms, and for this purpose, took possession of a large monastery, deserted by the monks. For his own lodgings, he appropriated to himself the apartments of the father abbot, who had tried to render his sojourn in this vale of tears as pleasant as possible, by furnishing his earthly tabernacle with every thing that comfort or luxury could ask. Great care was taken by Courier, that no depredation should be committed by the soldiery, and that every thing should be restored to its original condition.

While at Mayence, in 1795, he was appointed Captain. Receiving there the news of his father's death, he was so overwhelmed with grief, that forgetting every thing but his bereaved mother, he hastened to join her in Touraine, without thinking one moment of a furlough. It afterwards required all the exertions of his friends in Paris, to smooth over this flagrant breach of military discipline. He was next stationed in the

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South of France, and lived for some time at Toulouse. That city was an incessant scene of gayety, and Courier, all unskilled,

"In the smooth dance, to move with graceful mein,"

had daily cause to lament his early inattention to that art. At various times he had taken masters, who found in him all the qualifications necessary for complete success in the poetry of motion—save patience. He now laboured with such assiduity, that he was soon not only able to 'trip it on the light fantastic toe' with good approbation, but to give lessons. Among his pupils, were some ladies. While toiling amain to shew them steps and figures, unfortunately he taught one fair élève some *graceless* steps, not needed in fashionable figures, that rendered it necessary for our young officer to make an early retreat, one morning, without drum or trumpet. Pleasure, however, did not interrupt his more serious avocations. He made a particular study of Cicero, but without neglecting his Greek in the meanwhile. His literary labours were partaken by a M. Chlewaski, a learned Pole, with whom he afterwards kept up a correspondence.

During a short period, Courier was in Brittany, with what was called the Army of England, but in 1798, he was ordered to Italy—the very land of his choice. In his very first letter from Rome, we find him comfortably domiciliated in the Vatican, tumbling over MSS. and decyphering inscriptions. We may here remark, by the way, that throughout his military career, as soon as he arrived in a city, he immediately installed himself in the libraries, where he always continued, without leave or license, so long as his troops were not engaged in fighting. In his letters, he laments the rapid disappearance of the monuments of antiquity from Italy, from wanton outrage, and the cupidity of both French and Italians. After advising his friends to hasten to Rome, if they wished to see it before its disappearance, he says, "Every thing that was at the Chartreux, at 'the Villa Albani, among the Farnese, the Honesti, at the Muse-'um Clementi, at the Capitol, is carried off, pillaged, lost or sold. 'The English have their part, and the French Commissioners 'suspected of this commerce, have been arrested; but the matter 'will end here. Some soldiers who entered the Vatican Libra-'ry, destroyed, among other rarities, the famous Terence of 'Bembo, one of the most valuable manuscripts, in order to have 'some of the gilding that ornamented it. The Venus of the 'Villa Borghese has been wounded in the hand by some of the

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'descendants of Diomede, and the Hermaphrodite, *immane nefas!* 'has a foot shivered."*

The Neapolitan army had just evacuated Rome when Courier arrived, and, of course, there was little active service. During the brief occupation of the Papal Dominions by the Neapolitans, the fortress of Civita Vecchia raised the flag of the Pope, and refused to submit. Afterwards, Courier, with his artillery, forming a part of the troops sent against the revolted city, was, on account of his knowledge of Italian, sent in company with an officer of dragoons, and a trumpeter, to summon the place, for the last time, to surrender. The three horsemen were within a short distance of the gates, when perceiving that a rouleau of gold pieces had escaped through his pocket, Courier dismounted to look for it. After a few moments of useless search, he was preparing to join his comrades, when he heard a volley of muskets and saw, immediately after, the trumpeter returning alone, with speed. The officer had been shot. Courier then returned, probably well consoled for the loss of his money, by the consideration of the danger he had escaped. The small French army under Garnier was obliged to evacuate Rome, the 29th September, 1799. Courier could hardly tear himself from the Vatican library, and remained until night, when every Frenchman had retreated. His danger was imminent—alone, surrounded by foreign troops, in the midst of a hostile populace. In passing along a street, under favour of darkness, he was unfortunately recognized by the light of a lamp burning before a Madonna. The cry of *Giaccobino* was raised—he was pursued—and a musquet fired at him. The ball did not strike him, but glancing from the wall, wounded a woman at some distance off, whose cries diverted the attention of the populace, while Courier regained his lodgings. The next day, his Italian host conducted him, in his own carriage, to the French army.

He now returned to France, and on account of his ill health, was, for a considerable time, absent from the army. Bosquillion was his physician, and no one could have suited him better, for he was also a Greek professor. It was through his means, that Courier became acquainted with the Hellenist, Cluvier, afterwards his father-in-law. During a visit to Touraine, he closed the eyes of his mother, which, like the death of his father, produced most lively and durable impressions on him. In a letter long after, to M. Sainte Croix, who had just lost a daughter, he says, "I am little calculated to console. Afflicted by a similar 'sorrow, ten years ago, I feel it now as I did the first day."†

* Œuvres, vol. p. iv. 37. † Œuvres, vol. iv. p. 249.

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On the decease of his father-in-law, Clavier, he was so affected, that he was unable to look at his books for many months.

At the close of 1801, Courier was ordered to Strasbourg, where he made acquaintance with Schweighaeuser, the learned editor of Athenæus, Stobæus, Herodotus, &c. A critique on Schweighaeuser's Athenæus, with twenty pages of notes on the Greek text, published by him, about this time, was, we believe, his first appearance in print, though various things written by him, some as far back as 1799, and now given to the world in the edition of his works, shew how constantly he had been employed in his literary labours.

By the favour of Generals Duroc and Marmont, Courier was appointed Major, in 1803, and once more departed for Italy. He joined his regiment at Piacenza, March, 1804. It was in that year, that Bonaparte made himself Emperor, and Courier, in a letter, details the proceedings of his Colonel, to obtain the signatures of the army, in favour of the usurper. Towards the conclusion, he says, "Tell me, what does it signify, a man like 'Bonaparte, a soldier, chief of the army, the first captain of the 'world, to wish to be called MAJESTY? To be Bonaparte, and 'to make himself SIRE! *He aspires to descend;* but no; he 'believes himself ascending by equalizing himself with kings. 'He loves a title better than a name. Poor man, his notions are 'below his fortune."*

Not even in his earliest letters does Courier say one word in favour of the Captain who then filled Europe with his renown, and took no pains after the elevation of Bonaparte to conceal his offensive opinions. He thus writes among other matters to Sainte Croix.

"I can assure you of the Marquis Rodio, that his death here passes for an assassination and a mean revenge. They owed him ill-will, because being a minister and favourite of the Queen, he seemed opposed to a marriage which they proposed of some son or daughter of Naples with some one of the family. The Emperor has this weakness of all upstarts, that he exposes himself to refusals. He was refused there and elsewhere. Poor Rodio, afterwards taken in a corner of Calabria at the head of some insurgents, although he had made a good capitulation, was however, arrested, tried by a military commission, and what is wonderful, acquitted. He then wrote to his wife, to his friends, and thought himself out of difficulty, when the Emperor caused him to be retaken and retried by the same judges who this time condemned him! Every one was horror-struck at this; the French, perhaps, even more than the Neapolitans. He was shot behind, as a traitor, felon and rebel against his own *legitimate* sovereign! This action ap-

* Œuvres, vol. iv. p. 56.

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pears violent to you; I know others similar. When General V——— commanded at Leghorn, he received the order, and he executed it, to arrest two rich merchants of the city, of whom one perished like Rodio, the other got off by sheer luck, having escaped from prison by the assistance of his wife and an aid-de-camp. The General was in trouble and received a sharp reprimand. We have seen here a courier, who was bearing letters of the Queen, assassinated by command, his despatches taken and sent to Paris. I see every day the man who committed the deed, or at least who ordered it. But what then! Even at Paris, in order to obtain a paper, was not an envoy or secretary of one of the embassies slain in his chamber?"—Vol. iv. p. 177.

Receiving an order to join the army of Gouvion St. Cyr, as commander of the artillery, Courier proceeded to Barletta; on the way he stopped occasionally to examine the libraries, and finding one to his mind at Parma, he tarried fifteen days working on the Greek text of Xenophon. When the army of St. Cyr was recalled to the North of Italy, Courier was still with it, and was in the battle of Castel Franco, where the Prince of Rohan and his army were captured. Courier next went with the army of Reynier against Naples, and was present at that General's victory at Campo Tenese. Desiring to arm the coast opposite to Sicily, Reynier sent to Courier to take possession of the ordnance at Tarentum. After despatching several vessels loaded with cannon, he set out on his return in a *polacre*, having on board twelve heavy pieces. He was soon chased by an English brig, and seeing the impossibility of escaping with his freight, he ordered the Captain to sink the polacre, and then with the rest of the company gained the shore in the boat. But the vessel would not sink and before he landed, he had the mortification to see the English take possession of her.

Scarcely had Courier's party landed before they were overpowered by brigands, who stripped them even to their clothes, and were about putting them to death. One of the cannoniers wept, and displayed a degree of fear that only augmented their danger. Courier exclaimed aloud to him, "What! you a French soldier, and fear to die?" Luckily, the Syndic of Corrigliano arrived, accompanied by a few men, but not having a sufficient force to restrain the brigands, he pretended to approve their conduct. "Comrades," said he, "let us not show any mercy to these French scoundrels, but let us conduct them into town, that the people may have the pleasure of taking vengeance on them." The Frenchmen were then carried to prison, but the succeeding day they were conducted safely to the next French

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garrison. Twice afterwards, Courier was stripped, by brigands, in Calabria, until, he says, his friends are tired of giving alms and clothing him, and that he believes he will have to die dressed as he was born. A letter to Sainte Croix thus describes his "hair-breadth 'scapes, and moving accidents, by flood and field."

"Sir—Since my last letter, to which you replied in such an obliging manner, things have occurred here, which we ourselves consider great events, but of which, I believe, there will be little talk in your part of the world. However, if the history of Great Greece, during the last three months, has any interest for you, I send you my journal,* that is, a few sheets, in which I have noted *à loisir*, the most remarkable men and buffooneries I have witnessed. It is difficult to see more of the same sort, in so little time and space.

If the features thus foreshortened, of these execrable farces, inspire you with nothing but disgust, I shall not be surprised. It may, perhaps, excite, for an instant, the curiosity of those who know the actors—others only see the shame of the human race. It is, nevertheless, history stripped of its ornaments. Behold the canvasses that Herodotus and Thucydides have embroidered. As for me, I am of opinion that this concatenation *(enchainement)* of follies and atrocities, that is called History, scarcely merits the attention of a sensible man. Plutarch, with

L'air d'homme sage,
Et cette large barbe au milieu du visage,

excites my pity in vaunting those givers of battles, *(donneurs de batailles.)* whose only merit is to have their names tagged to events which the course of things brought about.

Since our junction with Massena, we march more valiantly, and are in a rather less pitiable situation. We are retracing our steps, forming the advance-guard of this little army, and carrying on the most villainous of all wars against the insurgents. We kill few of them, and take still fewer. On account of the nature of the country, and their knowing and being accustomed to it, even when surprised, they escape easily from us; but not we from them. Those we catch, we hang up to the trees; when they take us, they burn us as pleasantly as they can. I, who am talking to you, fell into their clutches, and to get myself out, required many miracles. I *assisted* at a deliberation, in which the question was, whether I should be hanged, burnt or shot? I was permitted to give an opinion. Some day I will divert you with the recital. I have often escaped finely in the course of this campaign; for, besides common danger, I have travelled twice from Reggio to Tarentum, going and returning, that is to say, more than four hundred leagues through the midst of the insurgents, alone, or with few attendants, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on all-fours, sometimes slipping *sur mon derrière*, or tumbling, heels-over-head, down the mountains. It was in one of those trips, that I was taken by our

* This was probably lost.

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worthy friends. There is not a wood, nor out-of-the-way place, *(coupgorge)* in all Calabria, in which I have not made these promenades and for what purpose? Ah! that would excite your pity Once, out of seven men that formed my escort, three were killed, and four horses, by the mountaineers. We have lost, and lose every day, in this manner, a number of officers, or small detachments. Another time, to avoid a similar rencontre, I embarked in a small vessel and having obliged the master to set off, in spite of bad weather, I was borne out to sea. Our manœuvering was famous! We got on our knees; we prayed; we promised masses to the Virgin and St. January, to such good purpose, that here I am still.

"Since this, on board of another vessel, I passed near an English frigate, which having fired a few guns at us, all my rowers leapt into the water and saved themselves on shore. I remained alone, like Ulysses: a comparison the more correct, because this befel me in the Straits of Charybdis, in sight of a small town, yet called Scylla, and where, what god I know not, caused me to land quietly. I had cut, with my sabre, the cords that held my little latteen sail, or otherwise, I should have been swamped.

"I had saved from the pillage of my poor garments what I used to call my breviary. It was an Iliad, of the royal printing-office, quite a small volume, which you have seen in the hands of the Abbé Barthelemy; I had this copy of him, *(Quam dispari domino!)* and I know that he was in the habit of carrying it with him in his promenades. As for me, I carried it everywhere; but the other day I trusted it, I know not why, to a soldier who was leading a horse for me. This soldier was killed and rifled. What shall I say to you? I have lost eight horses, my clothes, my linen, my cloak, my pistols, my cash—I regret nothing but my Homer, and to have it again, I would give the only shirt that remains to me. It was my society, my only conversation, during the halts and watches. My comrades laughed at it. I wished heartily that they had lost their last pack of cards to see what kind of a face they would make.

"You will believe, without difficulty, that in the midst of such adventures, I have thought little of Antiquities. If there were any monuments on my way, after the example of Pompey, *ne visenda quidem putavi*. Not that I have lost any part of my taste for those things, but I am too much occupied with the present to think of the past: the care of my skin, and the Calabrians, make me also forget Great Greece a little. It is still, in our day, *Calabria ferox*. Remark, I pray you, that since Hannibal, who found this country flourishing, and ravaged it during sixteen years, it has never recovered. *We* are very good at burning, certainly, but it appears that he understood this matter also. If we should stop any where, if I had only the time to look around me, I doubt not that this country, where all is Greek and antique, would easily furnish me with something to interest you, and to render my letters worthy of their address. There are, in this vicinity, for instance, some considerable ruins, a temple, which is said to be of Proserpine. The superb marbles which have been taken from it, are in Rome, Naples and London, I shall go to see, if I can, what remains of it. I will give you an account, if I see it, and the thing is worth the trouble.

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"As for the Calabria of the present time, it is orange groves, olive forests, and citron hedges. All this is on the coast, and only near the towns: not a village, not a house in the country; it is uninhabitable for want of police and laws. But how do they cultivate it? you will say. The peasant lodges in town, and works in the neighborhood; setting out late in the morning, he returns before the evening. How would any one dare to sleep in a country house? He would have his throat cut there the first night. The harvests cost little care; to these sulphuretted lands, little manure is needful: we cannot sell that from our horses All this announces its richness; however, the people are poor, even miserable. The kingdom is rich: for, producing every thing, it sells and does not buy. What do they do with the money? It is not without reason that they have named this the India of Italy. The Bonzes also are not wanting. It is the kingdom of the priests, where all belongs to them. They take the vow of poverty, that they may want nothing; and of chastity, that they may have all the women. There is not a family but is governed by a priest, even in the smallest details; a husband does not buy shoes for his wife, without the advice of the holy man.

"It is not here that we must seek for a pattern of a good government; but nature is enchanting. As for me, I cannot, by any habit, see citrons on the hedges with indifference; and this embalmed air about Reggio! you perceive the odour two leagues at sea, when the wind blows from the land. The flower of the orange makes their honey far better than that of Virgil. The bees of Hybla only fed on thyme; they had no orange trees; all things, now-a-days, are better than formerly.

"I conclude by praying you to present my respects to Madame de Sainte Croix, and to M. Larcher. Why have I not here his Herodotus, as I had in Germany? I lost it precisely as I have just lost my Homer—on the point of knowing it by heart. It was taken from me by some hussars." &c.—Vol. 4. p. 132.

On the first meeting of Courier, after his escape from the Calabrian banditti, with the commander in chief, the latter reproached him, rather rudely, for the loss of the cannon; to which Courier, who could never brook authority, giving way to his passion, made such a reply as is seldom addressed to a superior officer. Their quarrel, nevertheless, was soon settled. Courier says, that during the height of his successes, Reynier assumed some airs of importance, but this conduct changed after his defeat at Maida; and that with little exception, the General behaved to him like a brother.

Another instance will show how little our Hellenist was calculated for military subordination. Dedon, the General of Artillery, who seems to have been an arrant coward, having had him put under arrest, on pretences entirely without foundation, Courier addressed to him the following conciliatory epistle, of

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which, he, at the same time, distributed twenty copies among the army:

"Sir—Superiority of rank does not dispense with good manners, especially from those who have any regard for natural equity: yours towards me, are no longer those of a chief, but of an enemy. I thought you prejudiced against me, and I have given you explanations which should satisfy you. Now I see your hatred, and I divine the motives. I see the snare you have laid for me, by charging me with a commission, in which I could scarcely avoid compromising myself. You begin by punishing me; you deprive me of liberty, in order that nothing shall prevent you from denouncing me to the king, and to prejudice the public against me. Next, you cite me before your own tribunal, where you will be at once my accuser and my judge, and condemn me without a hearing, without naming to me my denouncers, or producing any proof of what is advanced against me. You too well know how easy it would be for me, to confound the impostures of your villainous spies. You may succeed in ruining me, but perhaps, I shall find those that will listen to me, in spite of you. Whatever happens, do not hope to find a mute victim in me. I can render the baseness of your conduct as public, in this affair, as it has been elsewhere."—Vol. iv. p. 172.

Towards the close of 1806, Courier was stationed in Naples; how he spent his time we may judge from his own account:—

"I pass my days here, [writes he to Lacroix] these long scorching days, in the library of the Marquis, (Tacconi) in translating Xenophon for you, not without difficulty; the text is spoilt. This Marquis is invaluable; he is the pearl of men. He has all the books in the world, meaning all that you and I could desire. They are all at my disposal; between ourselves, when I am gone, I do not know who will read them. He himself never reads them; I believe he never opened one. It was like Solomon with his seven or eight hundred wives, loving by sight. Perhaps, he also, like Tacconi, lent them to his friends." Vol. iv. p. 179.

Poor Tacconi! he was afterwards sent to the galleys all for the love of literature. Not being able to buy books fast enough with a yearly income of one hundred thousand francs, he forged bills, the only productions of his pen! and was discovered.

During the remainder of Courier's stay in Italy, the part of the army to which he was attached, saw no active service, and he requested at different times, most earnestly, to be transferred to the army in Spain, or to the grand army under the Emperor, in Germany, but in vain. Hearing that his property in Touraine was going to destruction, he asked for a furlough, which was also denied him. His dismission was then offered, and, according to the memoir prefixed to his works, was most joyfully accepted. The independence of his character, the frankness of

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his opinions, and his caustic humour, were not very agreeable to his superior officers; and as for military discipline, he paid little or no attention to it when it interfered with his habits or tastes. Nothing could induce him to use a saddle or stirrups. Even on parade he adopted the Greek equitation, and in the same style, caracoled through Naples to the surprise of other riders, who walked their horses carefully over the rugged streets.

All the time he could save from the army, had been occupied in poring over the classics, collating MSS. copying and sending inscriptions to Savans, &c. He also finished an edition of two treatises of Xenophon on cavalry and equitation. He carefully restored the text from manuscripts, gave a French translation, and added learned and curious notes. Fully to understand his author, he had his own horse bridled and equipped after the Greek fashion, and rode him unshod. The method too of hardening the hoof, recommended by Xenophon, was tried by Courier with some success.

Among his correspondents were Schweighæuser, Boissonade, Bosquillon, Akerblad, Corai, Clavier, Sainte Croix, Sylvestre de Sacy, Lamberti, Millingen, Humboldt, &c. all distinguished in the literary world. Besides literature, his letters give piquant and graphic descriptions of past events, in which he does not spare his own countrymen. His austere sketches of the cruelty, debauchery and immorality of the conquerors of Italy, differ widely from the finished, courteous and brilliant colours with which history clothes the meagreness of reality. On the other hand, his portraits of the modern inhabitants of Magna Græcia and the Eternal City, are not less hideous.

Courier's residence in the army, had given him no high opinion of military glory, as we may judge from many parts of his works. Writing to Sainte Croix on the subject of his Life of Alexander the Great—which, by the by, we think the thickest book we have ever seen *conflated* out of similar materials—he says, 'Do not brag of your hero to me; he owed his glory to 'the age in which he appeared. Without that, what was he 'more than Gengis Khan or Tamerlane? A good soldier, a 'good captain, but these are common virtues. There are always 'a hundred officers in an army capable of commanding it well. 'Even a Prince succeeds in this matter, and what a Prince does 'well, all the world can do. As for him, he did nothing which 'would not have been done without him. Long before he was 'born, it was decided that Greece should conquer Asia. Above 'all, I beg you to avoid comparing him to Cæsar, who was 'something more than a giver of battles.'*

* Œuvres, vol. iv. p. 191.

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We cannot quit Italy, without giving a part of one of his letters to his cousin Madame Pijalle, in which he recounts very pleasantly, an adventure that occurred when his imagination was filled, and with good reason, with brigands, murder and robbery.

"I was travelling one day in Calabria. It is a country of wicked folks, who, I believe, love nobody, and especially dislike the French; it would be long to tell you why; it is sufficient that they owe us the most deadly hatred, and we are badly off when we fall into their hands. I had for a companion, a young man with a face—'pon honour, like the gentleman we saw at Rincy; do you remember him? and better still, perhaps; I do not say this to interest you, but because 'tis true. In these mountains, the roads are nothing but precipices; our horses walked along with difficulty: my companion went before; a path, which appeared to him passable and shorter, led us astray. It was my fault; should I have trusted myself to a brain-pan of twenty years? We searched, as long as we had day-light, our road through the forest; but the more we searched, the further we went astray—we lost ourselves, and it was quite dark when we arrived near a very dark house. We entered, not without suspicions; but what were we to do? There we found a whole family of colliers at table, to which they gave us an invitation off hand. My spark did not require to be asked twice, and we set to eating and drinking on the spot, he at least, for as to myself, I was examining the place and the appearance of our hosts. They looked, to be sure like coalmen, but you would have taken the house for an arsenal; there was nothing but muskets, pistols, sabres, daggers, cutlasses. Every thing displeased me, and I saw that I displeased also. As for my comrade, it was just the contrary; he was one of the family; he laughed, he chatted with them, and by an imprudence which I should have foreseen, (but what if it was written!) he told them forthwith from whence we came, whither we were going, that we were French; just think a-bit! Among our most mortal enemies, alone, lost, so far from all human aid! and then, to omit nothing that could lead to our destruction, he played the rich man, promised to pay these people for our expenses, and for being guides the next day, if they would consent. At last he spoke of his portmanteau, begging them earnestly to take special care of it, and to put it at the head of his bed. He would have, said he, no other pillow. Ah, youth! youth! how much your age is to be pitied! They thought that we were the bearers of the crown jewels. What gave him so much concern about his portmanteau, were the letters of his sweetheart. When the supper was finished, we were left; our hosts slept below; we, in the chamber where we had eaten—a loft, seven or eight feet high, to which you ascended by a ladder, was where our bed was made for us, a kind of nest, into which a body slipped, by creeping along under joists, loaded with a year's provision. My companion climbed up alone, got into bed, already asleep, the precious portmanteau under his head. I determined to watch; I made a good fire, and seated myself by it. Nearly the whole night was passed very quietly, and I began to recover myself, when, as I judged, it was

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not far from day, I heard below me our landlord and his wife, talking and disputing with each other; and placing my ear to the chimney, which communicated with the one below, I distinguished perfectly, these very words of the husband: '*Well, in short, let us see; must we kill both?*' to which the woman replied, '*yes:*' and I heard nothing more.

"How shall I tell it you? I remained almost breathless, my whole body cold as marble; to look at me, you would not have known whether I was dead or alive. Good God! when I think of it still! We two, almost without arms, against twelve or fifteen who had so many! And my comrade overcome with sleep and fatigue; to call him—to make a noise, I durst not: to escape alone, was impossible. The window was not very high, but two huge bull-dogs howled below like wolves. O, what a difficulty I was in, imagine if you can. At the end of a quarter of an hour, which I found long, I hear some one on the ladder, and, by the crack of the door, I see the old man with his lamp in one hand, and one of his long knives in the other. He ascends, his wife near him, I behind the door; he opens, but before entering, he set down the lamp, which his wife took; then he enters barefooted, and she, from the outside, says to him in a low voice, concealing with her fingers the too great light of the lamp, 'softly, go softly.' He passed along with the knife between his teeth, and arriving at the bed where this poor young man was asleep, with his throat exposed uncovered, with one hand he takes his dagger, and with the other—oh! cousin—he seizes a ham which hung from the ceiling, cuts off a rasher, and retires as he had entered. The door closes, the lamp disappears, and I am left alone to my reflections.

"As soon as day dawned, all the family came with great bustle to awaken us, as we had requested them. The eatables are brought in, breakfast is served up very tidily and very good, I assure you. Two capons formed a part of it, of which our hostess told us we must eat one and take the other with us. In looking at them, I at length understood the meaning of those terrible words—*must we kill both of them?* and I think you have penetration enough at present, to guess what they signified. Cousin, you will oblige me by not telling this story." Vol. iv. p. 187.

In speaking of himself, Courier says he had few settled ideas, and his conduct soon gave a proof of it. Hardly had he left the army, when the news of the victories of Abenberg and Eckmuhl awakened once more in him the desire of serving a campaign under Buonaparte. The persuasions of some of his former military companions easily determined him, and he proceeded with them to Germany.

On joining the army, no regular grade was assigned to him, but he was immediately employed at the batteries in the island of Lobau. To his infinite mortification, he was prevented by extreme indisposition from taking part in the battle of Wagram. fought on the two next days. Considering the war as then ter-

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minated, he quit the army without even asking leave. As he had received neither appointment nor pay, he did not consider himself as regularly under orders, yet had some difficulty afterwards on account of his abrupt departure. Another reason for his quitting the army was, the disgust he felt towards his general. 'I followed,' writes he, 'a general whom I had long known as 'a good man and my friend, and whom I considered such for life; 'but he became *Count*. What a metamorphosis! the good man 'as quickly disappeared, and no more news of the friend; in 'place of him there was a protector. I should never have be- 'lieved, had I not witnessed it, that there is so much difference 'between a man and a count. I knew how to withdraw myself 'adroitly from his lofty patronage—and you behold me almost 'as free and happy as a man can be.'* A writer in the *Revue Encyclopediquet* says, that Courier formed the opinion, after seeing his operations, that Bonaparte was only "a chief of invasion, who knew how to persuade five hundred thousand armed men to march against a single point, as if they had been but one. With such masses, (said he to us, in 1810,) it is possible to advance, but not withdraw. Let us experience defeat, and the enemy is in Paris."

No sooner quit of his "vile trade," as he always called that of a soldier, than he again departed for Italy. He stopped awhile in Switzerland, but his letters show that he was more occupied in correcting an edition of Plutarch, then printing in Paris, and in translating portions of that author, than in looking at scenery.

On arriving at Florence, (1810) Courier, in company with M. Renouard, the famous Bibliomaniac, and author of the Annals of the Aldine Printing-Office, went to the Laurentian Library, to examine the MSS. of the Greek novel of Daphnis and Chloe, by Longus. In all the editions of this work, since the revival of letters, there had been a *hiatus* in the first book; but Courier here found a copy complete. This discovery was the more surprising, as D'Orville had taken his Chariton from the same MS. and Cocchi, Salvini, and other *savans*, had handled it. The librarian, Furia, had described it most minutely, in a printed account, and even published Æsop's Fables from it. The disinterring of this fragment of Greek, made noise enough of itself among the learned, but from circumstances, gave Courier

* Vol. iv. p. 390.

† Vol. xxvi. p. 520. This writer appears to be perfectly well acquainted with Courier, of whom he writes an obituary notice. From his signature, V. L——c, we presume it is Violet Leduc.

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a notoriety that he little expected or desired. Unfortunately, he disfigured part of the manuscript with ink. He had obtained leave to copy the fragment and collate the whole text, and had inadvertently used a piece of paper wet with ink to mark his place, which, in drying, adhered to the parchment. M. Renouard, by moistening the piece of paper, detached it so as to leave the manuscript little injured, and at least perfectly intelligible, by the admission of the librarian himself. All passed peaceably at the time. M. Furia, trying afterwards to remove the ink spots, by chemical agents, destroyed the whole page, which was precisely the newly discovered fragment. He then, in a long printed letter, of most Ossianic prose, asserted that the injury was done purposely by Courier and Renouard, in order to have a monopoly of the Greek text, and to have the exclusive profit of an edition that they were about to publish. The Italian papers joined in the outcry, and even Passow, in his edition of Longus, (1811) gives credit to it. Courier was the last man in the world to be accused of cupidity. As he says to Akerblad, "What do you say to me, I pray you, about literary enterprises? 'God protect me from ever becoming an undertaker of litera-'ture. I *give* my classical scribblings to the booksellers, who 'print them at their own peril and chance, and all that I exact, 'is not to put my name to them, because,

"Je vous l'ai dit, et veux bien le redire"

'my passion is not at all to figure in the newspapers. I view, 'with as much contempt, the trumpet of the journalists, as the 'tinsel of courtiers."*

As a proof how little gain entered into his calculations, he printed, at his own expense, the fragment separately; a Greek edition of the complete text, of fifty-two copies, and an edition of sixty copies of the old French translation of Amyot, with a translation of the fragment inserted in the proper place; all which were intended for gratuitous distribution. He continued to disregard the calumnies of the Italians, even after an order had been obtained from Napoleon, to seize all the copies of both the text and translation which remained in his hands; but finding that his personal liberty was in danger, he conceived it necessary to reply. In doing so, he indulged in that cutting satire which he knew so well how to handle, and in vindicating himself fully, took most severe vengeance on the ignorance and falsehood of his persecutors.

* Lett. Œuv. vol. iv. p. 302.

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M. Renouard,* also, gives himself some credit for the discovery of the precious fragment; and Schoell† appears to admit the claim; but one of Courier's letters to Clavier, a year before, shews that he then knew the contents of the MS. In order to translate the fragment, so as to fix it to the translation of Amyot, it became necessary for him to study, profoundly, the French of the time of Francis I. This he did, with that thoroughness and conscientiousness that formed a distinguishing trait in his character. He became charmed with the old French, conceiving it had a *naïveté* and energy well suited to rendering Greek, and which was not to be found in the modern dialect. In translating Daphnis and Chloe, he had also discovered in himself a facility, before unknown, of transferring Greek into his own tongue. After the same fashion, he afterwards translated the Ass of Lucian, of which he published a learned edition, with a corrected text and erudite notes.

For a long time he meditated transferring Herodotus into this antiquated dialect, but he merely published some specimens and a very ingenious preface. He supposed that Herodotus employed the language of a previous age, abounding in words and phrases, no longer in use, similar to that of La Fontaine or Spencer, which is evidenced by the numerous archaisms, from Homer and Hesiod, to be found in his text; that prose having been invented only about twenty years before Herodotus, it was still in its infancy, as is apparent in its tottering and feeble walk even then. Now we take it for granted that as Herodotus read his history, publicly, at the Olympic games, to obtain the applause of the people, he wrote the language of the people, and not that of a few critics. As for expressions taken from Homer and Hesiod, probably better known than any other poets, it is not more surprising than the many words and phrases in Shakspeare and the Bible, otherwise obsolete, which we hear employed by even the unenlightened among us. Nor do we believe that prose was either so recent or imperfect as Courier and many other critics suppose. The first use of letters would naturally be to write letters, contracts, &c. for the ordinary and necessary concerns of life. But when epic and lyric poetry, tragedy and comedy, had arrived at perfection; when Sophocles, Anacreon, Sappho, &c. exhibited clearness, compactness and elegance of composition, could there be any difficulty in writing prose—to which nothing was needed but to discard the metre, instead of toiling for it? But even were Courier's ideas correct,

* Catalogue d'un Amateur, vol. v. p. 185.

† Hist. de la Litt. Grecque, vol. vi. p. 243.

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as to the antiquated dialect of Herodotus, there would be no more reason for adopting obsolete French, because it renders his author aptly, than for adopting one of the oriental languages possessing the same aptness. Both in the one case and the other, the uninitiated would require a translation of the translation. We agree fully with Courier, that the precise and elegant language of the Court, is not suited to convey the genius of the father of Greek history, and that, in this respect, the otherwise excellent translation of Larcher is deficient. In transfusing compositions from one language to another, the spirit in which the original is written, is to be carefully studied. The manly, business-like letters of Cicero, should be rendered in phrases very different from the overwrought epistles of the younger Pliny; and, in our language, the plain Anglo-Saxon style of Swift, for instance, would be much better suited, than the rounded, Latin phrase of Johnson, to pourtray the colloquial ease and diffuseness that distinguish the manner of Herodotus.

Courier was very anxious to visit Greece, before returning to his own country. "I have," says he, "taken a prodigious fancy to make a pilgrimage to Athens; and if this devotion last, I shall probably set out in the spring. The fact is, that I wish, before I die, to behold the lantern of Demosthenes, and drink of the waters of the Ilissus."*

His wish was not accomplished. In 1812, he returned to France. Travelling quietly towards his estate in Touraine, just at the time the conspiracy of Mallet had been discovered, the gens d'armes demanded his passport, and as he had none, he was conducted to prison. Long before, his friend Akerblad had cautioned him on this subject. However, his friends, by application to the Prefect of the Police, Réal, easily obtained his discharge. In one of his letters to Clavier, on this subject, he tells him, "I send you a Longus for Réal, since you think that it will give him pleasure. Between ourselves, it is to you that I am indebted for my deliverance, and not to him; and even should he have had any design to oblige me, it would be, properly speaking, *beneficium* LATRONIS (as Cicero says) *non occidere*."†

While dividing his time at Paris between Greek and tennis, of which he was passionately fond, he became enamoured with the eldest daughter of his old friend and brother Hellenist, Clavier. 'I loved,' declares he to Madam Clavier, 'God forgive me! for all the world as I did at twenty-five, and with a love which no one could blame. For this time, my pleasure and my

* Œuv. vol. iv. p. 474. † Œuv. vol. 4. p. 374.

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'duty were in unison; I experienced in this passion, which has 'been the torment of my life, a new sentiment of calm and *inno-* 'cence. You need not laugh. No; 'tis the very word; and I 'saw a durable happiness offer itself to me.'* "Glowing with love," he paid his addresses, and was accepted; yet then seriously bethinking him of the manifold inconveniences of such very strong and durable ties, to those fond of "roaming through the world, like a child at a feast," he broke off his engagement. But after experiencing

> What grievous pain they dure, which neither may
> Forget their loves, nor yet enjoy their love,†

for two mortal days and nights, returning to the fair one and her parents,

> He vowed repentance for his rash misdeed,
> Blaming his choler that had caused his woe.‡

The indissoluble knot was soon after tied, but it was some time before Courier could subdue his roving propensities into the quiet routine of domestic life. One pleasant morning, he set out to take a jaunt, as he said, into Touraine, whither, in fact, he did go; but as he was returning through Normandy, he found a vessel just ready to sail for Portugal. Now he had never seen Portugal, and here was an excellent opportunity. The small matter of a family entirely slipped his remembrance, and he was on the point of commencing his travels, when the affectionate letters of his wife succeeded in recalling him. He contented himself with a tour through Rouen, Havre, Dieppe, Amiens, Honfleur, &c. and returned to Paris. After this, he became so fond of his better part, that he never left her but with regret, and for indispensable affairs. We will give an extract from one of his letters to her, about literature, cold water and love, written during his aforesaid journey:

"Your sermon gives me great pleasure. You preach to me on the necessity of pleasing those with whom we are, and of taking pains for that purpose; and as if it only depended on my will, you persuade me to it most seriously, and in the prettiest manner imaginable. You can say nothing but with grace. But I will reply to you, do no violence to your nature, (*talent*) so says La Fontaine. If God has created me rough, I must live and die rough, and all the efforts which I could make to appear pleasant, would only be so many contorsions, which would render me more disagreeable. Moreover, shall I say it? I am now too old, I cannot change. You could correct yourself, were

*Œuv. vol. iv. p. 406.
† Tancred and Gismunda, act 3, sc. 3 1592.
‡ Green's "Ciceronis Amor." 1616. London.

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any thing wanting to you in the art of pleasing. And observe, again, that you compare me to certain folks—but let's talk of something else.

"My manner of living is pleasant enough, although I am acquainted with no one here, or, perhaps, that is the very reason that I am so well off. I walk, scribble, to pass my time; and, above all, I swim twice a day, with infinite pleasure. I have made great progress in this art. My swimming school at Paris has been of great use to me; I there studied the art anew, by looking at the great swimmers, and became entirely another man, like Raphael, when he had seen the paintings of Michael Angelo. I now require so little movement, to sustain myself on the water, that I remain there for whole hours without fatigue or thinking where I am, and that an abyss is under me: for I have been myself carried out to sea. There I am lulled *(bercé)* by the waves, and forget both my troubles and my follies—worse than all.

"*My happiness depends on you*.....Sweet words, which perhaps you at present no longer remember. They are, however, from your last letter. It is not these things alone which make me love your letters; but it is because, in sooth, you write well and a great deal better than those who pretend to it. Your expressions are always correct, and you have a certain manner of saying things. You paint yourself in your style, and I who know you, see, in every word, your gesture, your look, your conversation so soft, those ways *(manières)* that brought me to the 12th of May."*—Vol. iv. p. 408.

On the return of the Bourbons, during the hundred days, and at the final restoration of the reigning dynasty, Courier took no part. He never admired Bonaparte, and had, perhaps, not much more affection for the Bourbons. "Master and good 'master," asks he, "do they agree? Yes, grammatically, like 'honest thief and equitable brigand."† In another place, speaking of one party he calls them Chouans, Vendeans, Brigands, Insurgents, Royalists, Bourbonists, and at the same time denominates one of the opposite party Patriot, Jacobin, Terrorist, Republican and Bonapartist. His ideas on government were not very fixed, as he candidly admits, and would probably have been contented with any, well administered.

"Am I then a republican? I have read good authors, and reflected a long time on the best form of government. I still think on it in my leisure hours; but I advance little in this inquiry, and far from having acquired that decided opinion by these studies, that you suppose, I find, if I must confess it, that the more I meditate, the less I know what to stand by. Hence, in conversation, (and many reproach me with it) I join easily, and not through complaisance, in the opinion of those who converse with me, provided they have an *opinion*, and not merely selfish *interests* in the great questions which are battled now-a-day with so much warmth. I debate little: I love liberty by instinct—by nature. I

* His wedding-day. † Œuv. vol. iv. p. 173.

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would be a republican with you in chatting, for you are one I see clearly, and you would give me all the good reasons which can be given in favour of that sort of government. You would have no difficulty in gaining me over; but, presently, encountering some one who should say to me, and shew by strong reasons, that there may be liberty in a monarchy, (if he did not go so far as to pretend—for it is the opinion of many, and may be defended—that there is no liberty but in a monarchy then I would pass on over to that side, abandoning the republic, so tractable am I, so docile, doubting of my own notions, easy to be converted in every thing, provided they will preach to me, and not force me."*

To the charter he gave himself up entirely, believing that, at least, it gave a guarantee of liberty never secured to France before. Little did he think that written constitutions, like his Greek texts, admitted of many constructions, or could be as differently interpreted as hieroglyphics, according to the different theories of Seyffarth and Champollion. Very soon, without joining a party, Courier became dissatisfied with the state of *things*. He was indignant at the constant infractions on the charter by the government, the vexations and oppressions every *where* practised by the local authorities, the overbearing insolence of the old, and the supple tergiversation of the new nobility, the encouragement of bigotry and hypocrisy by a decrepid monarch, who, at the same time, shocked modern manners by introducing Madame du Cayla into his court, as the regular successor of Maintenon, Pompadour and du Barré. Courier remained tranquil until the sufferings of others called him into action. Soon after the complete overthrow of Napoleon, the royalists in power, throughout France, to show their devotion to the Bourbons, commenced their persecutions and imprisonments with most causeless zeal. M. Bacot, the Prefect of Tours, had more than five hundred persons arrested. Indignant at these measures, Courier addressed to the two chambers, his petition in favour of the small village of Luynes, which was near his estate, and in which the constituted authorities had acted with exceeding rigour. The extraordinary avidity with which the public received this petition, made him, for the first time, acquainted with his peculiar talent, and the effect it could produce. As this is his first political production, we will give some extracts from it. The petition to the two chambers commences:—

"Gentlemen: I am of Touraine; I live at Luynes, on the right bank of the Loire, formerly a considerable place, which the revocation of the edict of Nantes has reduced to a thousand inhabitants, and which will

* Reponse aux Anonymes. Œuv. ii. p. 40.

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soon be reduced to nothing by new persecutions, if your wisdom do not put an end to them.

"I presume that the most of you, gentlemen, know not much of what has happened at Luynes during some months. The news of this country makes little noise in France, and especially at Paris. I should, therefore, for the sake of clearness in the recital, that I am about making, commence with matters a little farther back."

After relating some severe and ill-timed measures on the part of the local authorities, he proceeds:—

"Chateaubriand says, in the forbidden book that every body reads; *you have two weights and two measures for the same fact, the one is condemned, the other acquitted.* He intended to speak, I believe, with respect to what happened at Paris; but at Luynes, gentlemen, it is exactly the same thing. Are you on good terms with such and such gentlemen?—a nice fellow—you are permitted to live in quiet. Have you carried on a law-suit against a certain gentleman, failed to pull off your hat to him, quarrelled with his maid-servant, or thrown a stone at his dog?—you are a bad fellow—consequently seditious; the law is put in force against you, and it is put in force rather roughly, as was lately the case with ten of our most peaceable citizens, folks having the fear of God, and his honor the Mayor, before their eyes, for the most part fathers of families, vine-dressers, husbandmen, and artisans, against whom no one could say a word; good neighbours, obliging friends; handy at every thing; irreproachable in their calling, in their morals, in their behaviour: but bad fellows. It is a singular story, which has made a great deal of noise, and will continue to do so in this country; for we village people are not accustomed to these master-strokes of state policy. The affair of Mauclair, and the other man who was put in jail for not doffing his beaver to the parson or the dead body, no matter which, is a trifle in comparison.

"It was mid-lent day, the 25th of March, at one o'clock in the morning; all were asleep; forty soldiers (gend'armes) enter the town; there, from the inn where they had alighted, having made their dispositions, taken all the measures and information of which they had need, at the very first dawn of day, dividing themselves, they enter simultaneously into the houses. Luynes, gentlemen, in size, is about half of the Palais Royal; all were immediately full of terror; every one flies or conceals himself; some, surprised in bed, are torn from the arms of their wives and children; but the greater part of them naked in the streets, or flying in the country, fall into the hands of those who were in wait for them without. They were carried away; their relations, their children would have followed, if the public authority had permitted it. Authority! gentlemen; this is the favourite expression in France. Elsewhere they say the *law;* here, *authority.* Oh! how well contented would Father Canage be with us, could he wake one moment from the tomb! He would see it every where written, *no reasons—authority.* True it is, that this authority is not that of the councils, nor of the fathers of the church, still less that of the lawyers, but it is that of the soldiers, (gend'armes) which is as good as any other.

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"Well: these unfortunate people were borne off without being told of what they were accused, or the fate that awaited them, and it was forbidden to their kinsfolk to conduct them, to cheer them even to the gates of the prisons. Some children were repulsed, who requested one more look at their father, and wished to know in what spot he was to be interred. Of these ten prisoners, there was not one who did not leave a destitute family. Bruton and his wife were in the dungeons six whole months, during which their children were orphans. Peter Aubert, a widower, had a son and a daughter; the girl eleven years old, the boy still younger, but who, at this age, already interested every one by his kind disposition and intelligence. In addition to this, pitying their unfortunate situation, every one succoured them as far as he was able. Nothing would have been wanting to them, if the attentions of a father could be replaced; but the little girl soon sunk into a melancholy that could not be dissipated. That night! the soldiers, her father in chains, could not be effaced from her memory. The impression of terror which she retained of that frightful awakening never permitted her to resume her gaiety or the sports of her age; she only languished afterwards, and wasted away by degrees. Refusing all nourishment, she incessantly called for her father. They thought, by letting her see him, to mitigate her grief, and, perhaps, recall her to life; she obtained, but too late, an entrance into the prison—he saw her, he embraced her—he flatters himself that he will embrace her again; he knows not all his misfortune, which even the guardians of that spot tremble to tell him. In the depth of these frightful abodes, he lives on the hope of being at last some day restored to light, and permitted to rejoin his daughter; fifteen days ago she died.

"Justice, Equity, Providence! idle words with which we are mocked, Wherever I turn my eyes, I behold only vice triumphant, and innocence oppressed. I know those who, in spite of treasons, perjuries and follies, could not consummate their ruin; a family, tilling its paternal farm, is plunged into a dungeon, and disappears forever. Let us turn aside from these mournful examples, which would make us renounce goodness, and doubt even of virtue.

"All those unfortunate people arrested, as I have just related to you, were conducted to Tours, and there put in prison. After several days, they were told that they are Bonapartists; but on this they were not condemned or even indicted; they were sent elsewhere, with good reason; for it is worth remarking, gentlemen, that among those who were to try them, and those who accused them, the prisoners were, perhaps, the only ones who had never sworn fidelity to Bonaparte, never sought his favour or protested their devotion to his sacred person. The magistrate who now pursues them with so much rigour, under the pretext of *Bonapartism*, treated their children in the same manner a few years since, but from a quite different motive—for having refused to serve Bonaparte. By the same agents, he caused the refractory conscript to be seized, and the child to be conducted to the galleys, who preferred his father to Bonaparte.—What do I say? in the absence of the child, he seized the father himself, and had the farm, oxen and plough of the wretched man, whose son twice failed in answering the call of Bonaparte, sold. These are

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the people who accuse us of Bonapartism! * * * * * * * These are then ten enemies of the king, who have been deprived of liberty, ten men dangerous to the state? Yes, gentlemen, at a hundred leagues from Paris, in an out of the way market-town, unknown, not on the highway, which you can only get at by impracticable roads—there are ten conspirators, ten enemies of the state and king, ten men whom it is necessary to secure, with precaution especially. Secrecy is the soul of all military expeditions. The gend'armes mount their horses at midnight; they depart; they arrive without noise at the gates of Luynes: there are no sentinels to slaughter, no posts to surprise: they enter, and by means of well-concerted measures, they accomplish the seizure of a woman, a barber, a cobler, five or six vine-dressers or ploughmen, and the kingdom is saved."

He then goes on to state other arbitrary acts of power, the folly of them, and, on the other hand, the uncommonly peaceable character of Touraine. The petition thus concludes:—

"Nevertheless, you see that Luynes is not, gentlemen, as you might have supposed, a centre of rebellion, one of those obscure lurking holes that are given to public vengeance, but the most tranquil spot of the most quiet province that is in the whole kingdom. At least, such it was, before flagrant iniquities had lighted up resentments and hatreds, which for a long time will not be extinguished. For I must tell you, gentlemen, this country is no longer what it was; if it was tranquil for centuries, it is no longer so now. Terror reigns there at present, and will cease but to give place to vengeance. The setting fire to the Mayor's house some months ago, proves to you, to what degree fury had then risen; it is augmented since, and that among people who, heretofore, have only shown mildness, patience, submission, to every supportable government. They have revolted at injustice. Reduced to despair by the magistrates themselves, their natural supports; oppressed in the name of the laws that ought to protect them, they no longer know any check, because those who have governed them, have known no moderation. If the duty of legislators is to prevent crimes hasten, gentlemen, to put an end to these dissensions. Your wisdom and the bounty of the king, must restore to this unhappy country the tranquillity it has lost." Vol. i. pp. 87, 98.

In consequence of this petition, those included in it, and many others who were in prison, with almost the certainty of perishing on the scaffold, were released, with the exception of two, condemned to imprisonment.

Entirely indifferent to honors, or rather viewing them with contempt, Courier departed from his rule but once in his life. Yielding to the solicitations of his wife and friends, and in compliance with a promise made to Clavier on his death-bed, he presented himself as a candidate for his father-in-law's place in the Academy of Belles Lettres and Inscriptions. The dis-

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covery of the fragment of Longus, his editions of that author, the two Treatises of Xenophon, the Opuscule of Lucian, &c. were sufficient titles. The academy, however, did not want *scholars*, but gentlemen of unstained pedigree and approved principles, that is to say in politics. Some nobleman, whose name we have forgotten, and every one else has forgotten, succeeded to the chair of Clavier; Courier got not a vote. He then published his letter to the Academy—a master-piece of wit and satire—in which the ridiculous election of the Academy, its extreme neglect of merit, and the great ignorance of some of the members are exposed. There is a *bon-hommie* about it that is very amusing, but the satire is no less biting on that account.

At the close of 1818, Courier established himself in Touraine. Then it was that he began to feel the consequences of daring to murmur against the party in power. The Mayor and his officers, the Judges, &c. tormented him more than other persons, on account of his reputation, and of the readiness and courage with which he resisted all oppression. In a letter addressed to the editor of the Minerva, he says:—

"The opposition succeeds badly in the departments, and I can give you the news on that score. My example is a lesson for all those who should be tempted to take the part of *villeins*, not only against the nobles, but against villeins who think nobly. It costs me my repose and my property The Judges wish to ruin me, and they will succeed in it by the help of God and the Attorney-General. In short, for some time my life is a combat, as Beaumarchais said. He was a brawler and often sought disturbances. As for me, I am such a good creature, I would not even defend myself, if they beat me moderately." Vol. iv. p. 447.

He says, in another letter—"this country is a hell: my situation is much changed—I have lost at once my repose and my health." Finally, he went to Paris, and was advised to address himself to the Minister. He did so. A man of his learning, and who handled the pen so keenly in controversy, was sure of a polite reception. During eight days he was in credit; the Prefect of his department was ordered to let him alone; the Mayor was to be turned out of office; the place was even offered to Courier, who never asked it nor wanted it. Poor Courier thought that all this proceeded from downright love of justice, and often "tormented his head with most singular *naïveté*," to guess why the great men cooled off towards him so suddenly. He knew little of politics!

In 1819–20, he wrote a number of short pieces, under the title of "Private Letters," "Letters to the Editor of the Censor," &c. on the leading political topics of the day, of which, the good

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sense, humour and piquant style, much increased his reputation. From this period, he always wrote under the signature of "Paul Louis Vinedresser," (Vigneron) or else his name in full, with the same title attached to it. This, in fact, designated his true vocation: his time was employed industriously in trimming his vines, felling his forests, and tilling the fields, from which he derived a support.

It was proposed in 1821, to purchase the Chateau of Chambord for the infant Duke of Bordeaux. Courier lifted up his voice against this useless and impolitic piece of court flattery, in an eloquent pamphlet, entitled, "A Simple Discourse to the Members of the Council of the Commune of Veretz," &c.—the commune in which he resided.

The Ministry, who had long owed Courier no good will for his politics, found sufficient pretext, in the "Simple Discourse," to have him cited before the *Cour Royale*, at Paris. Noways dismayed, he published, before his trial, an "Address to the pious souls of the Parish of Veretz," containing all the objectionable parts of the "Simple Discourse" compressed, and put into a rather more pungent form. Both those pamphlets had the most perfect success with the public, and he immediately became one of the most popular of the opposition. His writings were bought with avidity; the liberal journals sounded his praises; and great men courted his acquaintance. He flattered himself with the hope of escaping at his trial, thinking he had not infringed the liberty of the press guaranteed by the Charter; but he was condemned to two months imprisonment, and to pay a fine of two hundred francs. While in prison, he finished a new edition of his translation of Daphnis and Chloe, and corrected the translation of Chariton, for Merlin's complete edition of the Greek novels. As soon as he was discharged from prison, he wrote "The case of Paul Louis," detailing the circumstances of his trial most pleasantly, and giving a humourous account of the Attorney General, M. de Broe. Cause for a new indictment was sought for diligently in this pamphlet, but, apparently, a sufficient one could not be extracted from it. Moreover, we are inclined to think Courier henceforward owed much of his security to the dread of his popular satire, for he certainly took little pains to

> "Shape his tongue
> To syllable black deeds into smooth name."

He now produced, at intervals, "The pamphlet of Paul Louis," "The Gazette of the Village," "The Diplomatic Paper," "The Petition of the Villagers who were forbidden to dance," "The Pamphlet of Pamphlets," &c. Some of them were anonymous.

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Whatever he wrote was sought for with avidity; for he wrote on political subjects, during a period of excitement, in a manner that pleased the sensible and amused the humourous among the people at large.

Knowing that the seals of letters that passed through the post-office, were not much respected by the government, on pretence of excessive caution, but really as a satire on the government, he addressed, in 1823, the following letter to his wife, in the "Constitutionel," one of the liberal journals: "Send me, 'my dear wife, six shirts, and six pair of stockings. Put no let-'ter in the packet, in order that I may get it. I know that you 'do not receive mine, and that you are unquiet on that account. 'Be easy; there is more justice in the world than you believe. 'I am neither dead nor sick, nor in prison at present. Adieu. 'Your husband."

It appears, from one of his letters, that General La Fayette requested Courier to visit the United States with him, and that he had some intention of doing so. A journal, by him, of the trip, would have doubtless been a delightful book, although his sarcastic pen would certainly not have spared us.

Molested and persecuted in the country, and perhaps, not succeeding very well in his rural affairs, he resolved to establish himself at Paris. The education, too, of his son was another inducement. All his works had been hitherto short essays, connected with passing events, and he was determined to produce something more worthy of his talents and learning. He made a last visit to Touraine, for the purpose of arranging his affairs, intending speedily to return, to take up his permanent abode in the metropolis—

"O fallacem hominum spem, fragilemque fortunam, et inanes nostras contentiones! quæ in medio spatio sæpe franguntur, et corruunt, et ante in ipso cursu obruuntur, quam portum conspicere potuerunt!"

Courier, who had escaped so often unscathed, from foes in battle, on the shores of Calabria and the plains of Germany, fell by the hands of an unknown assassin, within a short distance of his own door. Nothing has yet thrown any light on this melancholy event. His widow had one of his servants indicted, but he was acquitted, and in his defence, adduced testimony that threw a shade on the character of the prosecutrix. Indeed, some of the journals, French as well as English, have intimated, with very little reserve, that the foul crime is to be laid to the charge of that very wife, to whom so many of Courier's letters, replete with affection, are directed. We think such a charge, at all events, uncharitable in the absence of proof, especially in the

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case of a man surrounded like Courier, by enemies, whom he had created by his unsparing attacks on the government, nobility, local authorities and clergy.

The complete collection of his works contains his translations from the Greek, his political pamphlets, a large collection of his letters, and some small essays never before published. It is to be regretted that a good biographical account had not been written of him, where the truth of history could have been blended with the pleasure of fiction. What we have given is gathered mostly from a meagre notice prefixed to his works, his letters, and the notes subjoined to them by the editor; but they give few traits of character or anecdotes. As a man, he was distinguished for his candour and integrity, "accessible to all true sentiments, he respected them all in others; his hatred for falsehood and tyranny was implacable."* Severe as he was in satire, and reckless in his expressions, he was the mildest of men in discussion, and yielded the most easily to reason.

Courier is, by his biographer, compared to Pascal, Rabelais, Voltaire, &c. and the same praise has been accorded to him from highly respectable sources. This is placing him too high by far. Politically, his works did much service to the cause of the liberal party. They came out opportunely, and were in a style suited to general diffusion; so familiar, that they were understood by the lowest, and with that simple but exquisite grace that charms the most cultivated. But they are unconnected, on matters mostly of a temporary interest, and must be forgotten in a very few years.

Courier knew nothing of jurisprudence, of political economy, or the general principles of government. His writings were therefore levelled at separate abuses, as they arose, without reference to any general system or theory of politics. He possessed strong, common sense. He writes with the feelings of an honest, high-minded man, who knows and values his rights, and hesitates not to declare them, without measuring his phrase.

From the study of the ancient French authors, he had picked up antiquated words, which gave his witings a peculiar quaintness, and added, we suspect, not a little to their popularity. This we think a defect. That style, like dress, is the best which exhibits us most favourably, without diverting the attention to itself—which must always be the case when we adopt the obsolete. Still the obsolete expressions of Courier are fewer than are supposed, and strike us the more from his habitual employment of some of them. At the first glance, his writing appears

*Revue Encyclopedique.

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coarse. The construction of his sentences is plain, the words common, and sometimes even low. It is only after reading for some time, that we begin to perceive the finish. His periods flow on, clear and simple, in the perfect ease of conversation. No tautology, no repetitions, no useless expletives, no unfinished sentences. Even those plebeian expressions that at first seemed to defile his page, have an energy that would probably have been utterly attenuated by a more fastidious choice of language. His humour is abundant, flowing easily and naturally from the subject, and even in his satire, is tempered with an appearance of simplicity of character and good nature. Sometimes he is eloquent, yet even then, not one rare word or lofty phrase corrupts the simple diction of the vine-dresser.

We will conclude with a few extracts from his "Simple Discourse," in opposition to the purchase of Chambord for the little Duke of Bordeaux.

"If [it is thus he begins] we had more money than we knew what to do with, all our debts paid, our roads repaired, our poor relieved, our church, first and foremost, (for God goes before all) paved, new roofed and glazed, if a little sum were left us to spend out of the *commune*, I believe, my friends, we ought to contribute with our neighbours to rebuild the bridge of St. Avertin, which, saving us a whole league of transportation from hence to Tours, by the quick sale of our provisions, would increase the price and products of the lands in the whole neighbourhood. This, I believe, would be the best employment of our superfluous cash, when we shall have any. But as for buying Chambord for the Duke of Bordeaux, I am not of that opinion, and I would not do it, even should we have wherewithal, the affair being, as I think, a bad one for him, for us, and for Chambord. You will understand it, I hope, if you will listen to me. It is a holiday, and we have time to talk.

Twelve thousand acres of land fenced, that the park of Chambord contains, is a pretty present to one who knows how to till them. You and I know people whom they would not embarrass, and to whom they would come very apropos. But as for him, what will he do with them? His trade is to reign some day, if it so please God, and a chateau more or less will not help him a jot. We are about to embarrass ourselves, and increase our debts, to put off to another time our necessary expenses, to give him a thing that he does not want, which is of no service to him, and would be of service to others. What he needs in order to reign is not chateaux, it is our affection; for without it, there is no crown that is not heavy. This is the property he wants, and which he cannot have at the same time with our money. People enough, where he is, will tell him to the contrary, our deputies among the foremost, and his courtiers will repeat to him, that the more we pay the more faithful and loving subjects we are; that our devotion grows with the budget. But if he would know the truth, let him come here, and he will see on this subject and in plenty of others, our sentiments very different from those of the courtiers. They love the prince in proportion to what is given to them; we, in proportion to what is left us. * *

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"But what! I assure you it is the gentry of the court whose imagination gives birth, every day, to these marvellous projects. They could sooner invent the like than Fehlemberg's sowing machine, or the steamboat. The idea has been conceived, says the minister, to have Chambord bought by the communes of France, for the Duke of Bordeaux. The idea has been conceived! By whom, I pray? The Minister? He would not conceal it, would not rest satisfied with the honour of approving on a like occasion. The Prince? God forbid that it should have been his first idea, that this fancy should have seized him before that for sugar plums and rattles. The Communes, then, it seems? Not ours, as far as I know, on this side of the Loire, but those perhaps that have twice lodged the Cossacks of the Don. Here we feel sufficiently the blessings of the Holy Alliance; but it is quite another thing there, where they enjoyed its presence, possessed Sacken and Platoff. There, very naturally, they propose buying chateaux for princes and then bethink them of rebuilding their roofs and firesides. * *

"Returning to the notion of purchasing Chambord, let us confess that it is not us poor village-folk, that God has favoured with such inspirations. But of what importance is it after all? A man has been found in the higher circles, gifted with wit enough to have this happy idea; let it be a faithful courtier, formerly a pensioner of Fouché, or one of Bonaparte's gentlemen of the wardrobe, it is the same thing for us, who would have no other merit in the matter than that of paying. *

"Certainly this is a new idea that the Minister so much admires and charges us to execute. We have seen such gifts bestowed as the payment of great services, of brilliant actions; Eugene, Marlborough, at the close of a life all filled with glory, obtained from the nations they had defended, these testimonials of public gratitude; and Chambord itself, without hunting so far off for examples, what they wish to give to the Prince for his toy-box, *(layette*)* was the recompence to Count de Saxe, for a victory that saved France at Fontenoi. France, free by his means, that is to say, independent, delivered from foreign power, flourishing at home, presented this domain to her liberator, who came hither to repose, after thirty years of combat. His Royal Highness has been but six months at nurse, and it must be confessed, that between the conqueror Maurice (Count Saxe) and the Prince with the bib, there is some little difference, unless, perhaps, it be said, that commencing his life where the other finished his, he will finish as Maurice commenced, by delivering us from foreign powers.† I wish it, and I hope for it from the blood of that Henry who drove Spain from France; but it is folly, I believe, to pay him already, and I in nowise approve of *invalides*‡ in swaddling clothes. To pay a baby who had just seen the light, like the captain who gained battles, and by fortunate exploits acquired for his country both peace and honour, is what has not been seen heretofore: it is a new idea, that would not have occurred to us without official notice. To invent this, and to put in place of the hus-

*The word in fact means box, and more frequently baby-clothes.

†The allied forces were not yet withdrawn.

‡The disabled soldiers supported at the expense of government.

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sars of Count de Saxe, the Gentlemen of the Cradle, requires not only genius, but the talent of adulation which is only found where this kind of industry is well encouraged: this stroke rises above common meannesses, and places its author, whoever he be, beyond the generality of pick-thanks. He laughs in his sleeve apparently, at his comrades, who tread in the beaten path of old, worn-out cajolings, not knowing how to devise any thing. He will now be imitated 'till another can outstrip him.

When the governor of an infant king said to his pupil formerly, Master, every thing is yours; this people belongs to you, body and goods, beasts and folks; this was noted. All that surrounded him repeated; Master, every thing is yours, which, in the language of the courtiers, meant, every thing is ours, for the Court gives all to princes, as the priests give all to God; and these domains, these appurtenances, these civil lists, these budgets, belong not otherwise to the king than the revenues of the abbeys to Jesus Christ. Purchase, give Chambord, it is the court that will devour it, the prince will be neither the better nor the worse of it. Therefore these fine ideas of taxing us after so many fashions, always originate with the courtiers, who know very well what they are about in offering our money to the Prince. The offering is never for the saint, nor our savings for kings, but for that devouring swarm that hum around them from their cradle to St. Denis."* * * * * * * * *

He praises the Duke of Orleans, who placed his children at the public schools, to receive the same education as other children of all classes, and then goes on:—

"There is no better education than that of the public schools, nor none worse than that of the court. Ah! if in place of Chambord for the Duke of Bordeaux, they spoke to us of paying for his education at the college (and would to God that he were of an age, that I could see it with my own eyes) if that was the proposition, I would consent to it with all my heart, and would vote as much as they wished, should it cost me the best cutting of my hay. We should not complain of this expense, because it is of importance to all of us. * *

"What will he learn at Chambord? What Chambord and the court teaches There every thing is full of his ancestors. It is exactly on that account that I disapprove of it, and I would love much better that he would live with us than with his ancestors. There he will see, on all sides, the cyphers of a Diana, of a Chateaubriant, whose names yet sully these walls, once infected with their presence. Interpreters to explain such emblems will not be wanting to him, rest assured; and what instruction for a youth destined to reign! Here Louis, the model of kings, *lived* (this is the court expression) with the wife Montespan, with the daughter Lavalliere, with all the wives and daughters that it suited his pleasure to take from their husbands, or their parents. It was

* The burying place of the kings of France.

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then the age of morality, of religion ; and he took the communion every day. By this door, entered his mistress in the evening, and his confessor in the morning. There Henry did penance in the midst of his minions and monks ; morals and religion of the good old times ! Behold here the spot where a daughter bathed in tears, came to ask the life of her father, and obtained it (at what price ?) from Francis, who died there of his good morals. In this chamber, another Louis . . . ; in this, Philip . . . ; Oh ! morals ! Oh ! religion ! Chivalry, hypocrisy, where are you ? How many reminiscences are preserved in this monument, where every thing respires the innocence of monarchical times ! and what a pity would it have been to give up to industry, this temple of ancient morals, of ancient gallantry,(another court expression, that cannot be decently translated) to permit laborious families and ignoble households to establish themselves under these ceilings, the witnesses of so many august debauches ! This is what Chambord would say to the young prince."

ART. VI.—*Report of the Secretary of the Navy, with the accompanying Documents, &c.* Washington. 1829.

WHEN in a former number, we took a review of our Naval History, we promised to revert to the subject, for the purpose of discussing more fully some of the topics, then suggested, which seemed to us to be full of interest to all who felt any concern in the character or progress of the American Navy. The recent message of the President, and the report which stands at the head of this article, present a suitable occasion for continuing our observations on this interesting subject. Presuming that the suggestions from the Navy Department have been well considered, and that the opinions expressed by the Secretary and Navy Commissioners, are the deliberate convictions of those who have been constituted the especial guardians of the establishment, and who must therefore be presumed to be best acquainted with its wants and interests, it is obvious that a great crisis has arrived in the affairs of the Navy. The first effect of any proposition to make a radical change in the organization or management of any important department of the Government, must be to create on the public mind an impression decidedly un-

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favourable to its existing condition. The mere suggestion of the necessity of correcting abuses, founded, as it must be, on the admitted existence of such abuses, has a tendency to shake our confidence in the present state of the institution to be reformed, and so far to impair its popularity; which, in a country where the omnipotence of public opinion is universally felt and acknowledged, may have no inconsiderable influence on its future character and usefulness. The task, therefore, of endeavouring to reform an establishment, without creating prejudice against it, of freely exposing defects in its organization, or abuses in its administration, without impairing that salutary confidence which affords the best security for its efficiency, is certainly one of extreme difficulty and delicacy, and which cannot but be attended with some hazard to the parties concerned. Still it is not to be questioned, that the true, indeed the only mode, of avoiding the injurious consequences of these *exposures*, (if we may venture so to call them,) is to apply the proper correctives, the very moment abuses are discovered, though we are well aware that this can never be done, at least in this country, without laying the whole subject open to the scrutiny of the world.

We are inclined to think, that there is more danger to be apprehended to our institutions from the culpable indifference of our public functionaries, and a fatal supineness on the part of the people, than from any overanxious zeal or any persevering efforts in the cause of "reform." The task of detecting, exposing and correcting abuses, is one that must at all times be painful, and he who undertakes it will find himself engaged in a most thankless office. When attempted by the head of one of the great departments of the Government, he must, from the very nature of the case, encounter at the outset the secret or open opposition of all who may have any interest in perpetuating the abuse which he seeks to correct, while he can look for support only from those who may happen to feel such an interest in the subject, as to take the necessary pains to inform themselves of the true state of the case, and who may be placed in a situation which enables them to make up a disinterested and enlightened opinion. We have no hesitation in expressing our gratification at the efforts now making by the Secretary of the Navy to simplify and reform the establishment over which he presides. We can readily conceive, that in the course of thirty years, during which the Navy Department has existed under its present organization, various abuses must have crept in, which may now require correction, and that in the ra-

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pid enlargement of the establishment, which has been more than doubled within the last twelve years, defects must have been discovered, which unless speedily removed, may impair its efficiency and, finally, sap its very foundations. We know that public feeling, which, since the commencement of the late war had set with a resistless current towards the Navy, has of late been perceptibly checked. The affectionate respect and confidence with which all who have been in any way connected with this establishment, were every where greeted, has been gradually and perceptibly impaired. Trivial errors in the deportment of our officers, slight defects in their characters, have been blazoned forth by the press, with an avidity which seemed to indicate almost a malicious pleasure, while the conduct of our officers, both at home and abroad, and the services of our fleets on foreign stations, have been subjected to the severest scrutiny and most unsparing criticism. It is more than probable, that this seeming spirit of jealousy and discontent has not sprung up without some foundation, and we take for granted—what was indeed to have been expected—that the relaxation from discipline, incident to a state of profound peace, and the want of the excitements of active and dangerous service, may have had an effect as injurious to the reputation of our officers, at least, as the partial shade which time has cast over the gallant achievements on which that reputation was founded. In this state of things, it has perhaps become necessary, in order to restore the Navy to that envied place in the confidence and affection of the people, where it has heretofore reposed in safety and honour, to institute at once a rigid inquiry into its present condition, subjecting to the strictest scrutiny every branch of its administration, with a view to reformation, wherever it may be found necessary. And thoroughly persuaded as we are, that the time has come, when this operation can no longer be delayed with safety, we rejoice to find that it has been undertaken as the first important act of the new administration. We fear this work has already been too long delayed. We have heard it asserted by those who have had the very best opportunities of knowing the fact, that the Navy Department has never been completely organized, and judging from facts which have from time to time come to our own knowledge, and especially from the documents which accompany the report now before us, we can have no doubt of the truth of this assertion. It appears from the report of the Secretary, which is fully supported in this respect by those of the Navy Commissioners and the Fourth Auditor of the Treasury, that in the management of the fiscal concerns of the Depart-

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ment, there has never existed any efficient, practical check, whereby the faithful application of the public money to the objects for which it is appropriated, could be secured—that a strict accountability on the part of the officers entrusted with the expenditure of money for naval purposes, has never been effected—that money has constantly been transferred, almost at pleasure, from some heads of appropriation to others—that the appropriations for each year are always largely in arrear, to that which preceded it—that the pay and allowance to officers have depended much more on the ever varying discretion of successive Secretaries, than on the law regulating the subject, and, that in all the various branches of the service no regular systematic distribution of duties has ever been accomplished, or even attempted. On a careful examination of the documents before us, we have been surprized to find, how loosely (to use the mildest expression) the affairs of the Navy have been managed, and it is with unfeigned astonishment we have discovered, that the whole scheme of *specific appropriation*, solemnly established by the Act of 1809, has, from that time to the present, been wholly disregarded by those who have been entrusted with the administration of this department. But this is not all. It appears from the report of the Fourth Auditor, that the statements and estimates, annually submitted to Congress, have never, in a single instance, presented a true exhibit of the actual condition of any branch of naval expenditure. To put our readers in possession of the methods by which this has been accomplished, we must here make a few extracts from the Auditor's report :—

"By acts of Congress it is declared, that all moneys appropriated shall be applied to the purposes for which they are appropriated, and no other, except that transfers, in certain cases, may be made by the President, from one appropriation to another. In the Navy Department, the power of transfer extends only to "Pay of the Navy," "Provisions," "Medicines and Hospital Stores," "Repairs of vessels," and "Clothing." From either of these to any other, transfers may be made within the year for which the appropriations are made; and an account of such transfers is required to be laid before Congress, within the first week of their next succeeding session. On the first of February of each year, the Secretary of the Navy is required to lay before Congress a statement, under each specific head of appropriation, of the amounts appropriated for the service of the preceding year, of the amounts expended, and of the balance remaining on hand at the close of the year.

"When a Navy Agent, or other disbursing officer, wants money, he writes to the Secretary, stating the heads of appropriation under which it is wanted. The Secretary issues a requisition upon the Secretary of the Treasury for a warrant for the amount, stating each item under its

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proper head of appropriation. The Comptroller countersigns it, and charges each item to the proper appropriation. The Auditor registers it, and charges the items to the disbursing officer, also under the proper heads. The officer renders his accounts for disbursements under each head, and receives a credit under each.

"There are now unclosed accounts on the fourth Auditor's books, under upwards of forty heads of appropriation. Many disbursing officers have accounts under ten or fifteen different heads, which are precisely like ten or fifteen separate accounts. Did every person, receiving money from the Navy Department, ask for it under the proper heads, expend it under the proper heads, and render his accounts under the proper heads; and had no transfers ever been made, or, when made, had they been reported to Congress, and the deficiency immediately supplied, there would have been little or no irregularity in the accounts of the Department. But the irregular and unlawful practice of the Department, encouraging and producing similar irregularity among all its fiscal officers, has defeated the object of specific appropriations, and involved its accounts in almost inextricable confusion.

"When Agents have called for money under heads of appropriation which were exhausted, former Secretaries have not hesitated to send them money under other heads. This is a virtual transfer from one appropriation to another, and a violation of law. When the officers account for this money, it stands charged to them on the Auditor's books under one head, and they obtain credit under another. The money has, in fact, been applied to purposes other than those for which it was appropriated. But, when another appropriation is obtained under the deficient head, the amount borrowed is refunded. This is another virtual transfer, and a double violation of law, because it is a transfer from one year to another.

"When the Auditor and Comptroller have settled an account belonging to a head of appropriation which is exhausted, the practice has been to pay it by an advance out of another appropriation. This is also a palpable evasion of the law; the money is applied to purposes for which it was not appropriated; the account can never be closed on the books of this office, unless Congress make another appropriation under the deficient head; and even then, it must come out of another year's appropriation.

"Millions of money have been expended by the Navy Department, for purposes other than those for which it was appropriated. The accounts now unadjusted, arising solely from these irregularities, probably embrace more than a million of dollars. Many of them are as much creditor under one head, as debtor under another; but the Auditor has no power to transfer the amounts, and close them. It is probable that thirty thousand dollars would pay all that is really due upon these accounts, and an appropriation of that sum, with power to make the necessary transfers, would furnish the means to close them. No talents or skill can adjust them without the interposition of Congress.

"In every case where a transfer is made from one appropriation to another, or where money has been forwarded under one head to be expended under another, or where an advance is made under one head

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to pay a debt due under another, the Comptroller's books do not represent truly, the purposes for which the money is expended. For instance: an Agent asks for ten thousand dollars, under 'Pay of the Navy;' it is sent to him, under 'Provisions;' it is intended to be applied, and actually is applied to Pay; yet, on the second Comptroller's books, it is charged to Provisions, and, under that head, is reported to Congress. *Hence, there has not been for many years, a correct report made to Congress, of the purposes to which the money appropriated, has been applied.*

"On recurrence to the Comptroller's report, for 1828, you will find the first column headed 'Balances of Appropriations on the first day of January, 1828;' the second, 'Appropriated in 1828;' the third, 'Repayments in 1828;' these three, added together, form the fourth, headed 'Amount applicable to the service of 1828;' the fifth is headed, 'Amount drawn by requisition from the Treasury, during the year 1828;' and this, subtracted from the fourth, forms the sixth, headed 'Balances of Appropriations, on the 31st of December, 1828.' The first column gives the amount standing to the credit of each appropriation on the Comptroller's books, on the first day of January, 1828; but, as all transfers, made during the preceeding year, are debited to the appropriation from which the money was taken, and credited to that in aid of which the transfer is made, those balances are far from a true representation of the actual state of the several appropriations at that time. None of the principal appropriations *appear* to have been exhausted; yet some of them were exhausted, and had borrowed large amounts from others. The amounts, so borrowed, were repaid out of the appropriations for 1828. Before the expiration of that year, some of the appropriations were again exhausted, and sums of money again borrowed from others. All sums thus refunded and borrowed, as well as all sums transferred from one head of appropriation to another, for the purpose of adjusting accounts, are included in the column of 'Repayments.' It is obvious that none of these sums can at all increase the 'Amount applicable to the service of the year 1828; yet they are all added in to make up the items of the columns thus headed. The *bona fide* repayments are small in amount. Of the $369,909 94, under the head of 'Repayments in 1828,' it is not believed that the actual repayments amount to $60,000. The report, therefore, represents that there were upwards of $300,000 applicable to the service of 1828, more than actually were so applicable.

"Indeed, the system of borrowing from one appropriation, to make up deficiencies in another, is nothing more nor less than anticipating the appropriations of the next year. For instance: 'Pay Afloat,' is deficient; to make up the deficiency, the Secretary borrows $10,000 out of 'Provisions;' this $10,000 is refunded out of the sum appropriated for 'Pay Afloat,' for the next year. Thus, $10,000 of the appropriation for 'Pay Afloat,' in 1828, is actually anticipated, and spent in 1827, and the amount applicable to the service of 1828, is reduced in that sum. Yet, by representing the payment of this debt as a *repayment*, the Comptroller's Report represents it as increasing that amount!

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"The fifth column is not a true representation of the 'Amount drawn from the Treasury, during the year 1828,' because it includes all transfer requisitions, which take nothing from the Treasury, but merely transpose the money from one appropriation to another. In some cases, that column represents the same sum of money as drawn from the Treasury twice over. It is represented as drawn from the Treasury by the requisition which transfers it from one appropriation to another; and it is represented as drawn again by the requisitions which take it from the latter appropriation and pay it out to public officers or agents. Hence, that column represents the amounts drawn from the Treasury as much greater than they really are.

"The 'Balances of Appropriations, on the 31st day of December, 1828,' are made up in the same manner as the balances in the first column. They are far from conveying to Congress any correct idea of the state of the appropriations.

"In fine, from the Comptroller's Reports, neither Congress nor any body else can obtain any accurate information in relation to the amounts expended under each head of appropriation, or of the actual condition of the appropriations. As a system of book-keeping, exhibiting the amounts debited and credited to each appropriation, the mode of keeping these accounts in the Comptroller's office, is, doubtless, correct; but it does not enable the head of the Navy Department to give to Congress that information which the law requires. From inspection of the Comptroller's books, and conversations with those who keep them, I am satisfied, that to obtain from them correct information of the state of the appropriations, is now wholly impracticable. So many and so complicated have been the transfers, the refundings, the advances under wrong heads, &c &c. that the skein can never be unravelled, and the only remedy for the past is to cut the knot."

We confess that on reading these and other passages of like import, we were almost induced to believe that the Auditor having but lately come into office, had in his zeal for "reform," probably deceived himself, at least, as to the extent of the practices which he reprobates. It appears, however, from the Report of the Navy Commissioners, that Mr. Kendall is completely borne out by these gentlemen in all his material allegations. The Navy Board in speaking on the subject, distinctly says—

"The principle which confines the application of Navy appropriations to the particular objects for which they are made, or which in other phrase, declares that "the sums appropriated by law for each branch of expenditure, shall be solely applied to the objects for which they are respectively appropriated, and no other," has, in numerous instances, been violated in practice. The inquiries of the Commissioners lead them to believe, that this has been done sometimes intentionally, as the least of two evils; at other times, unintentionally, arising from misapprehension on the part of disbursing agents and others, as to the proper head of appropriation to which disbursements should be charged.

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"The cases particularly cited, are principally, it is believed, of the former class. The agents were *instructed*, it is understood, to apply moneys in their hands, under certain heads, to the payment of accounts arising and due under other heads. Such accounts were, it is said, of such a nature, that payment of them could not be postponed without violating the public faith, to preserve which, it became necessary to violate the law.

"Of the latter class, cases are cited in our communication of the 31st March last, to which we beg leave to refer you.

"The Commissioners not having been charged with the duty of adjusting and settling Navy accounts, can give no precise information respecting them; but the deep interest they take upon all subjects affecting the service in which they have the honour of holding commissions, has induced them from time to time to make inquiries, from which they are fully satisfied, that the intention of the law of 1809, in its provisions, as to the application of the specific appropriations, has never been carried into full effect, in any one year since its enactment. The theory of specific appropriations, would seem to embrace exact and precise accountability; and this consideratton, no doubt had some weight in producing its adoption. But the test which has been applied, in the expenditure of millions of dollars, during the last twenty years, has certainly not confirmed the anticipations of its advocates."

From these statements it is evident, that the most reprehensible practices have long prevailed in the management of the fiscal concerns of the Navy—that the act of 1809, with regard to *specific appropriations*, has always been considered as a dead letter, or what is worse, has been the occasion of introducing what might very properly be styled a *fictitious system of accounts*, which has only served to involve the whole subject in impenetrable obscurity. If the statements submitted to Congress, never, in a single instance, (as is alleged) exhibited the amount actually expended or required, under any given head of appropriation, for the service of the year, it is manifest that accurate information could not have been possessed by Congress, on these subjects.

Nor does it appear that any personal efforts on the part of the members would have removed the difficulty. "Let any Mem-'ber of Congress, or other person, however intelligent," says Mr. Kendall, "enter this office, and attempt to ascertain for 'what purposes public money has been paid during the last four 'years. Where will he look for information? Will he turn to 'the books? They will give him none. The entries are all in 'general terms, under each head, and *give no clue to the real character of the vouchers.* Will he ask the clerks? Their recol-'lections are indistinct and unsatisfactory. He can procure

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'what he wants, only by a personal inspection of ten thousands 'of vouchers in ten thousands of accounts, which it would take 'months to examine." While the accounts of the Navy were involved in such inextricable confusion, it is not at all surprising that the Members of Congress should have rested satisfied with the official estimates and statements, on the face of which every thing seemed so fair and regular. There was nothing apparent that was calculated even "to put them on the inquiry." We will here give an illustration of the effect of this system. In making an appropriation for the employment of any number of vessels at sea, for any given year, the amount really applicable to that service could not possibly be known without first ascertaining what transfers were to be made from the appropriation for sums, *previously borrowed* from other appropriations, nor without being also informed of the *amount of arrearages* necessary to be first deducted. Thus the expenditures as well as the appropriations for the different years, were constantly running into each other, until they have become so involved and complicated, that it is officially declared, that "they are incapable of being rectified." "There are now unclosed ac- 'counts," says Mr. Kendall, "in the Fourth Auditor's books, 'under upwards of forty heads of appropriation, and so many, 'and so complicated have been the transfers, the refundings, 'the advances under wrong heads, &c. that the skein can 'never be unravelled: the only remedy for the past is to cut 'the knot." With such an exhibit of the present financial condition of the Navy Department, our readers will doubtless agree with us, that the time has come when an efficient remedy must be applied, or the whole establishment will fall into disrepute, and finally into ruin. The people of this country are so jealous of unwarrantable assumptions of power, and so watchful and scrupulous in their supervision of the public expenditures, that they will never consent to support any establishment which is not conducted with a reasonable regard to economy, and on principles of the strictest accountability. The high reputation of our Navy Officers, and the deserved popularity of the Navy itself, will, we apprehend, be found insufficient to sustain an establishment, in the management of which, there is an habitual disregard of that considerate and just economy, which is in such entire harmony with all our national habits and political institutions.

It appears to us, that the remedy is, happily, as easy as the abuses are flagrant. We agree with the authors of the documents before us, that Congress alone can supply that remedy, though we are compelled to enter our decided protest against

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one of the measures, which seems to have found great favour, not only in the sight of the Fourth Auditor but of the Navy Commissioners. These gentlemen, attributing the confusion into which the Navy accounts have fallen, in a great measure, to the system of *specific appropriations*, adopted by the act of 1809, have recommended the appropriation hereafter, of "A SUM IN GROSS" for "THE SUPPORT OF THE NAVY," merely "requiring the 'Department to present specific estimates," and the "Secretary to 'account annually for the sums expended under each head of his 'estimates." That some inconvenience may have been experienced from the system of "specific appropriations," we can very readily conceive, especially if the separate heads of appropriation have been extended to any thing like "forty," as stated by Mr. Kendall. But the system of specific appropriations has also been adopted in the War Department, where it was introduced with complete effect by Mr. Calhoun, during his successful and popular administration of that Department, and notwithstanding the great increase of its business, (since there has been added to its appropriate duties, the entire management of the system of "internal improvements," involving expenditures greatly exceeding those of the Navy Department) we understand that the system has been strictly adhered to, and that there is not only none of the "confusion in the accounts," of which Mr. Kendall complains, but that the utmost harmony, exactness and simplicity prevail in every branch of its administration. In the expenditure of many millions of dollars, in this department, we are assured there has not been a single material error, or defalcation of any kind, and so complete is the machinery of the Department, that it may almost be said to carry on its operations by "a self-moving principle."

With this example before us, we must conclude, that the difficulties which have been experienced in the Navy Department, have not arisen so much out of the system of specific appropriations, as from the defective execution of that system, and an original imperfection in the organization of that Department. To the successful operation of a system of specific appropriations, *separate bureaus* are altogether indispensable. These were very early adopted by Mr. Calhoun, in the War Department, and have been found to answer completely the purposes for which they were designed. Let this system then be at once introduced into the administration of the fiscal concerns of the Navy; let the complicated business, now thrown upon a single Board of Commissioners, be divided into three or more distinct branches, each under a separate chief, subordinate to the head of the Department; let the appropriations for the Navy be made in ref-

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erence to the distribution of duties, and we cannot doubt, that the result will be the speedy introduction into this branch of our government, of all that order and simplicity which has redounded so much to the honor of the Department of War.

We cannot bring ourselves to believe, that it can be necessary to abandon the system of "specific appropriations," and to substitute for it a scheme of "specific accounts" merely; and we confess we have great reluctance to give up a system which has proved so beneficial in other departments of the government, and which we think capable of such valuable uses. Without entering further into detail, we leave this branch of the subject, with the expression of our strong conviction, that all the defects which have been pointed out in the organization and management of the Navy Department, so far as its pecuniary operations are involved, may be effectually removed by causing the existing accounts to be closed—by making separate appropriations to cover all arrearages—by establishing three or more separate bureaus—by confining the appropriations as well as the expenditures and accounts to a limited number of general heads—and then taking care that the laws on these subjects, shall, in all cases hereafter, be strictly enforced.

Passing from the defects in the organization and errors in the administration of the Navy Department, the Report proceeds to consider the present state of THE NAVY ITSELF. Here, the actual condition of our Vessels of War and Navy Yards; the number, rank and pay of Officers; the state of discipline; and many other points intimately connected with the welfare of the establishment, are passed in rapid review; existing defects are pointed out, and the appropriate remedies suggested. On several of these topics, our limits will not permit us even to touch; on others, we must necessarily be very brief.

With respect to the policy of reducing the existing number of Navy Yards TO TWO GREAT ESTABLISHMENTS, at the Chesapeake and Narragansett Bays, (as suggested in the Report,) we have but one or two remarks to make. We think, that unless the good of the service imperiously demands such a reduction, it certainly ought not to be made. In a government like ours, spread over a territory of such vast extent, inhabited by a people exhibiting so great a variety of interests and feelings, it is certainly desirable that every portion of the country should, as far as may be practicable, participate in all the advantages resulting from our national establishments. Next to *the unequal imposition of taxes*, we know of no burthen that operates greater or more severe injustice, than *the partial and unequal expenditure of the public money*. When we look into

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the Constitution, and find how carefully the framers of that instrument have provided, that "no direct tax shall be laid unless in proportion to the census," &c. and "that no preference shall be given by any regulation of commerce or revenue, to the parts of one state over those of another," we are almost tempted to consider it as a culpable omission, that they did not also attempt to secure something like equality in the distribution of the revenue so collected. But, however that may be, no doubt can exist of *the true spirit* in which our national affairs ought to be administered, in order to bind the different parts of the country together, in the bonds of amity and concord. That spirit must be one of mutual conciliation, founded on an equal participation in the *benefits*, as of the *burthens* of the government. The true republican maxim in this conntry ought to be, EQUAL CONTRIBUTIONS, and, as far as may be, EQUAL DISTRIBUTIONS. We shall certainly not contend, that in the expenditure of the money appropriated to the Army and Navy, the Fortifications, or the Post-Office, each State must have a given amount expended within its limits; but we maintain that no portion of our common country should be entirely neglected, and, that so far as is consistent with the efficiency of our national establishments, every great section ought to be suffered to partake of their advantages. So far, therefore, from feeling any disposition to break up the existing Navy-Yards, and to substitute for them one or two great establishments, in certain central positions, we should feel inclined, if it could be done without an extraordinary increase of expenditure, to enlarge the number, until every important division of the sea coast should possess at least one of these establishments. We think there ought to be one or more of them on the Gulph of Mexico; one at least at some point between Cape Florida and the Chesapeake, in addition to the five which now exist in, and to the north of the Chesapeake. It may be, that the task of building and repairing ships, might be carried on with greater facility in one great establishment than in several of less magnitude. The accumulation of immense quantities of ship timber, and the concentration of vast numbers of workmen at a single point, might have the effect, as suggested, of reducing wages, and thus lessening, in some degree, the expense of shipbuilding. But these advantages would, in our judgment, be more than counterbalanced by the effect of such a plan, in alienating the affections of the people from an establishment with which they would no longer have any immediate connexion, and for the support of which they would soon perceive, that the wealth of other sections of country was drained off, to be accumulated in a single spot. We confess, too, that we should look

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with some distrust, we might say, with *apprehension*, to the political consequences of such a concentration of mere dependants on the Federal Government, as a measure calculated to give to the Executive a political influence and control that must be overwhelming in the districts where the great establishments should be seated. For the operation of combined fleets, in time of war, it may be necessary to appoint one or two places of rendezvous, (at least while the number of our ships is as limited as at present) and the necessity of having these points sufficiently provided with building materials, and completely fortified, will not be questioned. But for all the operations of the Navy in peace, the collection of ship-timber, the construction and repair of vessels, procuring supplies, &c. we cannot, for a moment, doubt, that it will be found both convenient and economical, to have a number of building-yards, at suitable intervals, along the whole coast, from the Mississippi to Maine, and that the creation of such an establishment, at some convenient point between the Chesapeake and the Gulph of Mexico, is due to the just claims of the inhabitants of this extensive and fertile region of our country. It is along this coast that *live oak* and *yellow pine*, and naval stores of every description, can be most readily and cheaply procured. It has been proved, by the examinations of numerous witnesses, taken by order of the Navy Department, and officially laid before Congress, that this invaluable timber can be procured and laid up here, at less cost, than at any of the existing Navy-Yards of the United States. It is also proved, from the same documents, that the expense of building, repairing and equipping ships of war, and other vessels of an inferior class, would not be greater here, than at New-York or Boston. The superior facilities of obtaining repairs and supplies for a squadron cruising on the West India station, must be acknowledged by every one who will only look at the map. Ships from the Havana may, at all seasons of the year, reach Charleston, or Port Royal, or Savannah, in three or four days, and even during the prevalence of yellow fever, at Charleston, (which usually does not occur oftener than once in three or four years) may lie in our harbour with perfect safety. The creation of a British Naval Establishment at BERMUDA, *at our very doors*, which seems to have entirely escaped the notice of our government, gives us additional claims not to be entirely excluded from the visits of our vessels of war; and we are compelled to add, that we have found, from past experience, that these visits can only be secured, by having such establishments as will afford every facility for repairing and refitting ships. The time was, when we had a Navy-Yard at Charleston, adequate not only to

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the repairing, but the building of ships of war. The JOHN ADAMS, then a corvette, was built in Charleston, and together with the HORNET and WASP and other ships of the same class, were constantly in the habit of procuring supplies at this port. The Navy-Yard was broken up, and an order, as we have understood, issued, forbidding our public vessels from visiting this port, unless in cases of necessity, and the consequence has been, that the Navy is now only known to our citizens, but in the history of its gallant exploits; and from the drains which it daily and hourly makes on our resources, which, for this and all other purposes connected with the administration of the Federal Government, is *flowing north*, with the fullness and steadiness of the gulph stream, that knows no reflux. With a single additional remark, we will leave this topic, which is, that before we adopt the scheme of breaking up the existing Navy-Yards, it ought to be well considered how far this measure would be consistent with the policy recommended by the President, of laying up extensive supplies of timber, to be immediately converted into ships on the apprehension of a war. Would it be possible to provide a sufficient number of *building slips* in one or two Navy-Yards, to enable us to construct, on a sudden emergency, such a number of vessels as we may, in that event, be compelled to build? We know that in Europe, the multiplication of those building slips, is deemed the very first and indispensable step towards any rapid enlargement of their establishments, and that both in England and France, the vigorous measures recently adopted for the improvement of their Navies, have led to an *increase in the number of their Navy-Yards.* The following extract from a document, to which we shall have occasion presently to refer somewhat more at large, will set this matter in so clear a light, as to make any further remarks on our part superfluous. "In France," says our informant, "in order to be enabled to make the proposed increase in their Navy, *without hurrying the vessels from the stocks* before they are well seasoned, no less than *fifty-six building slips*, for large vessels, have been established, and more are now constructing."

The suggestions for the improvement of the condition of our officers and men—an increase of rank and pay—the regulation of enlistments—and the establishment of schools for the instruction of Midshipmen, are all worthy of the favourable consideration of Congress. The "judicious pruning" recommended by the Secretary would, also, doubtless be a very healthful operation, provided it can be successfully performed. But great caution must be used, lest in lopping off, what may be considered "the superfluous branches," we should impair the beauty or

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vigour of the tree. We should consider it a great misfortune that the spirit of reform should be carried so far as to impair in any degree, *the stability* of the Naval establishment. We should regret that a single officer, capable of rendering official services, or who had ever rendered such services, should now be turned adrift, or be sent to seek relief in the cold and cheerless walls of a Naval asylum. To keep up the pride and spirit of our officers, to make them men worthy of being entrusted with the honour of the American flag, they must be made to feel that they hold their offices by a tenure *more stable* than the political parties of the day, or the fluctuations of policy or opinion, incident to every change in the administration of our public affairs.

The policy recommended by the President of *ceasing to build*, and confining our present efforts to laying up materials for future use, is one, of which we expressed an approbation two years ago, and which certainly seems to be forced upon us by the present condition of the country. Notwithstanding the prodigious advances which the United States have made since the revolution, in science and the arts; though our population has increased threefold, with a corresponding increare in our commerce, and resources of every description; it is not to be denied that we have not yet attained that state, which would justify the employment in time of peace, of a greater number of vessels than have actually been maintained at sea for the last three or four years. Two or three ships of the line, eight or ten frigates, and as many sloops of war, may be considered as the permanent force which the United States for twenty years to come, will be able and willing to keep in commission. Under such circumstances, most of the ships already launched, must constantly be laid up, in ordinary, undergoing that process of decay, which, according to the Report of the Secretary, will render them unfit for service in a few years. We deem it most unfortunate, that the plan of building and keeping ships under houses, (ready to be launched in any emergency,) had not been adopted at an earlier period. The tardy adoption of that system has been the occasion of a loss to this country of millions of money, and what is even more to be regretted, of immense quantities of that valuable species of timber which money cannot replace, and which, in a very few years, will be sought for in vain. It is certainly a disheartening, and exceedingly melancholy spectacle, to behold such noble ships as the *Ohio*, the *Washington*, or the *Franklin*—the proud models of every thing that is excellent in naval architecture—capable of bearing the American eagle in triumph, to the uttermost parts of the earth—to know that notwithstanding their gigantic forms, and noble

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bearing, they are destined, in a few short years, to premature decay, and an untimely fate. Like the "whited sepulchres" of holy writ, though they present a beautiful exterior, yet within they are full of rottenness "and all uncleanness." The fate of our ships, however, is in this respect, by no means singular. The British, the French, and the Russian navies, have all suffered, and are now suffering, from the same cause; and, as we are informed, in a much greater degree than our own. This is doubtless, in some measure, attributable to the practice which has long prevailed in Europe—and in some degree, though to less extent, among ourselves—of building ships with unseasoned timber. Wherever that practice has prevailed, the speedy decay of the ships so constructed, is the inevitable consequence. The exposure to the weather of vessels, built even of the best materials, must always be a cause of their rapid dissolution, and therefore the plan recommended by the President, of having all vessels in ordinary, completely protected by solid, though moveable covers, will doubtless contribute much towards their future preservation. We apprehend, however, that further experience will demonstrate, that vessels lying on the water cannot be entirely preserved from decay. No sheathing of timber, of copper, or of lead; no external covering, can exclude the damp vapour from insinuating itself through the sides of the ship, into situations, where a free circulation of air cannot possibly be secured, and where, consequently, the *dry rot*, and other fatal corruptions to which ships are liable, will be generated. This has proved to be the case in all the navies of the world, and it will prove so in our own. So great has been the loss in the British navy, from this cause, "that," it is stated, "one-third part of the whole number of her ships have been broken up since the peace." In the Russian navy, we are assured, that *twelve years* is considered as the limit of a ship's life; and that after that period, she becomes unseaworthy, and is suffered quietly "to lay her bones," without further disturbance. "The average durability of French ships (says an intelligent correspondent) is found to be *twelve years*; they consequently prepare to build annually, what shall be equivalent to one-twelfth of their present force, besides such vessels as shall be necessary for the proposed increase." In this point of view, it will be seen at once, how important it is to us, to launch no more vessels of war, than may be absolutely necessary for the ordinary services of a time of peace, and that we should husband our resources until the time shall arrive for putting forth our strength.

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Congress, by the Act passed during the session of 1827, for "the gradual improvement of the Navy," seems to have deliberately adopted the policy now recommended by the Executive, and we well recollect, that in the exposition of the views of the Naval Committee of the Senate, made on that occasion by their chairman, the wisdom, nay absolute necessity, of adopting it, was enforced and illustrated. The harmony of the Legislature and the Executive, on this subject, seems to afford ample security, that this will, for many years to come, be the settled naval policy of the United States.

Having gone through what we proposed to offer in connexion with the Message and Documents, we now proceed to redeem, in part, a pledge made on a former occasion, of presenting our views, and indulging a few speculations in relation to the Navy, considered in comparison with the navies of Europe, and of the new states, which have lately sprung up in this hemisphere. These must necessarily be brief, and we fear, desultory.

Taking it for granted, that the United States, notwithstanding the interruption to her progress occasioned by the restrictive system, is destined to become one of the greatest commercial nations in the world, we conclude that her distinction as a great naval power, is equally certain. Amidst so many and such powerful impulses, all urging her forward to the fulfilment of her high destinies, it is hardly to be conceived that the clamours of interested monopolists, the triumph of ignorance or delusion, the influence of an unhallowed spirit of party—or indeed, any combination of adverse circumstances, can long induce the American people to abandon the ocean, for the less inviting, and we must think less profitable employments of the loom and the work-shop. But commerce necessarily brings in its train, collision with foreign powers—cupidity and commercial rivalry, being the never failing sources of discord, must sooner or later produce aggression.

Merchants will claim, and must receive protection; this can, in general, only be afforded by a naval force; and thus a navy springs up almost spontaneously in every country extensively engaged in commercial pursuits. Happily, however, while commerce calls for the creation, it also furnishes the means for the support of a navy. Experience, indeed, has shewn that the extent of the navy of any country, must, in a great measure, depend on the extent of its commercial resources. Brought to this test, the United States may be considered as entitled—when time shall have been allowed for the full developement of her resources—to hold a very high rank among the naval powers of

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the world. In the mean time, however, it is not to be denied that great difficulties will have to be encountered in creating and supporting a navy, commensurate with the rapidly increasing population and resources of the country. We do not know that it has ever been found practicable any where, to secure by *voluntary enlistments*, a sufficient number of seamen for the use of a navy of any considerable extent in time of war. England, it is said, has, since the peace, been enabled to dispense with the practice of impressment, to which she has always been compelled to resort in time of war. In this country, we know that during the late war, (when we did not possess a single ship of the line, and not half as many frigates as we have at present) great difficulty was experienced in manning our ships; and even since the peace, it has been found no easy matter to provide crews for the few vessels kept in commission. In the event of another war, when we shall, probably, have twenty ships of the line, and a much greater number of frigates and sloops of war, the difficulty of manning our ships by voluntary enlistments may, possibly, become insuperable. This subject has, at various periods, attracted the attention of our government, and several plans have been suggested to remove the evil. A regulation, by which an increased proportion of boys should be required to make up the crew of every American merchant ship, was some time since earnestly recommended by the Secretary of the Navy, and was fully considered by a committee of Congress, who reported against it as a regulation that would be found extremely oppressive to the ship-owner. Various propositions since made, have all shared the same fate. Little doubt, we think, can exist, that we shall always be able, under a wise and liberal system of enlistments, to procure a sufficient number of able seamen in time of peace. In a period of war, by withholding commissions from private-armed vessels—a measure first recommended by Dr. Franklin, and enforced by our two last Presidents—and adopting other regulations that could be suggested, a large number of seamen could, doubtless, be transferred from the commercial to the military marine; but still we apprehend that the number would fall far short of the demands of the service. Besides, we must be permitted to express our doubts of the policy on the part of the United States, of putting an end to privateering, at least, while the relative situation of Great-Britain and the United States shall remain as it is at present. On the whole, we are compelled to acknowledge, that the procuring of seamen by voluntary enlistment, will, probably, be found to be the greatest difficulty which the Navy is destined to encounter, in its future progress. The records of the number of American

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seamen, are known to be imperfect. The multiplication of steam-boats along the coast, and other causes, are rapidly reducing this number, and where this diminution will stop, no one can now tell.

In this state of our affairs, it is gratifying to know, that experiments are making in France, as well as in Russia, which, should they be attended with success, will suggest at least *one of the means*, by which sailors can be created—though it is more than probable that we should consider the remedy, in the mode in which it is administered in those countries, worse than the disease. The experiments to which we allude, relate to the *marine conscription*. It is well known, as we have above remarked, that in no country except our own, has reliance been placed exclusively on voluntary enlistments, for supplying its navy, in time of war. Great-Britain, from the earliest periods of her naval history, has been compelled to resort to the practice of impressment. Russia, from the reign of Peter the Great, has principally depended on her conscription; and Holland, in the most brilliant days of her liberty and power, when De Ruyter and Van Tromp were scouring the seas, with a broom at their mast-heads, was unable to command the voluntary services of her seamen. But though the practice of resorting to compulsion for the purpose of manning fleets, has been so long familiarly known, and freely resorted to, we do not think that a fair experiment has ever been made until now, as to the extent to which that system, when well regulated and adapted, as perhaps, it may be, even to a free people, can be carried: no experiments have heretofore been made to ascertain how far the marine conscription can be successfully applied, in converting landsmen into sailors. From recent information, derived from authentic sources, we have ascertained that this experiment is now going on, upon an extensive scale, both in Russia and France, and with the most flattering prospects of success. In both of these countries, a certain number of young men are annually selected from those drafted for military service, for the use of the navy. These young men, after receiving some preliminary instruction in the use of arms, at the military stations on the sea-coast, are sent to sea, where the habits and duties of the sailor are gradually engrafted upon those of the soldier.—Great pains, we are assured, are taken to make the situation of these conscripts as pleasant as possible. They are well paid, well fed, comfortably clothed, and treated in a manner the most indulgent. If they have families at home, they are supported by the government, and, after a certain period of service, which, in Russia is fixed at twenty years, they are entitled to a

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discharge, with a pension for life. While not engaged in sea service, these men are employed at the navy-yards and depôts along the coast, in the performance of appropriate duties. We have been assured, by an officer of great distinction, who served for many years both in the British and Russian navies, and who rendered important services at the battle of *Navarino*, that the Russian conscripts, after two or three years service at sea, are found to be *as good sailors as any in the world*, and that in the battle above alluded to, they were, in all respects, as efficient as any other seamen engaged in that conflict. Desertions—so common in the British navy, and not altogether unknown in our own—are said never to take place among the Russian conscripts. In France, this system, introduced in 1822, is now in a course of experiment on a larger scale, and under circumstances calculated to give to the result, the greatest practical importance. During the reign of Bonaparte, the military spirit in France absorbed every thing. The army was the favourite child of the Republic—the foundation of its glory—the bulwark of its power—while, by Napoleon himself, it was considered as the instrument of his ambition, and the only safeguard of his throne. While the army was every thing, the navy was regarded as nothing, and, we accordingly find, that no systematic or persevering efforts were ever made, during the continuance of Napoleon's power, to build up the French navy. On the restoration of the Bourbons, however, the military spirit rapidly subsided, and, in its place, has sprung up liberal and enlightened efforts to restore and build up the French navy. It has risen with renovated strength and beauty. The progress that has been made, within a few years past, in preparing timber and building ships, is truly astonishing; while in procuring seamen, the conscription system has been applied to the French navy, with a success not only surpassing all former experience, but going far beyond the most sanguine expectations of its projectors. We have now before us, a speech, not long since delivered in the Chamber of Deputies, by the Minister of the French Marine, from which we will make several extracts that relate to the progress of the conscription system, and the sanguine hopes entertained of its ultimate success. It is really amusing to see how adroitly the French Minister, in order to give popularity to his favourite scheme, appeals to the vanity, the pride, and love of glory, so characteristic of his countrymen. The passages marked in italics, are, in this respect, worthy of notice:—

"An order of the King, upon the military organization and administration of the royal corps of Marines, (equipages de ligne) will soon ap-

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pear. This order will contain a complete account of the method of organizing this new corps, of which the utility is so great and so demonstrable, that I should conceive myself guilty of wasting the time of the Chamber, if I were seriously to defend an institution so important and so essentially national.

"Gentlemen, it is a magnificent idea to *associate the whole of France with our naval glory.* I have often heard it said that it is unfortunate for our navy, that Paris is not a seaport. Well! if the capital has long been ignorant of what a ship is, and the importance of a navy—if it has been ignorant of all the advantages which we can derive to our prosperity and to our power, from those seas which surround us, from those noble harbours created by nature and Louis XIV. *all France will know it now.* The children of Neptune, dispersed throughout the kingdom, will make the navy known, loved, and respected; and we shall find in Auvergne, as in Brittany, excellent sailors, just as we find in Brittany as well as in Auvergne, intrepid soldiers.

"*France stands in need of union: can any thing be found more effective in rendering that union lasting than by making its glories common property?* Let us congratulate ourselves on the extinction of the phrase, 'the sea belongs to the Bretons.' *At present it belongs to us all.* Let a few years elapse, and then we shall see what these marines are, and what they can do. The reporter of your committee uses this expression:—'In order to let the marines arrive at the degree of utility of which they are capable, the Minister must often recall to the attention of the officers, that it is sailors and not soldiers that they have to form.'

"Let our colleague regain his confidence. The Minister knows, the officers of the marine know also, that the management of small arms, and the exercise of infantry, are only secondary duties with a sailor—*Besides, every Frenchman is by instinct a warrior. When, therefore, we send him to the sea,* we must endeavour first of all to make a marine of him, and afterwards to make a soldier of him too. This is the double object of the order of which I have been just speaking The marines of our vessels will be principally, and without distinction, employed in every kind of service which belongs to manœuvres, to artillery, to steerage, to the preservation, and to the management of the ship. They will perform, besides, the service of infantry on board the vessels of war and in the arsenals, in such a manner as will make our soldiers marines, and our marines soldiers. The thing is possible—let us say easy: our conscripts have proved it, and I can say, without exaggeration, that they will know in a few months how to mount the masts, just as they would know on the first day of their service, if it were necessary, to mount to the assault. *Ah. gentlemen, what is there that a Frenchman cannot do,* when his intelligence is applied to purposes of utility, and when his courage is really excited? *It is these marines of ours, so recently formed, that achieved the triumph of Navarino.* It is true they were nobly commanded. Yes, gentlemen, every chief, every officer acted like an example to them, and on that day all of them conquered.

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"A few more observations on these marines. This institution will make us find sailors, and excellent sailors, in every part of France.

"I calculate that twenty thousand men will be wanted for this service in time of peace—thirteen thousand for the fleet, and seven thousand for the garrisons of the naval fortresses. Should war or extraordinary circumstances surprise us, land troops may supply the seven thousand marines who are at our harbours, and we shall then have immediately seven thousand marines more. Commerce can but gain by the formation of those corps of marines. Commerce is often much inconvenienced, as you know, when we take from its employment a number of sailors. The time will come, when we shall be able to furnish it with sailors, and with excellent sailors too. Observe too, gentlemen, that in forming marines, we create lasting professions. The soldier, in returning to the fire-side of his family, often finds himself without an occupation. After eight years' service on board our ships, the sailor, full of strength and life, will be courted and sought for by our merchants. The ocean is a vast field, which his courage may always explore: during war, glory—during peace, industry will animate the marine. He is, therefore, always sure of being employed, and of being able to serve his country. A draft of an ordinance, (a work of great extent and long wanted) relative to the service of the marine, in the maritime districts, has just been completed. This ordinance will define in a clear and positive manner, the amount of service required from each district. It will put an end to the uncertainty, to the conflicts, to the possible abuses of authority—it will simplify the wheelworks of the administration—it will render its superintendence more sure and more active. It will, in a word, secure in our harbours the punctual execution of the regulations and the laws of the kingdom."

It may be supposed that these statements are exaggerated, and taking into consideration the source from which they proceed, ought to be received "with many grains of allowance." But we have taken some pains to inform ourselves from the most authentic sources, as to the present condition of the French navy, and the result is a thorough conviction, that at no antecedent period in its history, has it ever exhibited any thing like the efficiency which it now possesses. The ships which compose it are, in all respects, of the first quality; the officers and men are animated by a new-born zeal, which promises to put that navy on a footing with any in the world. It is, perhaps, known to the public, that one of the most experienced and scientific of our officers not long since visited Europe, for the purpose of looking into the condition of the naval establishments on that continent. We have been favoured with a perusal of such parts of his Report, as were not considered of a confidential character, and we shall here present one or two extracts from this interesting and valuable document. These will confirm all the accounts we have received, of the new impulse which has been given to the French marine.

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"To increase the efficient strength of the naval force, is evidently an object of peculiar interest, both in France and England.

"In France, it is proposed to greatly increase the dock-yard at Toulon, construct a new dry-dock, a large wet-basin, twenty building slips, and the necessary store-houses corresponding to these objects.

"In their dock-yards upon the Atlantic and Channel, new dry-docks, building-slips, ship-houses, and store-houses are constructing; and in all their yards they have large supplies of stores, particularly of timber, which they are constantly increasing from their own forests and by importations from other countries.

"The vessels now constructing, are all of very large dimensions for their respective classes, are heavily timbered, strongly built, and well calculated to carry the heavy armament destined for them.

"The general appearance and management of their vessels in commission indicate good discipline and skilful officers, and the number of vessels kept in active service, is calculated to improve the former and increase the number of the latter.

"The great obstacle to a more rapid extension of the French navy, is the want of seamen, and the best mode of supplying this deficiency, is an object of great interest with the government at this time. Modifications of the existing regulations of the Commercial Marine, have been proposed, and are under consideration, and the Conscription has been extended to the navy as an experiment. This was also attempted with but little success, under Napoleon, but the failure may be attributed to the impossibility of their giving the conscripts any exercise at sea, before they were compelled to meet their enemies in battle: as this obstacle no longer exists, more favourable results are anticipated. The substitution of seamen for marines, is also contemplated, both in their dock-yards, and on board ship. The recent establishment of a Council of Admiralty at Paris, composed of experienced sea-officers, has already been attended with beneficial results. In addition to their other duties, they are at present engaged in revising and condensing the various naval ordinances and regulations, which are now in force.

"The naval force of France in 1825, comprising vessels built and building, consisted of eighteen ships of three-decks, forty-one of two-decks, forty-four frigates, sixteen corvettes, eighty-four brigs and schooners, three bomb-vessels, and one hundred and three armed transports, store-ships, luggers and small vessels. There were employed in the civil and military branches of the service, no less than 30,920 persons, besides 23,645 mechanics and labourers, their galley slaves included. The whole appropriation was sixty millions of francs.

"The force kept in commission, during the same year, consisted of three two-deckers, eighteen frigates, ten corvettes, thirty-nine brigs and schooners, and forty-six cutters, luggers, transports, store ships, and small vessels, employing 14,963 seamen and marines, and it is believed that this force has been increased during the present year. On the whole, France may be considered as possessed of a Navy, respectable for the number and character of its vessels, and the zeal and intelligence of its officers; provided with the necessary establishments and supplies of materials for increasing the number of their ships when they may be

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required, and constantly employing vessels sufficient to increase rapidly the number and qualifications of the officers and seamen.

"Great-Britain, at all times extremely attentive to her Navy, has, since the late peace, bestowed unusual attention to this important subject. The transition from a state of war to that of peace, enabled her to increase the moral strength of her Navy, by the substitution of voluntary enlistments for impressment, and by the selection of those officers best qualified to perform their respective duties. By the adoption of voluntary enlistments, it became necessary to render the naval service popular with the seamen, and their situation has been improved by a great diminution of corporal punishment, a more careful attention to their wants generally, and by the introduction of many valuable articles of food in their rations, and the suppression of one half of their former allowance of spirits.

"Although the number of vessels in the British Navy has been greatly reduced, since 1815, at no former period has its efficient strength been greater than at this time. As the smaller vessels of the different classes decayed, they were broken up, sold, or reduced and incorporated into the next inferior class. The large vessels of the repective classes, have been retained, and additions made of new vessels, of increased strength and dimensions, and with heavier armaments. No expense is spared to preserve their present force in a state of readiness for service; immediate repairs are made, whenever they become necessary, and ample supplies of stores for the equipment of vessels are kept in a state of readiness. Future wants are anticipated, and their arsenals are amply supplied with the important articles of canvass, hemp, copper, iron and timber. For the latter article, all quarters of the world are visited. Asia furnishes large quantities of her valuable teak; Brazil and Africa supply timber nearly equal in value; fir and pine are obtained from the north of Europe, Canada, and our Southern States; and oak of an excellent quality from the South of Europe.

Nor has less attention been paid to their dock-yards, and those establishments necessary for the increase and preservation of her force, and to enable her to employ it to the greatest advantage, in different parts of the world. In England, the yard at Woolwich has been enlarged, and ship-houses erected: at Chatham, they are substituting dry-docks and quays of hewn granite, for those heretofore built of wood; Sheerness is to be entirely rebuilt, and much enlarged; much has already been completed, and in a few years, it will become one of their most important naval establishments. The dry-docks, basins and quays are all built with hewn granite, and in the most substantial manner; the different store-houses, which are very spacious, are constructed entirely of masonry and iron, and thus rendered secure from fire. At Portsmouth, the dry-docks have been repaired, ship-houses and dock-covers constructed, and all parts of the establishment kept in readiness for service.

"A naval college for the instruction of midshipmen, and a school of naval architecture are established at this yard. At Plymouth, quays are also constructing of hewn granite; very large and commodious ship-

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houses and dock-covers have been constructed; the docks and every part of the establishment kept in the highest and most efficient order.

"The construction of the break-water for the protection of the Sound, is actively continued, and is in a state of great forwardness.

"At Pembroke, which I did not visit, there is said to be an excellent dock, eight building-slips for large vessels, besides others for small vessels, and the necessary establishments connected with them.

"In addition to these, they have establishments at Gibraltar and Malta, in the Mediterranean; at the Cape of Good Hope, Bombay, and Trincomalé, for the Indian Ocean; Jamaica, in the West-Indies; Kingston, for the lakes; Halifax, and particularly Bermuda, where they have expended immense sums to prepare it for the rendezvous of naval forces, to be employed upon our own coast. They have expended, within the last ten years, fifty millions of dollars for building and repairing ships, twenty millions for the improvement of their dock-yards, and upwards of eighty millions for that part of their force kept in commission. Their navy, including vessels building, at present consists of twenty four ships of three-decks, one hundred and fifteen of two-decks, twenty-four frigates of from 50 to 64 guns, ninety-five frigates of from 40 to 50, eighteen sloops of from 20 to 28, and three hundred and thirty smaller vessels. Of these, there are in commission, three three-decked ships, thirteen of two-decks, thirty-three frigates, fifty-eight sloops, and sixty-five smaller vessels,* for manning which, thirty thousand seamen and marines have been voted.

"It is believed also, that both France and England have made provision of steam-engines, preparatory to the introduction of steam-vessels into future naval warfare. The experiments of our ingenious country-

* The following table exhibits the comparative dimensions of French, English and American Ships.

	FRENCH.		ENGLISH.		AMERICAN.	
	Length.	Breadth.	Length.	Breadth.	Length.	Breadth.
1st Rates of 3 decks - - -	207 2	53 10	208 6	53 8	210 0	56 9
2d Rates, 2 decks, last built -	205 0	53 1½	196 6	51 0	196 3	53 0
Frigates, largest class - - -	177 2	46 3	172 0	43 0	175 0	45 0

All in English measure—feet and inches.

Comparative armament of French and English Ships.

	LONG GUNS.							CARRONADES.				
Pounders...	36	32	30	24	18	12	8	42	36	32	30	24
French ships, 3 decks, Fr. weight -	—	—	—	34	—	34	14	—	18	—	—	—
English ships, 3 decks, Eng. wght. -	—	34	—	72†	—	8	—	—	—	12	—	—
French ships, 2 decks, new, Fr. wt. -	—	—	66‡	—	4	—	—	—	—	—	30	—
English ships, 2 decks, new, Eng. wt.	—	34	—	42‖	—	—	—	—	—	16	—	—
French frigates, new, Fr. wght - -	—	—	30	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	30	—
English frigates, new, Eng. wgt - -	—	—	—	30	—	—	—	22	—	—	—	—

† 36 heavy and 36 light. ‡ 32 heavy and 34 light. ‖ 34 heavy and 8 light.

Some of the English ships of two decks, have 32-pounders on both gun-decks, and 42-pound carronades on the spar-deck, and others have 32-pound long guns, and 32-pound carronades throughout.

Some large English 74 gun-ships have been *raséed*, and carry 52 long 32-pounders, and present a more formidable battery than any frigate.

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man, Mr. Perkins, substituting steam for gun-powder, has excited much attention in England, and seems worthy of further consideration, particularly for use in steam-batteries. France has recently made new experiments, of throwing shells horizontally, from guns of large calibre, but of comparatively light weight, and there is reason to believe that the results have been such as to induce their adoption in coast batteries, if not in their vessels. These experiments have not passed unobserved in England, and there is little doubt that shells to a certain extent will be used in their ships hereafter."

We have been induced to dwell so much at large on this subject, because we really believe that the problem, whether the conscription system can be successfully resorted to for the supply of an unlimited number of seamen, is about to be solved by the experiment now going on in France, and because we believe, that should the affirmative be established, an important change will take place in the relative strength of the naval powers of the world. If it shall be proved from experience, that the conscripts of France can be converted into sailors equal in all respects to those of Great Britain or America, we can perceive no good reason why the navies of France and Russia, should not at a period not very remote, be able to dispute with Great Britain the mastery of the ocean. How this discovery may operate on the fortunes of the American navy, it may not be very easy to determine. We will not undertake to decide whether the conscription system could, under any modifications, be applied to procuring seamen for our vessels of war. But if it shall appear that the French peasantry are capable in a few years of being transformed into thoroughbred seamen, our task will be very much simplified. We shall then only have to provide sufficient inducements to tempt landsmen from time to time to enter into the naval service, to secure a sufficient number of seamen for all the purposes of war. Our navy regulations now permit the employment in time of peace of a certain proportion of landsmen and boys—let these proportions be increased, let our able seamen be enlisted for short periods, and the navy will be constantly creating seamen, whose services could be commanded wherever they might be required. We will not anticipate the question, whether, in spite of every effort of this sort, we may not in the end find ourselves compelled to resort to a compulsory conscription, or to give up the idea of maintaining a navy capable of giving us complete protection in time of war. Under a system of free trade, aided by the measures we have suggested, and others which might be presented, we hope the day may be far distant when impressment shall be-

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come necessary. Should it ever arrive, we apprehend it would endanger the very existence of the navy itself, in the welfare of which we feel a lively concern, founded on a settled conviction that it is inseparably connected with the security and peace of the country

Among the improvements about to be adopted in the French navy, perhaps the most interesting is the introduction of steam engines into their vessels of war. When we look back but a few years, and witness the effects produced by steam in the condition of the world, we are lost in wonder and amazement. We see it insinuating itself into every department of industry, directing and controlling every branch of labour, supplying a new power almost infinite in its duration and omnipotent in its might, entering our work-shops and manufactories and mines, driving out the labourer and the artist,* performing all the occupations of social life—in fine, pervading earth, air and water, and almost annihilating time and space. In contemplating so astonishing a spectacle, who is there so presumptuous as to set bounds to its conquests, and say "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Already we witness a wonderful revolution in all the modes of communication in civilized countries—a revolution which the imagination of the poet, though "soaring to the highest heaven of invention," was incapable half a century ago even of conceiving. We behold this mighty power propelling stately ships against the currents of the mightiest streams, urging them across the ocean with resistless sway, regardless of the courses of the winds, and driving magnificent cars, with an ease and velocity before unknown, over plains and up the sides of lofty mountains. It required the evidence of fact and experience to convince mankind of the possibility of what is now daily witnessed in all parts of the civilized world.

With such examples before our eyes, who can say whether a few years may not witness an entire revolution, to be effected by steam, in the naval establishments of the world. If steam can be successfully adapted "to sea-going ships," we think it requires no prophet to inform us, that vessels of war must, of necessity, avail themselves of its advantages. The power of moving in the very teeth of the wind, and of thus choosing not only the time, but the place, and the distance, as well as the manner of attack, will give advantdges to an assailing force,

* It appears incredible, and yet we find the fact stated on authority which we cannot question, that in the county of Lancashire in England, "the quantity of cotton spun by the aid of steam is as great as that which *twenty-one millions six hundred and twenty thousand persons* could spin with the spindle and distaff."

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which unless counteracted by similar means, must be irresistible. The introduction of steam, therefore, into any one of the navies of Europe, must necessarily lead to its adoption by all. Should the test of actual experiment demonstrate, that a steam vessel of war can keep the sea amidst all the vicissitudes of climates and of weather, that the machinery can be supplied with fuel, and effectually secured from shot, and, that a sufficient command of the engine can be retained under all possible circumstances, then a few years only will be necessary to effect a revolution in the construction, armament and operation of vessels of war, and to change the whole character of the naval establishments throughout the world. That the nations of Europe have been slow to advance towards this point, results from very natural and obvious causes. Of all men sailors are known to be the most bigotted to ancient customs and usages. They cling with a feeling very much allied to that of an old friendship, to every thing to which they have been accustomed. It is remarkable, that hardly an improvement has ever been introduced into the navy, without doing violence to the prejudices of nautical men. Even the round stern, though invented by Sir Thomas Seppings, an Englishman of known talents and experience, who demonstrated in the clearest manner its superior advantages, was adopted slowly and reluctantly in the British navy. Besides, the present condition of the navy of Great Britain, presents to the minds of her statesmen powerful objections against the introduction of any improvement which may supersede the ships now in use, and compel her to start afresh in the struggle for naval supremacy. To this must we chiefly attribute the slow and reluctant measures that have been adopted by England to test the efficacy of steam for naval purposes. Some experiments on this subject have been tried both in England and Russia, on a small scale, but with what success we are uninformed.

If we are to rely on the authority of a late English writer, it would seem, that not only the officers of the British navy, but the government itself, are now looking with great solicitude to this subject. In a "Treatise on Navigation by Steam," comprising, among other things, "An Essay on the Naval Tactics peculiar to Steam Navigation, as applicable both to commerce and maritime warfare, by Captain John Ross, of the Royal Navy, published under the patronage of the Lord High Admiral, in 1828"—the author (who seems to be a gentleman of science and experience in nautical affairs) gives it, as his decided opinion, that steam is destined to produce "AN

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ENTIRE REVOLUTION IN NAVIGATION," and that it is "EVEN MORE APPLICABLE TO NAVAL WARFARE THAN TO COMMERCIAL PURPOSES." He states "there is abundant reason to believe that this is fully felt not only by the government itself, but by every naval officer who has bestowed the slightest attention on the subject." After giving a history of the steam-engine, he proceeds to suggest a very ingenious "system of tactics peculiar to steam navigation," and points out with great force, "the advantages of steam in naval warfare," especially in "convoys," in "the defence of coasts and harbours," and, lastly, in the operations of hostile fleets. He considers and answers all the prominent objections that have been urged against the efficiency of steam-vessels in naval warfare, and in the course of his remarks, expresses his decided opinion, that steam-vessels, of a proper construction, are capable of encountering the severest storms in the open sea, without damage either to the wheels or the machinery, of which, several striking instances are given—that the machinery is capable of being effectually secured from shot, "both by being fortified and placed beneath the water"—that a steam-vessel can be so constructed and fortified as to be "impenetrable to shot," and "incapable of being boarded,"—"may be used in running down an antagonist by the mere impulse of a fortified stem"—and can be easily adapted to the use of red-hot shot and other missiles. In short, though Captain Ross feelingly acknowledges "the insignificance of an admiral's flag flying at the miserable mast-head of a steam-boat," yet he thinks that their superior cheapness and efficiency will leave the British government no alternative, but to suffer steam-ships to supersede the whole British navy. "The cost," says this writer, of "a first-rate," would build and equip "forty steam-vessels, either of which, singly, might be sufficient to subdue two of the former in action." If it be true, as stated by Captain Ross, "that no large vessel of war would now be safe, if a war should take place to-morrow, without the auxiliary protection of a steam-vessel," it is certainly high time for the British, and all other naval powers, to take this subject into serious consideration. In answering the objections of his opponents, the Captain endeavours to shew that steam-ships may be supplied with fuel even for the longest voyages, and states, that upwards of one hundred inventions for simplifying the steam-engine, and reducing the quantity of fuel, &c. are now undergoing a course of experiment in Great-Britain. He speaks in high terms of the inventions of Colonel Macirone and Mr. Robertson, for propelling vessels by "submerged machinery"—and, on the whole,

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thinks the time is at hand, when steam is not only to overthrow "the wooden walls of old England," but, in fact, to subdue the world. Our limits will not permit us to make extracts from this work, of the scope and design of which, we have here furnished an abstract.

It is to France, however, that we must look for an early, thorough and satisfactory solution of the great problem, whether steam is really to effect the mighty revolution above described. Several interesting experiments on this subject have recently taken place in France, and with such results, as to induce the French government to direct that it should be fully investigated. Five hundred thousand francs were accordingly appropriated in March last, for the purpose of enabling the Minister of Marine to cause to be fitted out two steam frigates, to be employed as cruising ships, and thus to ascertain, from actual experiment, how far the steam engine may, in the present state of our knowledge, be successfully applied to naval purposes.

We shall look for the result of this experiment with the deepest solicitude. It is an experiment pregnant with the most important consequences not only to the navies of the old world, but to our own; and it involves to no small extent the fate of states and empires. The experiments that have heretofore been tried in this country, have been altogether unsatisfactory. A steam ship, built in the form of a heavy battery, and destined only for harbour defence, was, it is true, for several years, (and until she was recently blown up in the harbour of New-York) an appendage of the American navy. But she was not so constructed, as to be able to put to sea. Another small and very inferior steam-boat, built only for service on our rivers, was, a few years ago, armed and taken into the temporary employment of the Navy Department, for special service against the pirates in the West-Indies; but, from her defective construction, or some other cause, we believe she was found by the gallant officer who commanded her, [Com. Porter] to be wholly unfit for that service. No doubt, however, can exist that the Americans will be among the first to avail themselves of every discovery which may be made either at home or abroad on this important subject. An additional inducement will be found in the uncertainty which surrounds this question, for adopting the policy recommended by the President, of suspending, for the present, the construction of vessels of war, bending in the mean time our whole force to procuring and laying up ship-timber to be used in the construction of any description of vessels, which circumstances may hereafter require. It is important, however, that this timber

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shall be so prepared as to be capable of being applied to the building of ships of any description.

We had intended to enter somewhat at large into an examination of the present state of the British navy, in comparison with those of France, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, and the Netherlands, but the space which has been already occupied, compels us to bring our remarks to a close. We have, therefore, thrown into a table at the end of this article, all the information we possess on the subject. Inviting the attention of our readers to these statistical statements, we submit the subject to their own reflections.

Passing over from Europe to our own continent, we find the new States of South-America, putting forth their earliest efforts to create navies, and adding their dear-bought experience to that of all who have gone before them, in support of the truth, that though a nation may become free by merely resolving to be so, yet it is not sufficient to create a navy, that "the nation wills it." We have taken no inconsiderable pains to collect from every source the most accurate information on this subject, and the result is, that neither Mexico nor any one of the South-American States has as yet succeeded, in laying even the foundation of a navy. Every effort in this matter has not only signally failed, but has failed (under circumstances calculated to repress all future efforts of this sort) for at least half a century to come. The truth is, that feeble states, in the very infancy of their commercial and financial existence, must, from the very nature of things, be utterly incapable of bringing into being, and giving life and vigour to any of those establishments, which find their appropriate elements only in an advanced state of society. Colombia and Mexico might just as well attempt to rival Great-Britain in manufactures, and Italy in the fine arts, as to enter into competition with the older maritime nations of the world in naval warfare. In the absence of all foreign commerce, totally destitute of officers and seamen, without commercial habits, or even a taste for commercial pursuits, with a total derangement of their finances, and an entire want of skilful mechanics, it would be impossible for the new states to become great naval powers—at least, until a thorough revolution shall have been effected, not only in the condition of the country, but in the habits and pursuits of the people. To show that we have not stated this matter too strongly, we shall now present our readers with a sketch of the present condition of these countries, so far as it touches the question under consideration.

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From the best accounts we have been able to collect, it appears that the present condition of the navies of Mexico and the South-American States, is that of complete abandonment. The Mexican navy now nominally consists of—

The Congresso, formerly the Spanish ship Asia, mounting 64 guns, upwards of fifty years old.

The Libertad, built for an Indiaman, 24 guns.
The Morallis, armed *en flute*, - - 20 guns.
The Bravo, - - - - - - 18 guns.
The Victoria, prison-ship, - - 18 guns.
And three gun-boats, each mounting 2 guns.

Of the above vessels, only two of the gun-boats are now manned, and in service. The government, we are informed, have lately been making efforts to fit out the Morallis, to be used as a despatch vessel between San Blas and Upper California, but without success. The other vessels are all going rapidly to decay, not having a sufficient number of persons on board to take care of them, and will soon be incapable of repair. The situation of the Mexican marine is the most deplorable that can be imagined. The Mexicans are said not to have the slightest taste for nautical pursuits. Adopting in this respect, the ordinances of Spain, their navy is a receptacle for convicts. We are assured by a traveller, who has recently returned from that country, 'that 'when Indians, in the interior of the country, who never saw the 'ocean, commit crimes of sufficient magnitude, they are thrown 'into prison, and there kept until a sufficient number are col-'lected together, to justify an application to the government for 'a *conducta*, or an escort; they are then tied together by the waist, 'and sent down to the coast, (in what they call a *cuerdo*, that is, 'in a string, perhaps, of one or two hundred) where, after picking 'out the best for the army, the rest are converted into seamen.' 'Nothing,' (it is added) 'can exceed the miserable condition of 'these men when they arrive from the loathsome prisons of the 'interior, at the coast.' It seems that the government of this country, in its zeal for the improvement of the navy, some years ago established a naval school, (worthy of all imitation!) of which we have the following account from the same pen. 'At the 'city of Cordova, is what is called a naval college. Cordova is 'about twelve hundred feet above the level of the ocean, 'and about one hundred miles from the sea-coast; here mid-'shipmen are sent to learn to be officers of the navy; they are 'not allowed to leave the college to embark on board the ves-'sels of war, until they have gone through every branch of 'mathematics; the consequence is, that many have remained

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'there without having ever seen a ship on the ocean, until 'twenty-eight years of age, and when they have reported them- 'selves for service, were too old, and too much established in 'adverse habits ever to learn, or be in any way suited to the 'life of a navy officer. And what will, doubtless, surprise you, 'notwithstanding repeated and urgent representations have been 'made to the government, to allow the maritime part of their 'education to keep pace with the scientific, they could not be 'brought to listen to the proposal, insisting that a ship is nothing 'more than a moveable fortress, and the officers and crew its 'garrison. Science, they say, that can direct the course of the 'one, and military talent to regulate and discipline the other, 'is all that is required to make sailors or soldiers." The situation of the finances of Mexico, is described as one of great embarrassment, with "a credit utterly exhausted, both at home 'and abroad, and an organized system of smuggling, which pre- 'vents the collection of duties, the expenses of most of the cus- 'tom-houses actually exceeding the collections," it is difficult to conceive how the ordinary expenses of the government can be paid. The army, we are told, is often obliged to be supported by "forced loans," and "innumerable instances could be stated 'of seamen who were permitted to starve in the streets of Vera 'Cruz, with certificates of pay due to them by the government, 'to the amount of five or six hundred dollars, worth no more 'than so much blank paper." This state of things certainly seems very unpropitions to the prospects of the Mexican navy. But there are other causes which seem to present obstacles that must, we apprehend, for all time to come, prove almost insuperable. Nature has denied to Mexico, at least on the Atlantic, any safe harbours for vessels drawing more than nine or ten feet water. A slight examination of the coast will establish this fact beyond all controversy. Vera Cruz, the principal port, is formed by the reef, on which the castle of St. Juan de Ulloa stands, and to which, the vessels of war are secured to rings in its wall; the harbour is entirely open to the tremendous hurricanes which blow from the north a great part of the year, and render, during their continuance, communication with the shipping impossible. It is totally unfit for naval purposes, and can never be made otherwise. The city of Campeachy cannot be approached by a sloop of war, to a nearer distance than from twelve to fifteen miles; this anchorage, which is scarcely within sight of the land, is exposed to the full surge of the ocean, and the communication with the shore is, at all times, difficult, and the greater part of the time impossible. Vessels, drawing from nine to ten feet, may approach to within three or four miles, but never so as to

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be under the protection of the batteries. Therefore, this port is, and ever must be, unsuitable as a rendezvous for vessels of war, or for other naval purposes. It affords indeed a supply of the only naval stores which Mexico, on the Atlantic side, is capable of furnishing, to wit, grass-rope, in the form of cables, and smaller cordage; considerable quantities of these articles may be had there, at about double the price of the best hemp, to which they are much inferior in quality.

Tampico and *Alvarado* are rivers with bars, over which nine feet of water may be carried, it has never been known that any thing larger than a small brig or schooner has attempted to pass them, larger vessels lay outside, exposed to the full force of the ocean. At the latter place, during the siege and blockade of St. Juan de Ulloa, the Mexicans had a small and very unimportant navy yard for the repairs and supply of their gun boats. It has since been abandoned, and the articles of supply removed to Vera Cruz, where there are some ruinous buildings, formerly the depôt of articles landed by, and required for the galleons, which visited the port annually.

The river *Guasacualco*, it is said formerly admitted ships of the line over the bar, and into its mouth, and Robinson states that the Asia Spanish ship of the line, (now the Mexican Congresso) after parting her cables at Vera Cruz, in a norther, sought and obtained shelter in that port; but from an examination since made, at the suggestion of the Mexican government, with a view to a naval establishment, it was ascertained that the bar before the mouth of the river was an unalterable one of hard sand and rock, on which at the ordinary tides, only eleven and a half feet of water could be found; and owing to the swell of the sea, it was unsafe to attempt at any time a passage over it in vessels drawing more than nine feet; consequently admitting that this ship if she had parted her cables at Vera Cruz, could even have succeeded in getting to sea (which is considered impossible) she could, under no circumstances, drawing as she does twenty-three feet water, have passed the bar of Guasacualco.

The rivers *Tutlan*, *Tuspan*, and *Tobasco*, can only admit vessels of six and seven feet draft.

The *Laguna de Terminas*, it has been said, will admit frigates, but from information obtained, both from natives and foreigners, who have been engaged in collecting logwood in that quarter, it is reduced to a certainty, that vessels of not more than eleven and twelve feet water, can (and those with great difficulty) be made to enter, by dragging them through the soft mud.

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The Islands of *Lobas*, *Sacrificios*, *Anton Lizardo*, and the road of *Sisal*, afford wild and open anchorage, exposed to almost every wind, and from which an escape to sea on the least appearance of bad weather, is esteemed by the mariner a fortunate circumstance.

These are all the ports and anchorages possessed by Mexico on the Atlantic side, with the exception of *Rio Bravo del Norte*, which admits vessels of six feet draft, and the harbour of *Galveston*, with an intricate and dangerous channel of eight feet. These last places are on the coast of the province of *Texas*.

With regard to the Republic of Colombia, our accounts are hardly more flattering. The following summary embraces all the information we have been able to collect.

"The Colombian Navy consists of the following vessels:—
Frigate Colombia, 64 guns } Both built in the United States,
" Cundinamarca, 64 guns, } and costing each $500,000.
Five sloops of war, of inferior construction.
And one or two schooners.

"The Cundinamarca has been sent to the Pacific ocean, to supply the place of a ship of war, which was recently blown up there. All of these vessels, with the exception of the ship now in the Pacific, are neglected, and rapidly going to decay. The principal naval establishment is at Carthagena, where their best arsenal and yards are situated. Here the navy is laid up, and going to ruin. At the date of the last accounts, *vegetation** *had commenced* in the seams and planks of their best vessels of war. The coasting trade is of somewhat greater extent than that of Mexico: the latter is confined to three or four brigs, as many schooners, and six or seven vessels of a peculiar rig and construction, called *bougos*, *which never sail but with a fair wind*. Mexico has but two small schooners employed in foreign trade, and the whole Republic can scarcely furnish a sufficient supply of seamen, (if they can be called seamen) to navigate these vessels. The Republic of Colombia, it is believed, can furnish a sufficient number of Indians, mestizoes and negroes to man three or four frigates. Although Colombia has several good ports on her Atlantic coast, it is believed, from her climate, and the difficulty of obtaining workmen and proper materials, she will not be able to build on the Atlantic. She may, however, build vessels on a small scale on the Pacific, at Guayaquil, where the timber is good, and said to be abundant. The Spaniards were in the habit of building at that port to a considerable extent. It is too near

* We recollect to have read or heard of but one case at all, similar to this, and that was in one of our own squadrons on the Lakes, during the late war, when (in consequence of the timber being immediately transferred from the forest to the sides of our ships, often unstripped even of its bark) they are said to have sprouted, and to have threatened for a long time, to exhibit to the astonished gaze of our enemies, a stranger spectacle even than that which struck so much terror into the soul of the redoubtable Macbeth—*an armed forest moving on the bosom of the lake.*

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the equator, however, for the laborious operations of ship-building, and most of the materials are too costly, consequently, she can never become formidable as a naval power."

We have received from a different source, though one equally to be relied on, the following statement with respect to the navies of *Brazil*, *Buenos Ayres*, *Chili* and *Peru:*

"*Brazil* has one ship of the line, two 60 gun-ships, built of live-oak in this country, five small frigates, the most of which are believed to have been altered from old Indiamen, one large corvette, mounting 26 guns, built of live-oak, in this country, three common-sized corvettes, and five small ones, nine brigs, and sixteen schooners, most of which have been fast sailing American merchant vessels, purchased, and afterwards equipped as men of war. The empire of Brazil is believed to possess more capacity to become a naval power, than all the other South American States united. She has numerous fine harbours, a healthy climate, a sea-coast, extending three thousand miles, a large and increasing coasting trade, and an abundance of the finest ship-timber in the world. She only requires her mechanics to be modernized, and her naval regulations improved, to possess at no distant period, a powerful marine. She has within herself all the materials for an efficient navy, they only require to be put in requisition.

"*Buenos Ayres* has one brig of war of 18 guns, she has, or rather, had, (for her whole navy is now dismantled and broken up) a number of small vessels, temporarily fitted up from common merchantmen. She never can become a naval power.

"*Chili* has one or two old frigates, or rather, ships made into frigates, and two or three small vessels. They have good timber for naval purposes, but very little of the other requisites. She cannot for a long time be a naval power.

"*Peru* possesses two or three small and inefficient vessels. She cannot be a naval power. She has no means, nor harbours, in which to build ships, since Guayaquil belongs to Colombia."

From this review of the navies of Europe and America, we think it will appear that we have no reason to doubt that the United States stand in a situation much more favourable to the creation and the support of a powerful navy, than any of the new states of the American hemisphere, and that by a judicious use of her resources, she may, at some future period, assume a high rank among the naval powers of the world.

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... in the *Navies* of Great-Britain, France, the United States, Russia, Sweden, ...

☞ These Statements are founded on *recent information* as to the *present condition* of the Navies of Mexico and South American States.—Travellers in those countries a few years ago, gave much larger statements. Thus, Beaumont in his Travels in Buenos Ayres, p. 217, gives to that State a Navy of 31 Vessels, mounting 186

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ART. VII.—*The Wept of Wish-Ton-Wish.* A Tale; by the Author of the "Pioneers," "Prairie," &c. 2 vols. Philadelphia. 1829.

THIS work is a failure. It contains a few of those detached passages of spirited narration, to which our author's novels are, in a great measure, indebted for their popularity—and were it the performance of an inferior writer, or of a new candidate for fame, it would be entitled to favour as a very good imitation of Cooper—but those will be sadly disappointed, who regulate their expectations by the standard of the Pilot and the Red Rover. The moment we perceived that the scene was laid on shore, we anticipated no rivalry of the novelist's achievements on his own element. We did hope, however, that his maturer genius—nerved and exhilarated by success—would, in the ample, and yet virginal region of American fiction, make wider excursions, explore deeper recesses, and unfold new and lavish sources of treasure; but we have been cheated of our promised gratification, by his lingering in the field of his former fame, and "fighting his battles o'er again," instead of securing farther conquests. He has lost the sustaining glow and energy of early adventure, and if other and yet prouder triumphs do not await him on the ocean, he must seek new sources of interest by travel or by study; for in his sojourning on the land, he has been at his ease only in the wilderness, and the work before us proves that he has exhausted even his forest craft.

Resuming the theme of border-life, he has not varied it with sufficient skill to avoid the dullness of repetition, and monotonous as the song of the bird from which it, too appropriately, receives its name, the Wept of Wish-Ton-Wish is but an echo of the Pioneers, the Last of the Mohicans, and the Prairie. If Mr. Cooper were merely manufacturing for the trade, he might be content to improve his monopoly by multiplying flat copies of a few partially successful sketches, and yet farther extending the catalogue of savage dangers and escapes, so prodigally commenced in the Last of the Mohicans; but if fame be his object, he must embody new creations. Let him desert a field which will produce no more under his mode of cultivation. He has worn out his tomahawk and scalping knife, and before his laurels have withered at the council-fires, let him wipe off his war-paint and abandon the frontier—*Variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam.*

The time of this novel is during the wars of King Philip or Metacom. Mark Heathcote, a rigid old Puritan, being scan-

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dalized by certain religious innovations in the colony, abandons the Atlantic settlements, and with his son, Content, and their household, removes into the wilderness, and establishes a fortified farm, on a tributary of the Connecticut. Years glide over them, without interruption of the quiet of their simple lives, and though Massachusetts and Rhode-Island were kept in a state of constant apprehension, the emigrants have only heard of Indian alarms, without having been themselves molested in their border seclusion. The narrative commences by the arrival, one evening, of a middle-aged, toil-worn, and stern-looking stranger, who having briefly and secretly communed with the patriarch, departs mysteriously the same night. Soon after his departure, an alarm of Indians is given; a watch is set, and Conanchet, the orphan son of the renowned and ill-fated Narragansett chief, Miantonimoh, is captured, lurking about the palisadoes. He is confined in a block-house, which had been erected by way of citadel, in the centre of the improvements. The succeeding day, certain low-bred men-at-arms arrive, in pursuit of the stranger, and are frightened away by apprehensions of the Indians. The young captive, called Miantonimoh by the family, is kindly treated but vigilantly guarded. After six months confinement, being permitted to accompany a hunting party, he returns not with the foresters, but re-appears late at night preceded by the stranger, between whom and the young Indian, there seems to be a mutual intelligence. This is afterwards explained by our being told that the blockhouse was not only the prison of the captive, but the hiding place of the stranger. After an earnest private conference between old Mark Heathcote and his persecuted guest, the little garrison is exhorted to be on the alert. Mysterious warnings are given by the frequent sounding of the conch at the postern, and these are followed by an attempt of the Narragansetts to surprise the defences. They are at first repulsed, but the onset is repeatedly and furiously renewed. In the confusion of the fight, a savage finds his way to the apartment of Ruth, (the wife of Content) and her children, but Conanchet rescues them from his tomahawk. Ruth, fearing a second attack of this nature, leaves her children, and flies for succour. Meantime, the savages break into the enclosure on every side, fire the buildings, and drive the whites for refuge to their citadel. In the moment of this horrible catastrophe, Ruth forgets her children, and does not recover her recollection until the building where they lie concealed, is in flames. Then she rushes into the blazing dwelling, followed by the intrepid stranger (Submission) but the savages are upon them, and to return with the children into the block house seems impossible.

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"There was barely hope, that the space between the dwelling and the block-house might yet be passed in safety.

"'I would I had asked that the door of the block should be held in hand,' muttered Submission; 'it would be death to linger an instant in that fierce light; nor have we any manner of——'

"A touch was laid upon his arm, and turning, the speaker saw the dark eye of the captive boy looking steadily in his face.

"'Wilt do it?' demanded the other, in a manner to show that he doubted, while he hoped.

"A speaking gesture of assent was the answer, and then the form of the lad was seen gliding quietly from the room.

"Another instant, and Miantonimoh appeared in the court. He walked with the deliberation that one would have shown in moments of the most entire security. A hand was raised towards the loops, as if to betoken amity, and then dropping the limb, he moved with the same slow step into the very centre of the area. Here the boy stood in the fullest glare of the conflagration, and turned his face deliberately on every side of him. The action showed that he wished to invite all eyes to examine his person. At this moment the yell ceased in the surrounding covers, proclaiming alike the common feeling that was awakened by his appearance, and the hazard that any other would have incurred by exposing himself in that fearful scene. When this act of exceeding confidence had been performed, the boy drew a pace nearer to the entrance of the block.

"'Comest thou in peace, or is this another device of Indian treachery?' demanded a voice, through an opening in the door left expressly for the purposes of parley.

"The boy raised the palm of one hand towards the speaker, while he laid the other with a gesture of confidence on his naked breast.

"'Hast aught to offer in behalf of my wife and babes? If gold will buy their ransom, name thy price.'

Miantonimoh was at no loss to comprehend the other's meaning. With the readiness of one whose faculties had been early schooled in the inventions of emergencies, he made a gesture that said even more than his figurative words, as he answered—

"'Can a woman of the Pale-faces pass through wood? An Indian arrow is swifter than the foot of my mother.'

"'Boy, I trust thee,' returned the voice from within the loop. 'If thou deceivest beings so feeble and so innocent, Heaven will remember the wrong.'

Miantonimoh again made a sign to show that caution must be used, and then he retired with a step calm and measured as that used in his advance. Another pause to the shouts betrayed the interest of those whose fierce eyes watched his movements in the distance.

When the young Indian had rejoined the party in the dwelling, he led them, without being observed by the lurking band that still hovered in the smoke of the surrounding buildings, to a spot that commanded a full view of their short but perilous route. At this moment the door of the block-house half-opened, and was closed again. Still the stran-

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ger hesitated, for he saw how little was the chance that all should cross the court unharmed, and to pass it by repeated trials he knew to be impossible

" 'Boy,' he said, 'thou, who hast done thus much, may still do more. Ask mercy for these children, in some manner that may touch the hearts of thy people.'

Miantonimoh shook his head, and pointing to the ghastly corpse that lay in the court, he answered coldly—

" 'The red-man has tasted blood.'

" 'Then must the desperate trial be done! Think not of thy children, devoted and daring mother, but look only to thine own safety. This witless youth and I will charge ourselves with the care of the innocents.'

Ruth waved him away with her hand, pressing her mute and trembling daughter to her bosom, in a manner to show that her resolution was taken. The stranger yielded, and turning to Whittal, who stood near him, seemingly as much occupied in vacant admiration of the blazing piles as in any apprehension of his own personal danger, he bade him look to the safety of the remaining child. Moving in front himself, he was about to offer Ruth such protection as the case afforded, when a window in the rear of the house was dashed inward, announcing the entrance of the enemy, and the imminent danger that their flight would be intercepted. There was no time to lose, for it was now certain that only a single room separated them from their foes. The generous nature of Ruth was roused, and catching Martha from the arms of Whittal Ring, she endeavoured, by a desperate effort, in which feeling rather than any reasonable motive predominated, to envelop both the children in her robe.

" 'I am with ye!' whispered the agitated woman; 'hush ye, hush ye, babes! thy mother is nigh!'

The stranger was very differently employed. The instant the crash of glass was heard, he rushed to the rear; and he had already grappled with the savage so often named, and who acted as guide to a dozen fierce and yelling followers.

" 'To the block!' shouted the steady soldier, while with a powerful arm he held his enemy in the throat of the narrow passage, stopping the approach of those in the rear by the body of his foe. 'For the love of life and children, woman, to the block!'

The summons rang frightfully in the ears of Ruth, but in that moment of extreme jeopardy her presence of mind was lost. The cry was repeated, and not till then did the bewildered mother catch her daughter from the floor. With eyes still bent on the fierce struggle in her rear, she clasped the child to her heart and fled, calling on Whittal Ring to follow. The lad obeyed, and ere she had half-crossed the court, the stranger, still holding his savage shield between him and his enemies, was seen endeavoring to take the same direction. The whoops, the flight of arrows, and the discharges of musquetry, that succeeded, proclaimed the whole extent of the danger. But fear had lent unnatural vigour to the limbs of Ruth, and the gliding arrows themselves scarce sailed more swiftly through the heated air, than she darted into the open door of the block. Whittal Ring was less successful. As he

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crossed the court, bearing the child entrusted to his care, an arrow pierced his flesh. Stung by the pain, the witless lad turned, in anger, to chide the hand that had inflicted the injury.

"'On, foolish boy!' cried the stranger, as he passed him, still making a target of the body of the savage that was writhing in his grasp. 'On, for thy life, and that of the babe!'

"The mandate came too late. The hand of an Indian was already on the innocent victim, and in the next instant the child was sweeping the air, while with a short yell the keen axe flourished above his head. A shot from the loops laid the monster dead in his tracks. The girl was instantly seized by another hand, and as the captor with his prize darted unharmed into the dwelling, there arose in the block a common exclamation of the name of "Miantonimoh!" Two more of the savages profited by the pause of horror that followed, to lay hands on the wounded Whittal and to drag him within the blazing building. At the same moment, the stranger cast the unresisting savage back upon the weapons of his companions. The bleeding and half-strangled Indian met the blows which had been aimed at the life of the soldier, and as he staggered and fell, his vigorous conqueror disappeared in the block. The door of the little citadel was instantly closed, and the savages, who rushed headlong against the entrance, heard the fitting of the bars which secured it against their attacks. The yell of retreat was raised, and in the next instant the court was left to the possession of the dead.

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"'We will be thankful for this blessing,' said Content, as he aided the half-unconscious Ruth to mount the ladder, yielding himself to a feeling of nature that said little against his manhood. 'If we have lost one that we loved, God hath spared our own child.'

"His breathless wife threw herself into a seat, and folding the treasure to her bosom, she whispered rather than said aloud—'From my soul, Heathcote, am I grateful!'

"'Thou shieldest the babe from my sight,' returned the father, stooping to conceal a tear that was stealing down his brown cheek, under a pretence of embracing the child—but suddenly recoiling, he added in alarm—'Ruth!'

"Startled by the tone in which her husband uttered her name, the mother threw aside the folds of her dress, which still concealed the girl, and stretching her out to the length of an arm, she saw that, in the hurry of the appalling scene, the children had been exchanged, and that she had saved the life of Martha!

"Notwithstanding the generous disposition of Ruth, it was impossible to repress the feeling of disappointment which came over her with the consciousness of the mistake. Nature at first had sway, and to a degree that was fearfully powerful.

"'It is not our babe!' shrieked the mother, still holding the child at the length of her arm, and gazing at its innocent and terrified countenance, with an expression that Martha had never yet seen gleaming from eyes that were, in common, so soft and so indulgent.

"'I am thine! I am thine!' murmured the little trembler, struggling in vain to reach the bosom that had so long cherished her infancy. 'If not thine, whose am I?'

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"The gaze of Ruth was still wild; the workings of her features hysterical.

"'Madam—Mrs. Heathcote—mother!' came timidly, and at intervals from the lips of the orphan. Then the heart of Ruth relented. She clasped the daughter of her friend to her breast, and nature found a temporary relief in one of those frightful exhibitions of anguish, which appear to threaten the dissolution of the link which connects the soul with the body."

The part of the first volume from which this extract is made, we consider the best written portion of the book. The passage which we have quoted, is highly wrought, well-sustained, and distinguished by many of those masterly touches which characterize our author in scenes of hurried excitement. The conduct of Ruth is admirably imagined—the momentary loss of maternal feelings in the instinct of self-preservation—the overwhelming energy of their revival—the bewildering agony in which she clasps the wrong child to her arms, are all true to nature. The discovery of her mistake is feelingly told. After a desperate struggle, the Indians gain the basement, reduce the citadel to ashes and depart, believing that their foes are buried in the ruins. The besieged have, however, escaped by descending into a well, the stone shaft of which had been continued to the upper floor of the building, to secure a supply of water in cases of blockade.

Several years elapse, and we are introduced to the site of the ruined farm, on or near which has been built the frontier village of Wish-Ton-Wish. At a short distance from the village, is the new establishment of the Heathcotes. The gentle Ruth has not recovered the shock sustained in the loss of her child. She is represented as pining with a dignified, inobtrusive, but deaf sorrow, which is denied the mitigating influence of time, by the doubt which hangs over the fate of the lost one. The description of her feelings, and of their effect on her appearance and manner, is a specimen of fine writing, very superior to the author's usual style—the picture is well conceived, and there is a grace and delicacy in the execution, which we thought beyond the power of his pencil. After harassing and unsatisfactory rumours, and the return of her husband from an unsuccessful search among the Indian villages, the anxiety of the mother is intensely excited by the sudden reappearance of Whittal Ring. From this unfortunate being, who, except in colour and language, has been completely transformed into an Indian, and has lost almost utterly the memory of his childhood, endeavours are vainly made to extort information of the companion of his captivity. In the midst of the powerful interest created in the family of the Heathcotes by his unexpected coming—powerful

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enough to detain them from the service of the sanctuary—the settlement is surprised by Indians. It is the Sabbath, and the villagers are assembled in the church. "Nehemiah Solsgrace had just begun to wrestle in prayer,"*—we beg pardon—the Reverend Meek Wolf is beginning his sermon, when the mysterious stranger appears suddenly in the midst of the congregation and gives the alarm. His warning is immediately followed by the yell of savages. The borderers, who, from the watchfulness required by the times and their situation, are ready armed, after listening to a prayer from Meek! are about to rush tumultuously to the garrison, when the stranger assumes the command, enforces order, and divides them into three bodies, sending one to convey the women and children to a fortress provided for such emergencies, another against the savages on the most exposed side of the village, and himself leading the third to the defence of the dwelling and family of the Heathcotes. The assailants are repulsed with slaughter in other quarters, but Mark Heathcote is again unfortunate. After a desperate attack, headed by Conanchet, now grown to manhood, and Metacom, his ally, the house is carried, and its defenders and inmates made prisoners. Conanchet, recognizing the family, relents, and withdraws his warriors, in spite of the bitter reproaches and inflammatory appeals of his more aged and cruel ally, and Metacom retires sullen and disappointed. Before his own departure, Conanchet restores to her friends, Narra-mattah, the lost daughter, the Wept of Wish-ton-Wish. She has grown to womanhood, has become the wife of the young warrior, and is the mother of an Indian babe. She has cherished the recollections of her early life, but her sentiments are Indian, and her heart is in the wigwam of her chief. Her recognition of her mother, in their first interview, is pathetic.

"'Why has Conanchet sent for a woman from the woods?' repeated the same soft voice, nearer to the elbow of the young Sachem, and which spoke with less of the timidity of the sex, now that the troubled spirit of the Indians of those regions had disappeared.

"'Narra-mattah, come near;' returned the young chief, changing the deep and proud tones in which he had addressed his restless and bold companion in arms, to those which better suited the gentle ear for which his words were intended. 'Fear not, daughter of the morning, for those around us are of a race used to see women at the council-fires. Now look, with an open eye—is there anything among these trees that seemeth like an ancient tradition? Hast ever beheld such a valley, in thy dreams? Have yonder Pale-faces, whom the tomahawks of my young men spared, been led before thee by the Great Spirit, in the dark night?'

* See Peveril of the Peak.

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"The female listened, in deep attention. Her gaze was wild and uncertain, and yet it was not absolutely without gleamings of a half-reviving intelligence. Until that moment she had been too much occupied in conjecturing the subject of her visit, to regard the natural objects by which she was surrounded: but with her attention thus directly turned upon them, her organs of sight embraced each and all, with the discrimination that is so remarkable in those whose faculties are quickened by danger and necessity. Passing from side to side, her swift glances ran over the distant hamlet, with its little fort; the buildings in the near grounds; the soft and verdant fields; the fragrant orchard, beneath whose leafy shades she stood, and the blackened tower, that rose in its centre, like some gloomy memorial, placed there to remind the spectator not to trust too fondly to the signs of peace and loveliness that reigned around. Shaking back the ringlets that had blown about her temples, the wondering female returned thoughtfully and in silence to her place.

"'Tis a village of the Yengeese!' she said, after a long and expressive pause. 'A Narragansett woman does not love to look at the lodges of the hated race.'

"'Listen.—Lies have never entered the ears of Narra-mattah. My tongue hath spoken like the tongue of a chief. Thou didst not come of the sumach, but of the snow. This hand of thine is not like the hands of the women of my tribe; it is little, for the Great Spirit did not make it for work: it is of the color of the sky in the morning, for thy fathers were born near the place where the sun rises. Thy blood is like spring-water. All this thou knowest, for none have spoken false in thy ear. Speak—dost thou never see the wigwam of thy father? Does not his voice whisper to thee, in the language of his people?'

"The female stood in the attitude which a sibyl might be supposed to assume, while listening to the occult mandates of the mysterious oracle, every faculty entranced and attentive.

"'Why does Conanchet ask these questions of his wife? He knows what she knows; he sees what she sees; his mind is her mind. If the Great Spirit made her skin of a different colour, he made her heart the same. Narra-mattah will not listen to the lying language; she shuts her ears, for there is deceit in its sounds. She tries to forget it. One tongue can say all she wishes to speak to Conanchet; why should she look back in dreams, when a great chief is her husband?'

"The eye of the warrior, as he looked upon the ingenuous and confiding face of the speaker, was kind to fondness. The firmness had passed away, and in its place was left the winning softness of affection, which, as it belongs to nature, is seen, at times, in the expression of an Indian's eye, as strongly as it is ever known to sweeten the intercourse of a more polished condition of life.

"'Girl,' he said with emphasis, after a moment of thought, as if he would recall her and himself to more important duties, "this is a war-path; all on it are men. Thou wast like the pigeon before its wing opens, when I brought thee from the nest; still the winds of many winters had blown upon thee. Dost never think of the warmth and of the food of the lodge in which thou hast past so many seasons?"

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"'The wigwam of Conanchet is warm; no woman of the tribe hath as many furs as Narra-mattah.'

"'He is a great hunter! when they hear his moccason, the beavers lie down to be killed! But the men of the Pale-faces hold the Plough. Does not 'the driven snow' think of those who fenced the wigwam of her father from the cold, or of the manner in which the Yengeese live?'

"His youthful and attentive wife seemed to reflect; but raising her face with an expression of content that could not be counterfeited, she shook her head in the negative.

"'Does she never see a fire kindled among the lodges, or hear the whoops of warriors as they break into a settlement?'

"'Many fires have been kindled before her eyes. The ashes of the Narragansett town are not yet cold.'

"'Does not Narra-mattah hear her father speaking to the God of the Yengeese? Listen—he is asking favour for his child!'

"'The Great Spirit of the Narragansett has ears for his people.'

"'But I hear a softer voice! 'Tis a woman of the Pale-faces among her children: cannot the daughter hear?'

"Narra-mattah, or 'the driven snow,' laid her hand lightly on the arm of the chief, and she looked wistfully and long into his face, without an answer. The gaze seemed to deprecate the anger that might be awakened by what she was about to reveal.

"'Chief of my people' she said, encouraged by his still calm and gentle brow, to proceed, 'what a girl of the clearings sees in her dreams, shall not be hid. It is not the lodges of her race, for the wigwam of her husband is warmer. It is not the food and clothes of a cunning people, for who is richer than the wife of a great chief? It is not her fathers speaking to their Spirit, for there is none stronger than Manitou. Narra-mattah has forgotten all: she does not wish to think of things like these. She knows how to hate a hungry and craving race. But she sees one that the wives of the Narragansetts do not see. She sees a woman with a white skin; her eye looks softly on her child in her dreams; it is not an eye, it is a tongue! It says, what does the wife of Conanchet wish?—is she cold? here are furs—is she hungry? here is venison—is she tired? the arms of the pale woman open, that an Indian girl may sleep. When there is silence in the lodges, when Conanchet and his young men lie down, then does this pale woman speak. Sachem, she does not talk of the battles of her people, nor of the scalps that her warriors have taken, nor of the manner in which the Pequots and Mohicans fear her tribe. She does not tell how a young Narragansett should obey her husband, nor how the women must keep food in the lodges for the hunters that are wearied; her tongue useth strange words. It names a Mighty and Just Spirit; it telleth of peace, and not of war; it soundeth as one talking from the clouds; it is like the falling of the water among rocks. Narra-mattah loves to listen, for the words seem to her like the Wish-ton-Wish, when he whistles in the woods!'

"Conanchet had fastened a look of deep and affectionate interest on the wild and sweet countenance of the being who stood before him.—She had spoken in that attitude of earnest and natural eloquence that

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no art can equal; and when she ceased, he laid a hand, in kind but melancholy fondness, on the half-inclined and motionless head, as he answered.

"'This is the bird of night, singing to its young! The Great Spirit of thy fathers is angry, that thou livest in the lodge of a Narragansett. His sight is too cunning to be cheated. He knows that the moccason, and the wampum and the robe of fur, are liars; he sees the colour of the skin beneath.'

"'Conanchet, no;' returned the female hurriedly, and with a decision her timidity did not give reason to expect. 'He seeth farther than the skin, and knoweth the colour of the mind. He hath forgotten that one of his girls is missing.'

"'It is not so. The eagle of my people was taken into the lodges of the Pale-faces. He was young, and they taught him to sing with another tongue The colours of his feathers were changed, and they thought to cheat the Manitou. But when the door was open, he spread his wings and flew back to his nest. It is not so. What hath been done is good, and what will be done is better. Come; there is a straight path before us.'

"Thus saying, Conanchet motioned to his wife to follow towards the group of captives. The foregoing dialogue had occurred in a place where the two parties were partially concealed from each other by the ruin; but as the distance was so trifling, the Sachem and his companion were soon confronted with those he sought. Leaving his wife a little without the circle, Conanchet advanced, and taking the unresisting and half-unconscious Ruth by the arm, he led her forward. He placed the two females in attitudes where each might look the other full in the face. Strong emotion struggled in a countenance which, in spite of its fierce mask of war-paint, could not entirely conceal its workings.

"'See,' he said in English, looking earnestly from one to the other. 'The Good Spirit is not ashamed of his work. What he hath done, he hath done; Narragansett nor Yengeese can alter it. This is the white bird that came from the sea,' he added, touching the shoulder of Ruth lightly with a finger, 'and this the young, that she warmed under her wing.'

"Then, folding his arms on his naked breast, he appeared to summon his energy, lest, in the scene that he knew must follow, his manhood might be betrayed into some act unworthy of his name.

"The captives were necessarily ignorant of the meaning of the scene which they had just witnessed. So many strange and savage-looking forms were constantly passing and repassing before their eyes, that the arrival of one, more or less, was not likely to be noted Until she heard Conanchet speak in her native tongue, Ruth had lent no attention to the interview between him and his wife. But the figurative language and no less remarkable action of the Narragansett, had the effect to arouse her suddenly, and in the most exciting manner, from her melancholy.

"No child of tender age ever unexpectedly came before the eyes of Ruth Heathcote, without painfully recalling the image of the cherub she had lost. The playful voice of infancy never surprised her ear,

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without the sound conveying a pang to the heart; nor could allusion, ever so remote, be made to persons or events that bore resemblance to the sad incidents of her own life, without quickening the never-dying pulses of maternal love. No wonder, then, that when she found herself in the situation and under the circumstances described, nature grew strong within her, and that her mind caught glimpses, however dim and indistinct they might be, of a truth that the reader has already anticipated. Still, a certain and intelligible clue was wanting. Fancy had ever painted her child in the innocence and infancy in which it had been torn from her arms; and here, while there was so much to correspond with reasonable expectation, there was little to answer to the long and fondly-cherished picture. The delusion, if so holy and natural a feeling may thus be termed, had been too deeply seated to be dispossessed at a glance. Gazing long, earnestly. and with features that varied with every changing feeling, she held the stranger at the length of her two arms, alike unwilling to release her hold, or to admit her closer to a heart which might rightfully be the property of another.

"'Who art thou?' demanded the mother, in a voice that was tremulous with the emotions of that sacred character. 'Speak, mysterious and lovely being—who art thou?'

"Narra-mattah had turned a terrified and imploring look at the immoveable and calm form of the chief, as if she sought protection from him at whose hands she had been accustomed to receive it. But a different sensation took possession of her mind, when she heard sounds which had too often soothed the ear of infancy, ever to be forgotten. Struggling ceased, and her pliant form assumed the attitude of intense and entranced attention. Her head was bent aside, as if the ear were eager to drink in a repetition of the tones, while her bewildered and delighted eye still sought the countenance of her husband.

"'Vision of the woods! wilt thou not answer?' continued Ruth. 'If there is reverence for the Holy One of Israel in thine heart, answer, that I may know thee!'

'Hist! Conanchet!' murmured the wife, over whose features the glow of pleased and wild surprise continued to deepen. 'Come near, Sachem; the Spirit that talketh to Narra-mattah in her dreams, is nigh.'

"'Woman of the Yengeese!' said the husband, advancing with dignity to the spot, 'let the clouds blow from thy sight. Wife of a Narragansett! see clearly The Manitou of your race speaks strong. He telleth a mother to know her child!'

"Ruth could hesitate no longer; neither sound nor exclamation escaped her, but as she strained the yielding frame of her recovered daughter to her heart, it appeared as if she strove to incorporate the two bodies into one. A cry of pleasure and astonishment drew all around her. Then came the evidence of the power of nature when strongly awakened. Age and youth alike acknowledged its potency, and recent alarms were overlooked in the pure joy of such a moment. The spirit of even the lofty-minded Conanchet was shaken. Raising the hand, at whose wrist still hung the bloody tomahawk, he veiled his

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face, and, turning aside, that none might see the weakness of so great a warrior, he wept."—Vol. 2. pp. 131—138.

Conanchet, retiring from the settlement, and seeking means of having their infant son conveyed to his wife, discovers a hat among the rocks of a hill overlooking the village—this is the hiding place of the mysterious stranger, the hunted regicide. Young Mark, the brother of Narra-mattah, arriving opportunely with food for the concealed fugitive, carries back the infant, and the regicide accompanies the young Indian chief into the forest, to a conference with Metacom, whom he would persuade to peace. The conference has scarcely commenced, and Metacom, informed that the old man had shared in the decapitation of a king, is just beginning to regard him with respect, when they are interrupted by a discharge of musketry. The settlers and their allies, the Mohegans, are upon them; they have been conducted to the spot by treachery. Metacom takes vengeance on the traitor, and escapes with his tribe, but Conanchet generously sacrificing himself to save the aged stranger, conceals him in a tree, draws the chase upon himself, is taken, and after a consultation of his captors, in which the Rev. Meek Wolf assists, is delivered to the Mohegans to be slain, but not with the customary Indian tortures. The Mohegan chief permits Conanchet to depart upon promise of his return at an appointed hour. He goes to the woods bordering the village, and sends a message by Whittal Ring to Narra-mattah. She escapes with her child, and meets him—hears his doom, and follows him to the place of execution, when giving the appointed signal he falls proudly, and dies in the attitude of a chief in council. The shock is fatal to the delicate "Flower of the Pale faces," and her mother, led in search of her by the stranger, arrives at the scene in time to be fully recognized by her daughter. As if awakened from a long dream, Narra-mattah forgets the recent events and present circumstances of her life, and dies in a second childhood.

This is the sum of what, by the aid of a vapid diffuseness, is extended through two volumes of the usual size, in every chapter of which, the reader feels that he is unjustly detained from his journey's end, by the heaviness, not by the length of the road, delayed not by unexpected turns, opening new and interesting prospects, and enlivened by varied adventure, but clogged by the sluggishness of his conductor. In short, the materials of a moderate episode are expanded into a novel, not by the amplification with which a mind, rich in resources, improves a barren subject, but by the diluted eking out of an apparent

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bookmaker. If the interest of the reader has not been won by the ingenious involution and developement of a cunningly devised fable, neither has it been commanded by excellencies of a higher order. It would be exorbitantly estimating the merit of the few well imagined scenes, to allow that they atone for the mediocrity, nay the manifest inferiority, of the rest of the performance; and as to the conception and illustration of character, the *dramatis personæ*, shall presently be summoned to testify in the author's behalf.

In the meantime we feel it our duty as impartial judges, to state certain circumstances which support a serious presumption against Mr. Cooper, and justify the censure we have applied to his book. Omnivorous novel readers will remember that some two or three years' since, the author of Redwood published a novel called Hope Leslie, founded on events in the early history of New-England; that it introduced us to two Indian children in captivity in the family of Fletcher; that their father, who was a chief, and others of his tribe, made an irruption upon the farm, rescued them, and murdered several of Fletcher's family; that the life of Faith Leslie, a girl, was saved by Oneco, the Indian boy, and that she was carried off with him, grew up among the Indians, and became his wife; and when restored to her friends was an Indian in sentiment, but faintly remembering the events of her early life, and embracing the first opportunity to escape with her husband. Here is the whole story of Conanchet and Narra-mattah. Perhaps the gentleman who is said in the dedication to have furnished the materials for the Wept of Wish-Ton-Wish, had before supplied the same for Hope Leslie—but the former has so much the air of a copy, that we think in fairness the author of the latter should have been honoured by the dedication. Mr. Cooper has not materially altered the story as told in Hope Leslie, except by a tragical conclusion, and the omission of the very interesting character of Magawisca. In the contrivance of the well there is another coincidence worthy of remark. Magawisca tells us of "a rock, at the end of the hut, under which was a cavity," into which her mother crept with her children, and escaped in the conflagration of the Pequod village and the massacre of her tribe by the whites. The well varies from this, merely in being an artificial cavity in a christian blockhouse, instead of a natural cavity in an Indian hut. The romance is in favour of the latter. We will not extend these observations, in which we may be doing unintentional injustice; but again! As if our author were resolved to prove his powers as a writer, by the experiment of a novel without novelty—or to dispute

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with his contemporaries, on the very ground which they have pre-occupied—he has laid violent hands on a historical incident, already appropriated by no less than "the mighty master" himself. The irruption of the Indians on the sabbath, and the sudden appearance of the proscribed judge, is told by Bridgenorth in Peveril of the Peak, with a spirit-stirring eloquence worthy of the nobleness of the subject. It is the proud picture of "the slumbering energies of a great mind, aroused by circumstances of national exigence, and assuming the authority, which is its due, over spirits more meanly endowed." We revere "the tall form and august features" of the mysterious being who, amid the horrors of the massacre, bursts upon the panic-stricken multitude like an interposing God. We are thrilled by the "voice of one that turns back the flight, loud and clear as the notes of a war trumpet," and we feel that it is a legend to awaken a rich tumult of generous emotion in the hearts of the youthful and the brave. The brief combat over—we behold the warrior on his knees, his lofty brow turned heavenward from the reeking battle-field, and his glowing lips uttering amid the dying and the dead, the prayer "of mingled adoration and triumph." He is silent—his rescued followers raise their faces from the earth, but the deliverer has vanished from amongst them; nor was he ever again seen in the land! It is thus that the great magician aware of the limit of his own spell, leaves him invested with the sublimity of imposing obscurity. 'Tis painful to revert from this, to the frigid management by which the American novelist has tamed down this admirable subject.

Scott, with the prodigality of affluence, expending the rich materials on an episode, to give interest to the conversation of one of the minor personages of his drama, has despatched them in three pages; but our author holding the mysterious stranger in the leash, ready for one of the fine points of his narrative, treats him most unworthily and unwarrantably, throughout his novel. How is he introduced? As one "predestined for a deliverer"—as "one of England's noblest hearts," should come before us? No! ominously overlooking the back of his jaded "beast," he appears in his slouched beaver and soiled dress, displays his double supply of pistols, large and small, and his knife, with the wool of a slaughtered sheep, sticking to the blade, subjecting him, on the very threshold of the story, to the charge of feloniously abstracting a mutton-chop from old Straight-Horns! He then goes through the usual tragic evolutions of the countenance, holds a long private conversation with old Mark, and is safely provendered in the block-house for

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the greater part of the first volume. His next achievement—like his first, more characteristic of the executioner than of the judge—is cutting the throat of his horse with the same blade that had dispatched the old wether. The dignity, of which he is thus divested, is not redeemed. He afterwards exhibits some flashes of generous sentiment, and abundance of intrepidity, but in spite of the apostrophe to England, with which he greets the unapprehensive ears of Conanchet, the idea of a persecuted champion of liberty, is never uppermost in the mind of the reader. He shines most in the scene we have quoted from the first volume, where he covers the retreat of Ruth, and shields himself with the body of a living antagonist. When we arrive at what was intended to be, and what certainly ought to have been the crowning situation of the drama, the defence of the village, there is nothing highly effective in the circumstances of his co-operation. He interposes, not in the distraction of conflagration and massacre, but sounds the alarm before the savages have entered the hamlet. The courage infused and obedience enforced, are not the instantaneous effect of a commanding presence, for, instead of appearing as a total stranger, he is an old fellow-soldier of the officers in command, who may be supposed to yield to his authority, more through the influence of his remembered exploits, than of the energy displayed at the moment. As if more were still wanting to depreciate the merit of his intervention, the "dignus vindice nodus," is "unloosed familiar as my garter," by the admirable discipline into which the Reverend Meek Wolf has drilled his flock. Suvaroff himself, could not have desired better materials, than the men who obeyed the call to prayer, and stood quietly listening in such an emergency. With the deliberation allowed, the subsequent arrangements are not other than might well comport with the military tact of Captain Content Heathcote, or even of the dull Ensign Eben Dudley. That the stranger might be yet further shorn of his honours—instead of being triumphant, and dismissed in the hour of victory—after the attitudinizing and heavy fighting in old Mark's orchard, he is made prisoner, and owes his life to the clemency of a savage. We next meet him in his mountain-hut, are in attendance while he eats his dinner, and follow him to the woods, where the unfortunate old gentleman, after being miserably draggled and broken down, is left in the top of a sapling. Here he is forgotten, for about thirty pages of the narrative, and we have already consoled ourselves with the thought that it had become his final resting-place, when he reappears to take leave of us, not sufficiently cleared of the suspicion of unmanly desertion of his Indian friend.

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We have dwelt on the character of Submission, because it is the chief effort and failure of the work.

The other puritans serve only to remind us disadvantageously of Scott's—they are the tame, faded—

"———copy and no more
Of something better we have seen before."

Mark Heathcote is a disagreeable old man. He sometimes amuses us by firing off his cannon—but his principal hobby is firing off prayers. There are too many of these exhibitions for a novel. We really expected nothing else than to hear the bleat of the old bell-wether pealing up like truth from the bottom of the well—and it would have been by no means, the most unseasonable exhibition of that spiritual wrestling, by which the patience of the reader is repeatedly overthrown.

Meek Wolf, whether made so of malice prepense or not, is a decided bore—a poor caricature of Nehemiah Solsgrace and other characters of the same class in Scott. His sermon is sad stuff, and his buffoon recitation of Scripture before the battle—a desecration. The author should never attempt religious characters of this kind. He cannot identify himself with them, and give them the burning language and earnest enthusiasm which redeem the savageness and irrationality of their conduct. There is no inspiration on their wooden tongues. They act and and speak like men of weak heads and bad hearts—and the effect is, that religion itself is rendered ridiculous, if not odious.

Content is one of the ten thousand smooth cogs in the machinery of human action—one of the animals which, in the economy of nature, are manufactured in large parcels to continue the species—one of those dull, good men, that people call clever, who mind their own business and preserve a discreet taciturnity—and, who, useful as they are in the business of life, are out of place in the business of a romance.

Dr. Ergot is another Dr. Battius. Asinus in the "Prairie," is by far the best drawn and sustained of the author's characters of this kind—and there would be much more humour in introducing "the father of all rabbits," to bray through a page or two, to relieve the more serious action of the story, than to entertain us with the madness, without method, of these his more stupid brethren.

The good-natured Eben Dudley, leaves a more favourable impression than any of his companions. He is by no means so stupid as they would have us believe, and we would have been glad to see him better mated, than with the glib-tongued Faith, who has no respect for his feelings, and does not even look on

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his corporal sufferings with the common sympathy of woman, as she proves by her impertinent talk, while extracting the arrow from his arm. Allowing for the equal footing on which she resides in the family as a "help," her conversation strikes us as rather too elevated for a milk-maid. Ruth, although like her husband, one of those quiet, unobtrusive persons, more valuable in real life than in the world of imagination, is a natural and well-sustained character—decidedly the best—in fact, the only successful one of all Cooper's female personifications.

Narra-mattah, with her red face and pretty ancles, does not support the affecting interest, awakened by her violent divulsion from the parent stem. There is much that is cold and forced in her death scene.

As we remarked before, the Indians are well drawn. No one can paint them as Cooper does. But those in the present novel, are but excellent engravings from the admirable pictures he had before given us. Metacom passes over the stage with the wild dignity worthy of the monarch warrior. Conanchet is a noble chief. He exhibits rather too much wavering of purpose—but is on the whole, a worthy representative of Uncas and Hardheart, and evinces all the fine qualities necessary to reconcile those who can be reconciled to the revolting union of red and white. His companionship with the stranger, too nearly resembles that of the young chiefs, just named, with our excellent old friend Leather-Stocking.

Such is the testimony on the score of character, and if in summing up, we have not exercised an indulgence, to which no writer of Mr. Cooper's wide and long continued reputation is entitled—our conscience acquits us of making the *dramatis personæ* bear false witness by any exaggerated colouring of our own.

There are several indications of hasty compositions in both volumes of the work. Loose threads which it is the business of revision to cut off, are left hanging out of the woof of the story. We are so pointedly told of Ruth's leaving the postern open—that we are prepared for the introduction by that inlet, of some important train of events. The author, probably, intended to let in the young Indian, and forgot to do so. Again, much stress is laid on the mutual intelligence existing between the stranger and the young captive, and we are disappointed in its resulting in no more than the former's being led into the woods on the night preceding the attack, that he might see the traces of Indians. The strange story told by Dudley, of his encountering an unknown man in the forest during the hunt, ends in nothing else than his being informed, that the devil was very

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busy in the settlements. We certainly expected that the personage ushered in by a clap of thunder, would become an important agent in the subsequent scenes, but we hear no more of him. Dudley may as well have recited one of his unmeaning dreams. A little after, Dudley is conducted with much ceremony into the sentry-box only to go to sleep—and goes to sleep only to be waked by the "giant grasp" of his sweet-heart. These are instances of superfluous forces brought into the field, and in the hurry forgotten or neglected to be employed, and so encumbering the operations they were meant to assist.

It is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that the play upon the name of Miantonimoh, "my Antony Mow" is, if intended for a pun, too stupid even for dull Dudley, and if for a definition betrays too much ignorance of Indians and their customs for a borderer. It is equally out of all keeping, that the titles of the whites to occupy the Indian lands, should be explained by Ruth to her daughter in a lecture, while the roof is blazing. This is a blot on the best scene in the book. There is too much deliberate conversation in all the situations of hurry and excitement.

We must not forget the idiot Whittal Ring, he is a well managed piece of the machinery. His capture and re-capture are imagined with probability, and it was a good idea to bring him back to prepare the reader and the borderers by his own transformation for that of Narra-mattah.

On the whole, we consider the Wept of Wish-Ton-Wish decidedly inferior to the author's other novels—Lionel Lincoln, perhaps, excepted. If he publishes another such, we shall fear that he will never produce a finished performance—he has not yet. There are interspersed through all his novels, graphic pictures, which the imagination retains with delight. The panther hunt and the burning mountain in the Pioneers—the escape of the prisoner in the Spy; the chase on the Lake in the Mohicans—the crossing of the river, and the burning plains in the Prairie—the irruption on the farm in the work before us—all, once read, are never forgotten; and the unique splendour, we had almost said powerful poetry of his ocean scenes, would redeem a thousand failures—but

> Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum,
> Nesciet:—

Except in Leather-Stocking, his common Sailors, and his Indians—he has failed in the delineation of character. The book under review has the merit of being without one of those half-bred dull young gentlemen, with whom the heroines of his other tales are arbitrarily, and without just provocation, made

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to be enamoured. We have before glanced at his disagreeable females. We will not again advert to this unpleasant topic. His *dramatis personæ* act in the main with due propriety, but they sink into prosers whenever they speak.

Those meant for elevated characters are constrained and morose rather than dignified. There is too much straining after stage effect in their nods and glances, and frowns; they bring to mind the three ominously significant shakes of the head of Queen Elizabeth's mute counsellor, and are like poor players, who fancy they personate Richard by looking truculent and ruffianly. Our most vivid recollection of Washington, in the Spy, is of the reserved gentleman in the coloured neck-cloth, sitting before the parlour fire with his legs crossed, and manœuvring the muscles of his face with most significant expression.

We suspect that Mr. Cooper is rather an admirer of external nature, than a close observer of human conduct in society. His inspiration is upon him in the solitudes of the ocean and the wilderness, not in the crowded haunts of men. Hence, his characters are at home in their collision with savages and the mute and inanimate creation, but not in the companionship of their fellows. Hence the well represented romantic attachment of his seamen to their vessel, Tom Coffin's love of his harpoon and Leather-Stocking's of his dog and rifle—the greater ease and intimacy of his Indian friendships and his comparative coldness to his white associates, the genuine poetry of his aversion to the clearings and of his affection for the trees, and the other accompaniments that impart a wild interest to his solitary life.

There is true dignity in Leather Stocking. He never commits "the treason against virtue of being good and disagreeable." We always meet him with affection, and take leave of him with regret. He never forfeits our respect. Even when he is set in the stocks by the pragmatical sheriff, we could, like that first witness of our author's mastery over nautical subjects, Ben Pump, be proud of a seat beside him. His sagacity, his simplicity, his heroic presence of mind, his fortitude, his innate gentlemanly delicacy, his unaffected philanthrophy, his reflective philosophy, finding "sermons in trees, books in the running brooks, and good in everything;" his pure and elevated religion, the unextinguished fire of youth glowing in his manly sportsmanship and spirit of adventure; his genuine benevolence venting its energies in his chosen solitude in sympathising and conversing with his dog; the fine taste with which his well con-

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stituted mind rejects all the dross and debasement of savage habits and sentiments, and adopts all the nobler attributes of the Indian; his enthusiastic passion for nature in her unrifled freshness, for the forest in the inviolate solemnity of its hoar antiquity—all these elements harmoniously mingle to fix the impress of genius on this noble original. He is a creation which proves that Shakspeare has not exhausted the new world if he has the old. Of all our author's efforts, it gives us infinitely the highest idea of power. We except none, for though exuberantly fertile in the invention of "moving accidents by flood and field"—the talent with which he appropriates them is melo-dramatic, not tragic. As his humour is not playful nor his wit exquisite, so there is little that is ethereal in his imagination. It is powerful, but wants the tempering guidance of instinctive taste. There is truth in the scenery, but it is brought to the mind's eye as by the *camera*, with not enough of the exclusion and heightening of art, and even in the most graphic and spirited of his sea pictures, there is occasionally a rawness and feebleness of execution, a want of repose, and a jejuneness of effect—an absence of boldness in the outline—and of those evanescent touches in the colouring, the unbought graces and poetical hues—the sylphs that hover around the pencil of a master, and distinguish his finished magic, from the mere skill of the correct draughtsman—and yet all other sea pictures are tame to Cooper's!

ART. VIII.—*The Anatomy of Drunkenness.* By ROBERT MCNISH, Member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow. 1st American from 2d London edition. Philadelphia. 1828.

THIS is a very amusing, and in some respects, a very instructive book. It professes to treat scientifically of a moral and physical disease, which, by its extensive diffusion in some portions of our country, has attracted most powerfully the sympathies of the benevolent, and engaged most anxiously the reflections of the wise.

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It has been said that there is scarcely an important era in the history of the world, that is not marked by some moral epidemic of absorbing, if not exclusive prevalence, which, either for good or for evil, influences the destiny of man. The origin and progress of these epidemics are to be found in that instinctive love or aptitude for the stimulus of physical and intellectual excitement, which, connected with all our passions, make up a part, and a large part of our common nature. It is thus that certain epochs have had their characteristic and peculiar moral maladies. We find at some periods, the fires of religious intolerance ministering to the excitement which the human mind is so perpetually seeking, and at others, the proud spirit of chivalry exercising an irrepressible control over the opinions and manners of society. Shall we say that drunkenness is the epidemic of modern times, and that chemistry has revealed, through the fatal distillation of alcohol, a pernicious and brutal stimulus, by which the character of the age in which we live, is essentially affected, and the hopes of man paralyzed by the spells of this demoniac indulgence. If we are to take as undeniable, the *statistics* of drunkenness which the Temperance Associations of our own country have promulged, we think it would be difficult to resist this conclusion, and still more difficult to resist the imputation, that the inhabitants of these United States are the most intemperate of an intemperate age. * If we even admit that some of the pictures, as well as some of the estimates in these statements are overcharged, enough remains of unquestionable truth, to satisfy every reflecting man, that society ought to be perpetually on its guard against the seductive influence of inebriating potions, and that we cannot too often or too seriously calculate how large an addition these fatal compounds have made to the sum of human suffering.

The ancients, "according to their opportunities," to use a homely, but significant phrase, were somewhat addicted to the bottle, but, fortunately for them, they were in blessed ignorance of the art of manufacturing either Antigua, or Blue-ruin, Cognac or Farraintoch. The simplest and the weakest wines, formed the only inebriating beverage they used; consequently, the effects of their intemperance were less hurtful, whilst the examples of this vice must have been infinitely less frequent than in modern times. Solitary drunkenness, that last and most disgraceful exhibition of the infirmity among the moderns, was, we apprehend, among them of rare occurrence, as the poets of antiquity never speak of the indulgence in wine, except in connexion with the pleasures of conviviality and social enjoyment. The patron of the vine they placed among their gods,

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and even his foster father, "the drunken old Silenus," was a philosopher of no small sagacity, who accompanied Bacchus in his Indian expedition, and assisted him by the soundness of his counsels. The vice with them, therefore, could neither have been marked by the maudlin stupidity, frenzied insanity or palsied atrophy which await its progress in modern times. Their indulgence in a comparatively harmless potation was connected with the pleasures of society; their sparkling bowls gave inspiration to their poets, and animated the exquisite strains of Anacreon and Horace. These Teæn odes, harmless in the times in which they were sung, have since become in this rum and brandy generation, the most dangerous and seductive authorities to warrant the excessive use of a liquid fire, unknown to, and untasted by the masquers and revellers of antiquity.

But after all, this philosophical fact may be taken as undeniable, that there is no period in the history of the world, in which man has not been addicted to the use of artificial stimulus. We may predicate of it, that it is a universal appetite, existing in all ages and all stages of society, with more or less evil according to the intensity of the indulgence, the climate, the civilization and temperament of the people. Tacitus tells us that the Germans were in the habit of using ale or beer to great excess, and even in the interior of Africa a similar practice prevailed, whilst all the descendants of the great northern or Scandinavian hive, soon learnt how to extract from the vegetable kingdom, some poisonous drop, which, in deceitfully alleviating for a moment the burdens of existence, superadds an age of accumulated misery.

The Arabian alchemists in their search for gold, are supposed to have discovered the mode by which ardent spirits are to be procured by distillation. The Crusaders brought back into Europe on their return from the East, this knowledge, and thus inflicted upon their descendants the curse of an infinitely more pernicious stimulus, than the excitement which had carried them abroad. If this fatal discovery was made in Asia, its people, perhaps, have suffered less from it than any other inhabitants of the globe. Mahomet, with the wisdom of a great lawgiver, saw the enervating and debasing tendency of the use even of wine, and denied this indulgence to the faithful. But as an incontestible proof of the instinctive proneness of man to seek and enjoy the fascinating excitement of artificial stimulus, the Turk flies to opium to build his airy castles in the skies.

This universal proclivity in man, this desire to cheat life of its cares either by the oblivion or the delusions of the bottle—this too frequent effort to tranquillize by extraneous means the

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disordered system, or to impel the blood in an impetuous torrent through the fevered arteries; this frenzied hope of flying from the "ills we have," even at the risk of awaking in the arms of desolation and despair; ought to impress upon all, the great truth, that it is in this quarter modern society is in most danger, in this vortex the most valuable enjoyments of man on this side of the grave are most likely to be absorbed.

We will turn to our author to unveil the horrors of this charnel house. He has well entitled his minute dissection, the "Anatomy of Drunkenness," which is exhibited by member, joint and limb, in the separate portions of its naked and abstract deformity.

After tracing as he does with a good deal of acumen, and with much vivacity of narrative, the history of drunkenness from the most remote ages, he indulges in the following train of reflections:—

"Drunkenness has varied greatly at different times, and among different nations. There can be no doubt that it prevails more in a rude than a civilized state of society. This is so much the case that as men get more refined the vice will gradually be found to soften down and assume a less revolting character; nor can there be a doubt that it prevails to a much greater extent in northern than southern latitudes. The nature of the climate renders this inevitable, and gives to the human frame its capability of withstanding liquor; hence the quantity which scarcely ruffles the frozen current of a Norwegian's blood, would scatter madness and fever into the brain of a Hindoo. Even in Europe the inhabitants of the south are far less adapted to sustain intoxicating agents than those of the north. Much of this depends upon the coldness of the climate, and much also upon the peculiar physical and moral frame to which that coldness gives rise. The natives of the south are a lively versatile people, sanguine in their temperament, and susceptible to an extraordinary degree of every impression. Their minds seem to inherit the brilliancy of their climate, and are rich with sparkling thought and beautiful imagery. The northern nations are the reverse of all this. With more intensity of purpose, with greater depth of reasoning powers, and superior solidity of judgment, they are in a great measure destitute of that sportive and creative brilliancy which hangs like a rainbow over the spirits of the south, and clothes them in a perpetual sunshine of delight. The one is chiefly led by the heart, the other by the head. The one possesses the beauty of the flower garden. the other the sternness of the rock with its severe and naked hardihood. Upon constitutions so differently organized, it cannot be expected that a given portion of stimulus will operate with equal power. The airy, inflammable nature of the first is easily roused to excitation, and manifests feelings which the second does not experience, until he has partaken much more largely of the stimulating cause. On this account the one may be inebriated and the other remain comparatively sober upon a similar quantity. In speaking of this subject, it is always to be remem-

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bered, that a person is not to be considered as a drunkard because he consumes a certain portion of liquor, but because what he does consume produces certain effects upon his system. The Russian therefore may take six glasses a day and be as temperate as the Italian who takes four and the Indian who takes two. But even when this is acceded to, the balance of sobriety will be found in favour of the south; the inhabitants there not only drink less but are *bona fide* more seldom intoxicated than the others. Those who have contrasted London and Paris may easily verify this fact, and those who have done the same to the cities of Moscow and Rome, can bear still stronger testimony. Who ever heard of an Englishman sipping *eau sucrée* and treating his friends to a glass of lemonade? Yet such things are common in France, and of all the practices of that country they are those most thoroughly visited by the contemptuous malisons of John Bull."

We believe the speculations of our author to be philosophically just, and that it is in some measure borne out by what we know and see of the relative influence of climate on this continent, and within these United States. Taken as a whole community, intemperance, although every where too common, prevails, we suspect, more extensively in the Northern than in the Southern States of this confederacy. Indeed, the appalling statements made under the sanction, and by the authority of the Temperate Societies at the North, amply sustain this hypothesis, as our bills of mortality shew no such number of victims immolated at the shrine of the dæmon of alcohol, as these societies enumerate, whilst the fact is beyond all dispute, that drunkenness, as a physical disease, is much more fatal and incurable in a southern than a northern climate. But we will forbear anticipating what we have to say on these statistics in another portion of this article.

Our author has divided his subject into several separate heads of discussion, the principles of which are—1st. the Causes of Drunkenness; 2d. the Phenomena of Drunkenness; 3d, the Physiology of Drunkenness; 4th, the Pathology of Drunkenness; 5th. the method of Curing the habit of Drunkenness.

The Causes of Drunkenness.—These are so succinctly and lucidly stated, and at the same time of so much practical value, —as in this disease to prevent is far more easy and efficient than to cure—that we cannot do better than transcribe verbatim what our author has to say on this topic.

"The causes of drunkenness are so obvious, that few authors have thought it necessary to point them out; we shall merely say a few words on the subject. There are some persons who will never be drunkards, and others who will be so in spite of all that can be done to prevent them. Some are drunkards by choice and others by necessity. The

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former have an innate and constitutional fondness for liquor, and drink *con amore*. Such men are usually of a sanguineous temperament, of coarse intellectual minds, and of low animal propensities. They have, in general, a certain rigidity of fibre and a flow of animal spirits which other people are without. They delight in the roar and riot of drinking clubs, and with them all the miseries of life may be referred to the bottle. The drunkard, by necessity, was never meant by nature to be dissipated. He is, perhaps, a person of amiable dispositions whom misfortune has overtaken, and who, instead of bearing up manfully against it, endeavours to drown his sorrows in liquor. It is an excess of sensibility or partial mental weakness, and an absolute misery of the heart which drives him on. Drunkenness with him is a consequence of misfortune; it is a solitary dissipation preying upon him in silence. Such a man dies broken hearted even before his excesses have had time to destroy him by their own unassisted agency.

"Some become drunkards from an excess of indulgence in youth. There are parents who have a common custom of treating their children to wine, punch and other intoxicating liquors. This, in reality, is regularly bringing them up in an apprenticeship to drunkenness. Others are taught the vice by frequenting drinking clubs and masonic lodges. These are the genuine academies of tippling. Two-thirds of the drunkards we meet with have been there initiated in that love of intemperance and boisterous irregularity which distinguish their future lives. Men who are good singers are very apt to become drunkards, and in truth, most of them are so, more or less, especially if they have naturally much joviality or warmth of temperament. A fine voice to such men is a fatal accomplishment.

"Ebriety prevails to an alarming degree among the lower orders of society. It exists more in towns than in the country, and more among mechanics than husbandmen. Most of the misery to be observed among the working classes, springs from this source. No persons are more addicted to the habit and all its attendant vices, than the pampered servants of the great. Inn-keepers, musicians, actors, and men who lead a rambling and eccentric life, are exposed to similar hazard. Husbands sometimes teach their wives to be drunkards, by indulging them in toddy and such fluids every time they themselves sit down to their libations. Women frequently acquire the vice by drinking porter and ale while nursing. The stimulants are usually recommended to them from well-meant but mistaken motives by their female attendants. Many fine young women are ruined by this pernicious practice. Their persons become gross, their milk unhealthy, and a foundation is too often laid for future indulgence in liquor. The frequent use of cordials, such as Noyau, Shrub, Kirshwasser, Curacoa and Anisette, sometimes leads to the practice. The active principle of these liqueurs is neither more nor less than ardent spirits.

"Among other causes, may be mentioned the excessive use of spirituous tinctures for the cure of hypochondria and indigestion. Persons who use strong tea, especially green, run the same risk. The latter species is singularly hurtful to the constitution, producing hysteria, heartburn, and general debility of the chylopoetic viscera. Some of

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these bad effects are relieved for a time by the use of spirits; and what was at first employed as a medicine, soon becomes an essential requisite.

"Some writers allege that unmarried women, especially if somewhat advanced in life, are more given to liquor than those who are married. This point I am unable, from my own observation, to decide. Women who indulge in this way, are solitary dram-drinkers; and so would men be, had not the arbitrary opinions of the world invested the practice in them with much less moral turpitude than in the opposite sex. Of the two sexes, there can be no doubt that men are much the more addicted to all sorts of intemperance.

"Drunkenness appears to be in some measure hereditary. We frequently see it descending from parents to their children. This may, undoubtedly, often arise from bad example and imitation; but there can be little question, that in many instances, at least, it exists as a family predisposition.

"Men of genius are often unfortunately addicted to drinking. Nature, as she has gifted them with greater powers than their fellows, seems also to have mingled with their cup of life more bitterness. There is a melancholy which is apt to come like a cloud over the imaginations of such characters. Their minds possess a susceptibility and delicacy of structure which unfit them for the gross atmosphere of human nature, wherefore, high talent has ever been distinguished for sadness and gloom. Genius lives in a world of its own; it is the essence of a superior nature—the lofty imaginings of the mind clothed with a more spiritual and refined verdure. Few men, endowed with such faculties, enjoy the ordinary happiness of humanity. The stream of their lives runs harsh and broken. Melancholy thoughts sweep perpetually across their souls; and if these be heightened by misfortune, they are plunged into the deepest misery.

"To relieve these feelings, many plans have been adopted. Dr. Johnson fled for years to wine under his habitual gloom. He found the pangs were removed while its immediate influence lasted, but he also found they returned with double force when that influence passed away. He saw the dangerous precipice on which he stood, and, by an unusual effort of volition, gave it over. In its stead, he substituted tea, and to this milder stimulus had recourse in his melancholy. Voltaire and Fontenelle, for the same purpose, used coffee. The excitements of Newton and Hobbes were the fumes of tobacco; while Demosthenes and Haller were sufficiently stimulated by drinking freely of cold water. Such are the differences of constitution.

"'As good be melancholy still, as drunken beasts and beggars.' So says old Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, and there are few who will not subscribe to his creed. Dr. Darwin, a great authority on all subjects connected with life, says that he never knew a glutton affected with the gout, who was not at the same time addicted to liquor. He also observes, 'it is remarkable that all the diseases from drinking spirituous liquors, are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, gradually increasing, if the cause be continued, until the family becomes extinct.'

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"We need not endeavour to trace farther the remote causes of drunkenness. A drunkard is rarely able to recall the particular circumstances which made him so. The vice creeps upon him insensibly, and he is involved in its fetters before he is aware."

Whilst we heartily subscribe to the soundness of these remarks, we must be allowed to observe, that at the South we have no hesitation in affirming, that debt is the most prolific cause of drunkenness. If every man who signs a bond would only reflect, that, without a reasonable certainty of paying it, he was, as it were, entering into a sort of recognizance to become a drunkard, it might be productive of a little more caution in entering into perplexing and precarious contracts. There is something in the influence of pecuniary embarrassment on the mind that is exceedingly mysterious and unaccountable. Much greater apparent misfortunes in life are borne with much greater fortitude. The loss of friends, the deprivation of sight and hearing, and the amputation of some limb, necessary to the convenience and enjoyment of life are sustained with composure, if not cheerfulness; but a jail seems to be vested with an ignominy and horror which the bravest cannot contemplate without a shuddering panic. We believe, after all, this secret loathing of pecuniary embarrassment is connected with a sentiment which enters more largely into the passions and actions of man than any other—that is pride. In spite of the intervention of what the world calls bad luck, a man, unsuccessful in his pecuniary arrangements, always suffers under the self-reproach of having been wanting either in skill or judgment. If this be the most productive, it is, at the same time, the most melancholy cause of intemperance. There is scarcely any spectacle more pitiable than to see a man highly gifted with intelligence and sensibility seeking to drown all recollection of his embarrassments in intemperance, and sinking under its fatal and treacherous consolations into hopeless brutality, whilst surrounded by the most endearing obligations of life that call upon him in vain to arouse from his miserable lethargy. We must condemn, but we cannot refrain from pitying such a sufferer. By what measure shall we gauge the indescribable agony of his waking moments, when sobriety not only reveals to him what he is, but what he has been? The fatal stimulus does not operate alone upon the mind with the "charm of an oblivious antidote," but it acts physically, and, if we may so speak, mechanically upon the body. From the accounts of the unfortunate victims themselves, pecuniary distress produces a peculiar sensation across the breast—a sense of suffocation, as if a bar of iron was placed

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on the chest—a type of "that perilous stuff," which the poet of nature tells us, "weighs upon the heart." Liquor has the immediate effect of lifting this load, but in the end, what an incubus does it place in its stead! The loathsome personification of Fuzeli is an angel to the fiend that sits crouching for its prey on the bosom of the sleeping victim of this fatal delusion.

In the comparatively warm climate we inhabit, ardent spirits have nothing of the piquancy that accompany their use in colder regions, where they produce an exhilarating glow, so agreeable in counteracting the effects of low temperature. Hence it is, we have fewer voluntary drunkards at the South, whilst the number of those, who, according to the classification of our author, are drunkards by *compulsion*, may be greater. This may, perhaps, arise from the greater frequency of pecuniary embarrassments among us, incident to the hazards of slave property, and a greater sensitiveness and susceptibility of imagination which lead us to darken and shadow out the worst for the future, and, in this despair, to fly for aid to an insidious foe. But the number of *con amore* drunkards in the tropics, or in climates approximating somewhat to the tropics, is proportionably small. A bilious condition of the stomach produces a disrelish to strong stimulus, and an agreeable substitute is found in sherbets, coffee or tea, or at most, in the light, acid wines of the South of France; whilst an half a pint of brandy, rendered doubly potent by artificial heat and spices, to a man shivering under a thermometer below zero, seems nothing more than an additional flannel waistcoat to fortify him against cold. South of the Potowmac, therefore, if you see a man reeling in the streets, you need scarcely ask what sort of a schedule the unfortunate straggler has rendered to his creditors, as insolvency and brandy, if not synonimous terms, are too often united.

It is true, that some men are blessed with an irritability of stomach, which, under any provocation or solicitation, forbids their being drunkards. Such men scarcely deserve any credit for being temperate; whilst there are others, so constituted, that liquor for a long time makes no impression on them. This temperament is seldom to be found, except in very cold and bracing climates, and is the most dangerous hardihood of frame with which a man can be cursed; for to those, thus organized, liquor seems to carry for a time no penalty, although the dæmon of the bottle settles the long and hateful score at last.

That children are brought up to intemperance by the indiscreet conduct of their parents, and that this may be one of the most productive causes of this evil, we have no doubt. In the first place, they are introduced to table, almost in a state of

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infancy, to quaff the nectar over which their parents hang with so much *gout*, under the absurd pretext of its being a vermifuge or febrifuge. And it is thus, that, metaphorically speaking, they are made to pass through the fire to Baal, or like the offspring of Saturn, seem devoured by their parents without compunction.

The practice, which custom seems to have rendered almost insurmountable, of introducing some species of stimulus whenever persons meet for the purposes of society is, likewise, calculated to produce an example of most inauspicious influence among the rising generation. It amounts pretty nearly to telling them that neither social sympathy nor wit can flow, except under the impulse of some inebriating beverage; hence, liquor and society are uniformly associated in their minds. The custom too, in many parts of the United States, of remaining for hours at the dinner table doating over the cup, instead of retiring, as is the practice in Europe when coffee is announced, to the drawing-room, and joining in cheerful conversation with the softer, better and more temperate portion of the human race, is a habit admirably contrived to rear up young drunkards, who enjoy every possible opportunity of seeing that liquor is infinitely preferable to the enjoyment of the most refined and attractive society.

Phenomena of Drunkenness.—Under this head, our author gives a very minute and graphic description of the progress, sensations, characteristics and consequences of a fit of intoxication. The first part of this picture, from the oriental pomp and luxury with which it is drawn, might be of dangerous tendency, if it were not for the compensation he makes sobriety in giving us its final results. That tremendous reaction which ensues, when the fumes of liquor are passing off, when the unfortunate martyr wakes with the sensation of a wedge being driven into his skull, and in a condition of stomach, which is best unfolded by the following sketch:—

"The consequences of drunkenness are dreadful, but the pleasures of getting drunk are certainly extatic. While the illusion lasts, happiness is complete; care and melancholy are thrown to the wind, and elysium with all its glories descends upon the dazzled imagination of the drinker. Some authors have spoken of the pleasure of being completely drunk; this however is not the most exquisite period. The time is when a person is neither "drunk nor sober, but neighbour to both," as Bishop Andrews says in his "Ex-ale-tation of Ale." The moment is when the ethereal emanations begin to float around the brain—when the soul is commencing to expand its wings, and rise from earth—when the tongue feels itself somewhat loosened in the mouth and breaks the precious taciturnity, if any such existed.

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"What are the sensations of incipient drunkenness? First, an unusual serenity prevails over the mind, and the soul of the votary is filled with placid satisfaction. By degrees he is sensible of a soft and not unmusical humming in his ear, at every pause of the conversation. He seems to himself to wear his head lighter than usual on his shoulders. Then a species of obscurity thinner than the finest mist passes before his eyes, and makes him see objects rather indistinctly. The lights begin to dance and appear double. A gaiety and warmth are felt at the same time about the heart. The imagination is expanded and filled with a thousand delightful images. He becomes loquacious, and pours forth in enthusiastic language the thoughts which are born as it were within him.

"Now comes a spirit of universal contentment with himself and all the world. He thinks no more of misery; it is dissolved in the bliss of the moment. This is the acme of the fit—the extacy is now perfect. As yet the sensorium is in tolerable order; it is only shaken, but the capability of thinking with accuracy still remains. About this time the drunkard pours out all the secrets of his soul. His qualities good or bad come forth without reserve, and now, if at any time, the human heart may be seen into. In a short period he is seized with an inordinate propensity to talk nonsense, though he is perfectly conscious of doing so. He also commits many foolish things knowing them to be foolish. The power of volition, that faculty which keeps the will subordinate to the judgment, seems totally weakened. The most delightful time seems to be that immediately before becoming very talkative. When this takes place, a man turns ridiculous, and his mirth, though more boisterous, is not so exquisite. At first the intoxication partakes of sentiment, but latterly it becomes merely animal.

"After this the scene thickens. The drunkard's imagination becomes disordered with the most grotesque conceptions. Instead of moderating his drink, he pours it down more rapidly than ever; glass follows glass with reckless energy. His head becomes perfectly giddy. The candles burn blue, or green, or yellow, and when, perhaps, there are only three on the table, he sees a dozen. According to his temperament, he is amorous, or musical, or quarrelsome. Many possess a most extraordinary wit; and a great flow of spirits is a general attendant In the latter stage the speech is thick, and the use of the tongue in a great measure lost. His mouth is half open and idiotic in the expression, whilst his eyes are glazed, wavering and watery. He is apt to fancy that he has offended some one of the company, and is ridiculously profuse with his apologies. Frequently he mistakes one person for another, and imagines that some of those before him are individuals who are really absent, or even dead. The muscular powers are all along much affected; this indeed happens before any great change takes place in the mind, and goes on progressively increasing. He can no longer walk with steadiness, but totters from side to side. The limbs become powerless to sustain his weight. He is however not always sensible of any deficiency in this respect, and whilst exciting mirth by his eccentric motions, imagines that he walks with the most perfect steadiness. In attempting to run, he thinks he hops over the ground

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with astonishing rapidity. The last stage of drunkenness is total insensibility. The man tumbles perhaps beneath the table, and is carried away in a state of stupor to his couch. In this condition he is said to be *dead drunk*. When the drunkard is put to bed, let us suppose that his faculties are not totally absorbed in apoplectic stupor; let us suppose that he still possesses consciousness and feeling, though these are both disordered; then begins "the tug of war," then comes the misery which is doomed to succeed his precious raptures. No sooner is his head laid upon the pillow, that it is seized with the strangest throbbing. His heart beats quick and hard against the ribs. A noise like the distant fall of a cascade, or rushing of a river, is heard in his ears; sough—sough—sough goes the sound. His senses now become more drowned and stupified. A dim recollection of his carousals like a shadowy and indistinct dream, passes over the mind. He still hears, as in echo, the cries and laughter of his companions. Wild fantastic fancies accumulate thick around the brain. His giddiness is greater than ever, and he feels as if in a ship tossed upon a heaving sea. At last he drops insensibly into a profound slumber. In the morning he wakes in a high fever. The whole body is parched; the palms of the hands in particular are like leather. His head is violently painful. He feels excessive thirst, while his tongue is white, dry and stiff. The whole inside of the mouth is likewise hot, constricted, and the throat often sore. Then look at his eyes how sickly, dull and languid. The fire which first lighted them up the evening before is all gone. A stupor, like that of the last stage of drunkenness, still clings about them, and they are disagreeably affected by the light. The complexion sustains as great a change; it is no longer flushed with gaiety and excitation, but pale and way-worn, indicating a profound mental and bodily exhaustion. There is probably sickness, and the appetite is totally gone. Even yet the delirium of intoxication has not left him, for his head still rings, his heart still throbs violently, and if he attempts getting up, he stumbles with giddiness. The mind is also sadly depressed, and the proceedings of the previous night are painfully remembered. He is sorry for his conduct, promises never again to commit himself, and calls impatiently for something to quench his thirst. Such are the usual phenomena of drunkenness."

The first portion of this description may well be called the Elysium, and the last the Tartarus of drunkenness. We, however, believe, that an habitual drunkard participates but imperfectly in the extacies of the former, whilst he feels all the pangs of the latter with ten-fold acuteness—with him the incipient stage of intoxication soon passes into a swinish stupor and insensibility, from which he is aroused merely by the craving appetite and necessity of going to his cup again. The effects of inebriating stimulus on the system are, however, essentially modified by the peculiar temperaments of the individuals on which it acts, so much so, that our author has divided drunkards into the following classes. 1st. The *Sanguineous Drunkard* whom we take to

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be the *con amore* drunkard—a man of vigorous frame, intense appetites and passions, and of moderate intellect. "It is men of this class who are the heroes of all drunken companies, the president and getters-up of social meetings. With them, eating and drinking are the grand ends of human life." Men of this temperament are the most incurable sots in the world, as they not only have the highest relish for liquor, but possess a vigour of constitution, which enables them to sustain its effects with less injury. 2ndly, *The Melancholy Drunkard* is a person of a widely different stamp, he is pensive out of his cups and sometimes pensive in them, but usually the bottle gives a calm to his feelings, and he is tender, imaginative and poetical. Poor Burns belonged to this class, and was one of the most affecting examples of its peculiarities. 3rdly, *Surly Drunkards.* The inebriates of this class are decidedly the most disgusting and offensive of all the votaries of Bacchus, they are prone to quarrel, malicious and vindictive in the extreme. "They are in general so foul-tongued and indecent in conversation, that established clubs of drinkers have made it a practice to exclude them from their society. 4thly, *Phlegmatic Drunkards.* "Persons of this temperament are heavy-rolling machines," who suck their liquors with a sort of idiotic insensibility, and upon them the stimulus of ardent spirits seems to lose its exhilarating, whilst it exercises in full force its brutalizing effect. "Their vital actions are dull and spiritless—the blood in their veins as sluggish as the river Jordan, and their energies stagnant as the dead sea." 5thly, *Nervous Drunkards.* "Weak and irritable," as our author says these personages are, they are very tedious, very sensitive, and the most miserable burdens to themselves, from the peculiarity of their temperament. 6thly, *Choleric Drunkards.* This disposition, our author tells us, "prevails much among the Welshmen and Highland Lairds. Persons of this temperament are constantly seeking out causes of offence; revive their quarrels on every joyful opportunity; bear about them a precious burthen of old resentments with a happy aptitude to create new ones, and become, according to circumstances, the laughing-stock or the terror of their pot companions. 7thly, *Periodical Drunkards.* To this class, the most unaccountable of the intemperate belong. Men who can practise for months the most ascetic sobriety, and who suddenly relapse into a perfect furor of intemperance. This drunken mania in such persons comes on three or four times a year, and usually lasts until the victim reduces his stomach to such a state of debility, that, from sheer irritation, it rejects not only the pernicious fluid, but every species of sustenance. Persons

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of this temperament, are constantly tantalizing their friends with the hope and prospect of reformation, which is as constantly deferred.

All these species occasionally run into each other towards the closing scene, when the body begins to sympathise powerfully with the depravation of the intellectual and moral faculties. After all, the doctrine of the temperaments may be too much a matter of speculation to explain these phenomena, for the sort of delirium which will be produced by a fit of intoxication cannot be determined *a priori* from even an accurate knowledge of the character of the individual. Dr. Johnson tells us, that "in the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage and bashfulness for confidence," but it may be added, that they do not always find what they seek. There is no adage so false as the *in vino veritas* of the Bacchanalian. Philip drunk, is as different an animal from Philip sober, as can well be conceived. Addison, a keen observer of human nature, tells us, "that the person you converse with after the third bottle, is not the same man who at first sat down to table with you. Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin; it gives bitterness to resentment, and makes vanity insupportable. In a word, it exhibits the individual in a new and foreign character, and infuses qualities into the mind to which it is a stranger in its sober moments. Hence the justice as well as neatness of the saying of Publius Syrius, "he who jests upon a man that is drunk injures the absent."

The phenomena of intoxication as well as its consequences, are modified by the agents employed, although alcohol is the inebriating principle of them all. The most potent of these agents—rum, brandy, whiskey and gin—are productive of the most marked exhibition of these phenomena, and it remains a moot point which species of ardent spirits is the most injurious. It seems generally to be admitted, that "brandy kills soonest," and where it is pure, that gin is the least hurtful. But of all inebriating agents, in the opinion of our author, malt liquors when taken to excess, are the most pernicious and disgusting. A malt drunkard is a personage almost exclusively of British growth, and in his habit and appearance he presents a most loathsome combination, of physical and moral depravity and corruption. Those who propose a retreat for the intemperate from spirituous to malt liquors, should be certain at what point the fugitive will stop—if he drinks seven English pints of porter or ale in lieu of one pint of whiskey per day, not much will

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be gained by the change, except "to become loaded with fat, the chin double, the eye prominent, and the whole face bloated and stupid. The circulation is clogged, while the pulse feels like a cord, and is full and labouring, but not quick. During sleep the breathing is stentorious. Every thing indicates an excess of blood; and when a pound or two is taken away, immense relief is obtained. The blood, in such cases, is dark and sizy. In seven cases out of ten, malt-liquor drunkards die of apoplexy or palsy. If they escape this hazard, swelled liver or dropsy carries them off."

The wine drunkard, lays the flattering unction to his soul, that in consequence of his drinking a liquor dedicated to the gods, and the chosen beverage of the rich and the great, he may be able to escape the penalty of intemperance, whereas the only difference between him and the brandy drinker is, that his poison is a little slower but not less sure. All wines are more or less solutions of alcohol, and the man who drinks a bottle of Madeira per day, will thus take nearly half a pint of pure alcohol, or almost a pint of pure brandy. The vinous acid, it is true, neutralizes, in some degree, the spirit of this potation, but he who indulges in it is, nevertheless, a drunkard, and hence the revolting inconsistency of such an individual declaiming against brandy drinkers, when he himself is one of the most flagrant sinners against sobriety, for which he makes but a poor sort of atonement by even becoming a member of a Temperance Society.

Opium and tobacco when they produce intoxication, manifest their own peculiarities. The extacy produced by the first, if we are to believe the "Confessions of an [English] Opium Eater," far transcends the delirium excited by wine." Its use is said by this writer to be increasing in England, and greatly among the working classes at Manchester; a consequence very likely to result from the miseries which the manufacturing system entails upon a people. "The effects of tobacco are inebriating, and those who habitually indulge in it may, with propriety, be denominated drunkards." The use of this noxious and disgusting weed, if not intemperate in itself is the cause of intemperance in the use of other things. Tobacco, in nine cases out of ten, leads to wine, brandy, and whiskey, and is the first link in the series of drunkenness.—It is time, however, that we should now speak of the consequences of habitual intemperance, or in other words, of the

Pathology of Drunkenness.—The liver is the first organ which is assailed in a confirmed drunkard, and those who have sought for allegories in all the fables of antiquity, have supposed with

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some ingenuity, that the story of Prometheus stealing fire from heaven, and animating clay, alluded to the effects of wine and intoxicating drugs upon the human body, and the punishment of having his liver devoured by a vulture, may be supposed to refer to the consequences which men draw upon themselves by over indulgence. This viscus is usually found after death in drunkards, essentially altered in its size and appearance, and without doubt is the part where the vulture of this habit gnaws with most pain to the sufferer, and brings on that depression of spirits, and dreadful sinking, which follow the abatement of a fit of intoxication. The stomach next sympathises, and becomes both feeble and irritable, and at last indurated. Indigestion succeeded by occasional spasms marks its approaching decay, whilst the brain, that organ which is the light of man, begins also to wane and become dim. Dr. Armstrong tells us, that the brain gets diseased, the diameter of the vessels being diminished, while the coats are thickened and less transparent than usual. In some places they swell out and assume a varicose appearance. The organ itself has no longer the same delicate and elastic texture, becoming either unnaturally hard or of a morbid softness, and slight effusions in the various cavities are apt to take place. Under these circumstances there is a strong risk of apoplexy. To this derangement of structure is to be ascribed the mental debasement, the loss of memory and gradual extinction of the intellectual powers. With these symptoms, the blood, breathing, and perspiration of the drunkard become painfully affected, and the vision is impaired by the most acrid inflammation of the eyes. If there is a predisposition to gout, this serpent of the system comes out from his coil, and then distressing tremors of the limbs, palpitation of the heart, hysteria, epilepsy, and lastly, before the closing scene, a loathsome emaciation and atrophy—the signs of premature old age.

In this stage, the mind fares worse, if possible, than the decaying carcase in which it is sepulchred. Melancholy, with a gloom which no imagination can fancy, or tongue can tell, sinks deeply into the soul. "The weapon the drunkard employs to drive away care is turned upon himself. Every time it is used it becomes less capable of scaring the fiend of melancholy, and more effectual in wounding him that uses it." He becomes indifferent to society, to his friends and the occupations which once gave him the most pleasure. Overwhelmed by despair, the most dreadful calamities seem to produce no impressions—he goes to the grave of the dearest and most valuable friend he has on earth, apparently unconscious of his loss. If there is any hereditary disposition to madness, it is sure to be

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excited, and often in the dreadful form of *delirium tremens*. We must employ the words of our author to describe this frightful malady.

"Delirium tremens seldom takes place except in confirmed drunkards. It occurs generally after an excessive fit of drinking, which has continued for some days without intermission, but I have also known it to arise from a person having been too suddenly deprived of the stimulus to which he had been long accustomed. A medical friend lately mentioned to me the case of one of his patients who fractured his leg, and who, in consequence of the abstemiousness requisite in such a case, was seized with this disease four days after the accident. Delirium tremens came on with lassitude, loss of appetite, and frequent exacerbations of cold. The pulse is weak and quick, and the body covered with a chilly moisture. The countenance is pale, there are usually tremours of the limbs, anxiety, and a total disrelish for the common amusements of life. Then succeed retching, vomiting, and much oppression at the pit of the stomach. When the person sleeps, which is but seldom, he frequently starts in the utmost terror having his imagination haunted by frightful dreams. To the first coldness, glows of heat succeed, and the slightest renewed agitation of body or mind sends out a profuse perspiration. The tongue is dry and furred: every object appears unnatural and hideous. There is a constant dread of being haunted by spectres. Black or luminous bodies seem to float before the person; he conceives that vermin, and all sorts of impure things are crawling upon him, and is constantly endeavouring to pick them off. His ideas are wholly confined to himself and his own affairs, of which he entertains the most disordered notions. He imagines that he is away from home, forgets those who are around him, and is irritated beyond measure by the slightest contradiction. Calculations, buildings, and other fantastic schemes often occupy his mind; and a belief that every person is confederated to ruin him is commonly entertained This state generally lasts from four to ten days, and goes off after a refreshing sleep; but sometimes either from the original violence of the disease, or from improper treatment, it proves fatal. There is another termination, which the complaint sometimes though rarely assumes. It may run into madness or confirmed idiotism. Indeed, when it continues much beyond the time mentioned, there is danger of the mind becoming permanently alienated. Subsultus, low delirium, very cold skin, contracted pupil, strabismus, short intermitting pulse, and frequent vomiting are indications of great danger. This disease is to be distinguished from typhus in not being contagious, and in having neither the petechiæ nor cadaverous swell that often occur in this variety of fever. The delirium is not so impetuous in its attack, and there is from the beginning less prostration of strength. From phrenitis it is readily distinguishable by being attended with a more moderate degree of fever, by the want of turgescency, redness of the eyes and intolerance of light. The face likewise instead of being flushed is pale and the pulse weak. It is distinguishable from mania, by being without the wild, furious glassy eye of persons labouring under that disorder.

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"Those patients who have been driven to intoxication from some great affliction, are generally in eminent danger; for during the progress of the complaint, their raving incessantly turns upon the recent calamity, and produces an irritation and exhaustion most difficult to be counteracted. But confirmed drunkards, who have previously laboured under chronic hepatitis, or some similar organic affection perhaps stand the worst chance; at least I have seen two subjects of this kind who have sunk rapidly under the disease."*

Our author concludes his chapter on the Pathology of Drunkenness, with the following summary:—

"Such are the principal diseases brought on by drunkenness. There are still several others which have not been enumerated: nor is there any affection incident either to the body or mind which this vice does not aggravate into double activity. The number of persons who die in consequence of complaints so produced is greater than unprofessional people imagine. The fact is well known to medical men, who are aware that many of the cases they are called upon to attend, originate in liquor, although the circumstance is totally unknown either to the patient or his friends. This is particularly the case with regard to affections of the liver, stomach, and other viscera concerned in digestion."

To this authority, we will add that of the celebrated Dr. Willan, who says "that the wretched victims of a fatal poison, 'fall at length into a state of fatuity, and die with powers of 'mind and body totally exhausted. Some, after repeated fits 'of derangement, expire in a sudden and violent phrenzy. Some 'are hurried out of the world by apoplexies; others perish by 'the slower processes of jaundice, dropsy, apthous ulcerations 'of the alimentary canal, and gangrenous ulcerations of the ex-'tremities."

Such is the fate of the confirmed drunkard. It is true that some of the fraternity, like Funnel in the Spectator, may sum up for many years, the hogsheads which they have annually consumed, and in the pride of their insatiable gullets, seem to defy the approach of the great enemy of man—but he is sure to come at last in no very mild or merciful form. Dr. Trotter informs us, that he knew a marine on board one of the king's ships, who drank four gallons of beer a day, but he soon grew bloated and stupid, and died of apoplexy. Some men may, likewise, riot for a length of time in the intemperate use of wine, and with the *gutta rosacea* and Bardolph's nose, act as light-houses shining on a dangerous coast, which we are to avoid. But gout in the stomach or apoplexy is, in the end, their inevitable doom.

* Dr. Armstrong.

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We shall say little of spontaneous combustion, although this involuntary species of conflagration seems, in many cases, to have been well authenticated. The slow fires which consume the drunkard, are sufficiently awful, without the superadded tortures of an internal conflagration, of flames which, as far as bodily torments go, are quite equal to the *auto-da-fes* at Smithfield or Goa. Many curious cases are given in the Journal de Physique, and in the work on Medical Jurisprudence by Paris and Fonblanque. The phrase of "being burnt up with liquor," has ceased to be a figure of speech, whilst chemistry has attempted to explain the principles of this curious self-ignition, by the supposed formation of phosphoretted hydrogen in the body. A man who emits from his mouth such a gas, carries a lighted candle into a powder magazine, whenever he approaches the cheerful blaze even of his own fire-side; but, by a just dispensation, he is only able, however, to blow himself up. Our author tells us, "that in *post mortem* examinations, nothing is more common 'than to find the body charged with inflammable gases, whence 'the insufferable odour which exhales from it. That such a 'quantity of these might accumulate as to support combustion, 'is, perhaps, not impossible; but it is to be remembered, that 'they are the result of decomposition, and that such decompo-'sition cannot take place to any extent in the living fibre.

The judicial consequences of intemperance are certainly not the last among its pains and penalties. Whilst liquor does make mad, the madman from this cause, cannot plead his insanity when brought to the bar of justice for some act perpetrated in the unconscious phrenzy of his delirium. "A drunkard," says Sir Edward Coke, "who is *voluntarius dæmon*, hath no privilege 'thereby, but what hurt or ill soever he doth, his drunken-'ness doth aggravate it." This may be considered as a rule of law throughout the civilized world, and is sustained by a uniform current of legal decisions in England and this country.

The Method of Curing the habit of Drunkenness.—Hic labor hoc opus est. The chapter of our author on this subject is instructive, and not devoid of consolation to those who are prone to think this habit invincibly incurable. "The first step to be 'adopted,' says he, 'is the discontinuance of all liquors or sub-'stances which have the power of intoxicating. The only 'question is, should this be adopted at once or by degrees?" Our author inclines to the latter opinion; whilst, with more reason, we think, Dr. Trotter maintains the former as the soundest practice. He says, "we daily see in all parts of the 'world men, who, by profligacy and hard drinking, have brought 'themselves to a gaol; yet, if we consult the register of the

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'prison, it does not appear that any of these habitual drunkards 'die by being forced to lead sober lives. Whenever debility of 'the constitution exists, it is to be cured by the usual medicinal 'means." The patient, therefore, should not parley or make a truce with his habit. It must be at once broken to destroy the spell of its fascination. The recommendation of the physician to the Highland Chieftain to put as much sealing-wax daily in his cup, as would receive the impression of his seal, which is said to have been attended with the happy effect of curing his habit of inebriation, by the time the cup became filled with wax, is, after all, a dangerous recipe. "I would guard every person," says Dr. Lettsom, "from beginning even with a little drop of 'this fascinating poison, which, once admitted, is seldom, if ever 'afterwards overcome."

Without professing to be skilled in the cure of this disease, we should think, from all we have read on the subject, that the plan of cure from which the most is to be hoped, is that which provides for a total abstinence at once from the fatal poison, and furnishes in its stead such refreshing stimulants as coffee, tea and nourishing diet in case of great and sudden bodily exhaustion; with these may be joined some agreeable occupation for the mind, some opportunities for the exercise of the kindliest affection of our natures, and, above all, some active and continued employment. We have little confidence in those panaceas which, a short time since, held out such consoling promises to the world, and which are nothing more or less than compounds of the most nauseous drugs mixed with the favourite beverage of the drunkard. These might, indeed, be of some avail if they could never be disunited. But as it is always in his power to procure this divorce, it must be obvious that no confidence can be placed in the permanent action of these remedies. Indeed, we have no reliance in any plan of cure which does not cotemporaneously minister to the mind as well as the body, as a large portion of the disease is a mental malady.

When the habit becomes firmly fixed, and the body is in a sort of chronic sympathy with the mind, the disease may be pronounced incurable. No interval of sobriety seems to furnish any guarantee that this habit, if even for a time subdued, will not again be resumed. In one of the statements of the Temperance Societies in New England, we have met with an account, said to be well authenticated, of a man who made a vow that he would not touch spirits for forty years, under a belief that before the expiration of the forty years, he would be in his grave. He kept his vow with great fidelity. At the expiration, however, of the forty years, he was foolish enough to

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to think he had vanquished the habit, tasted a drop, and finally died a confirmed sot.

The following paragraph from our author, contains so much salutary counsel, that we cannot better conclude this part of the subject than by transcribing it:—

"Man is very much the creature of habit. By drinking regularly at certain times, he feels the longing for liquor at the stated returns of those periods—as, after dinner, or immediately before going to bed, or whatever the period may be, he even feels it in certain companies, or in a particular tavern at which he is in the habit of taking his libations. We have all heard the story of the man, who could never pass an inn on the road side without entering it and taking a glass, and who, when after a violent effort he succeeded in getting beyond the spot, straightway returned to reward himself with a bumper for his resolution. It is a good rule for drunkards to break all such habits. Let the frequenter of drinking clubs, masonic lodges, and other bacchanalian assemblages leave off attending these places, and if he must drink, let him do so at home where there is every likelihood that his potations will be less liberal. Let him also forswear the society of boon companions either in his own habitation or in theirs. Let him if he can manage it remove from the place of his usual residence, and go somewhere else. Let him also take abundance of exercise, court the society of intellectual and sober persons, and turn his attention to reading or gardening, or sailing, or whatever other amusements he has a fancy for. By following this advice rigidly, he will get rid of that baleful habit which haunts him like his shadow, and intrudes itself by day and by night into the sanctuary of his thoughts. And if he refuses to lay aside the Circean cup, let him reflect that disease waits upon his steps—that dropsy, palsy, emaciation, poverty and idiotism followed by the pale phantom death, pursue him like attendant spirits and claim him as their prey."

In the *Statistics of Drunkenness*, are embraced the items of its desolation. It furnishes a larger contingent than any other source of human misery to the lunatic asylum and the poor-house. The results in England are nearly concurrent with those in our own country. The reports of the supervisors of the Bethlehem hospital in Great Britain, show that the largest proportion of its unfortunate inmates owe their maladies to this fruitful cause of madness, poverty, wretchedness and disease. It is said that in the United States "there are two hundred thousand paupers, supported at an annual expense of ten millions of dollars. The reports of hospitals, penitentiaries, and alms-houses, justify the statement that three fourths or one hundred and fifty thousand of these miserable beings were reduced to pauperism by the single vice of intemperance."* Thir-

* Beman on Intemperance.

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ty thousand persons it is estimated are annually sent to an untimely grave by the agency of this vice, whilst the last war, according to Niles' Register, did not cost the country a mortality by the sword of more than four hundred and fifty on an average per annum. In many cities in the union, one eighth part of their commerce is exercised in the traffic and carriage of spirituous liquors. The total consumption of spirits in the United States, amounted in 1810, according to Pitkins' Statistics, to 31,725,417 gallons, equal to about four gallons and a half to each individual. Assuming the habits of the people generally, to be the same as in 1810, and estimating the population at 12,000,000, the quantity now annually consumed will amount to fifty-six millions of gallons, which at fifty cents per gallon, arises to an annual waste of 28,000,000 of dollars.

The effects of this enormous consumption, are exhibited in the statements of the different insane hospitals and almshouses in our country. From a very sensible and exceedingly well written tract before us,* we find that in the town of Portsmouth, (N. H.) from a careful examination of the circumstances of the tenants of the alms-house, sixty-four out of eighty-five owed their pauperism to intemperance; and in Portland, (Me.) seventy-one out of eighty-five. In the state of New-York in 1824, out of six thousand eight hundred and ninety-six who received public alms, four thousand seven hundred and forty-one were brought to this condition by liquor, and in the city of Baltimore in the year ending April, 1826, of seven hundred and thirty-nine persons, who were received into the alms house, five hundred and fifty-four, that is three fourths, were abandoned to intemperate habits.

The criminal calendars throughout the country likewise owe the largest portion of their respective contributions to drunkenness. In the report of the New-York Society for the prevention of pauperism, it is stated that three fourths of the assaults and batteries charged in the city and county of New-York, proceed from the degrading use of ardent spirits. And a much larger portion of crimes of a deeper dye we have no doubt have a similar origin. Sir Matthew Hale, an authority beyond all exception, from his profound sagacity and extensive means of observations, says, "The places of judicature which I have so long held in this kingdom, have given me opportunity to observe the original cause of most of the enormities that have been committed for the space of nearly twenty years; and by due observation I have found, that if the murders and manslaughters, the

* Palfrey's Discourses on Intemperance.

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burglaries and robberies, the riots and tumults, the adulteries, and other great enormities, that have happened in that time, were divided into five parts four of them have been the issue and product of excessive drinking, of taverns and ale-house meetings."

In the economical view of this subject, we ought not to lay out of account the positive loss which society sustains by the physical and moral depravity of a drunkard. He ceases to be a producer and becomes a consumer in the worse sense of the term. Besides, a nation of drunkards would be the feeblest community that ever existed on the face of the earth. A man's value in society, depends on his moral and physical efficiency, and just in proportion to the sober men in a community, will be its power of internal wealth and its means of resisting external danger. The extraordinary military power of the French, in spite of their being greatly surpassed by the English in mere physical organization, we have attributed mainly to their great sobriety. The water-drinker is the man for great enterprizes, heroic devotion, and unceasing vigils.

We have drawn this article out to such an unexpected length that we must very briefly sum up the little which we have yet to say on this subject.

It is certainly with no view to throw our own society off its guard, that we reiterate what we have before said, that notwithstanding the alarming prevalence of intemperance in many portions of this confederacy, we think, that for a series of years, there has been an obvious improvement in the habits of the people of the South. The absurd and cruel despotism of the table, which repudiated all heeltaps, and compelled a man in the bacchanalian slang "to fill what you will but drink what you fill," is entirely banished, and now scarcely finds a resting place in the lowest ale-houses. The locking of doors and secreting of hats to prevent the escape of some suffering guest from the banquetting room, would now be considered as a breach of decorum calling loudly even for personal redress. For a man to be seen drunk in decent society would now be regarded not as a pleasant jest, but as a powerful reproach. If this improvement in the habits of the people is true of the more fashionable ranks of society, it is no less so of those who use a less expensive stimulus than wine. We attribute this, in the interior at least, to the influence of christianity, and to the fact, that the gospel has furnished a more blessed excitement than the mischief-making ingenuity of man.

We had designed to say something of the character and tendency of the associations which have been formed under

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the appellation of Temperance Societies in many parts of the United States, but our limits forbid any thing but a brief remark.

That they have done good, and may do good, by precept and example, under proper limitations, we have no doubt. But the danger of all associations, to aid the law, or go beyond the law, is the peril of attempting too much; and, consequently, accomplishing little. The means are not always proportioned to the end, and sometimes these means wear more the aspect of pharasaical arrogance than becomes a christian spirit. When men form combinations of this description, they go on the presumption that they are better than their neighbours, and this belief once entertained, the domestic inquisition which would carry us to his side-board to ascertain the quantity of brandy each man consumes, would seem to be altogether justifiable. Besides, in this age of *cant* and *funaticism*, there is some danger of the whole government of society being put into the hands of these public and irresponsible associations. The meetings, by which they are called together, are exceedingly flatteriug to human vanity, and the occasions which they furnish for display, abundantly gratifying. Of all the societies that meet at Free Mason's Hall, in London, to take under their parental care the rights and interests of the whole human race, how many of the quacks, who come forth with the most lusty arrogance, know one jot of the disease for which they prescribe, or have ever even seen their patients. These decorous mobs, after all, are dangerous associations, without they are constantly under the restraiuts of a wise discretion—"a wise and masterly inactivity" they seldom consult.

But, that Temperance Societies, by collecting, accumulating and diffusing the details and statistics of drunkenness, may do much good, we have no doubt. Let them beware of instituting inquisitions into the habits of their neighbours, or combinations proscribing all men whose habits may not be as ascetic as their own, lest a reaction should take place which would destroy the best part of their labours. They surely ought to recollect, that if drunkenness is a vice, one of the noblest attributes of man, is the fortitude which enables him to use all the pleasures of life, without impairing his magnanimous discharge of its duties, and that there is quite as much virtue in heroically resisting temptation, as in flying with craven timidity from its spells.

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ART. I.—*Memoires de M. Bourrienne, Ministre d'Etat sur Napoleon, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire et la Restoration.* 6 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1829.

THE French Revolution is destined to become the theme of unnumbered dissertations. The memoirs that relate to the French Revolution, to its causes, incidents and actors, and particularly to him who for so long a time seemed destined to give it its permanent form and final character, already amount to many hundred volumes, and every season is bringing forth additions to these stores, and increasing the pages devoted to this very remarkable period in the history of the civilized world.

During the exaltation of Bonaparte, there were flatterers enough, he himself conspicuous among the number, to extol his character, celebrate his exploits, and magnify his power. But since that power has waned, and other planets have become lords of the ascendant, multitudes have arisen to question the greatness that was apparently so pre-eminent, and tarnish the glory that once shone so specious and so fair. A few, either from the necessity of their position, or from a devotion to his memory, which rendered and still renders them insensible to his aberrations, occasionally appear as the defenders or apologists of all his actions; but the greater number undoubtedly consider the moment favourable to every developement which can lower his reputation or cast a shade over any point or portion of his character.

Bonaparte, during his rapid and brilliant career, had, indeed, committed offences against all parties in the state, and left

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many embittered feelings ready to burst forth in complaints and censures, when the curb which for a time restrained them, was forever removed. The royalists, though favoured and protected by him, though relieved, with a few exceptions, from the severe and sanguinary decrees of the Convention, though restored to all their possessions which had not, before his accession to power, been absolutely alienated, though recalled to their country and their homes, could not forgive Napoleon for belonging to the revolution, for his usurpation of the throne of the Bourbons, and the execution of the Duke d'Enghien. The violent jacobins, on the other hand, were the objects of his constant suspicions, and we might almost say, unguarded denunciations; they were treated with scorn and contumely, and were many of them punished with more severity and a more utter disregard to the forms and principles of justice, than any other individuals who fell under his displeasure. Yet, strange to say! it is among this party that many of his most devoted adherents and most unqualified eulogists have been found. The republicans who had looked through all stages of the revolution, for the Utopian shores which were to terminate their trials and their toils, beheld their visionary hopes obscured, and their airy dreams dissipated by one who was considered as a child of the revolution, and who had often announced himself as the assertor of the great principles of liberty and equality. And the friends of a limited monarchy, who hoped to see under a new dynasty, a well-regulated and balanced form of government, better adapted to the state of opinions and society in France, than the tumultuous and transient systems which the revolution had hitherto ushered in, were equally dismayed when they beheld on the throne a chief, who knew no limits to his power but his own discretion, and recognised no principle or qualification but that necessity of which he alone was to be the interpreter and judge. Such, however, was the splendour of his administration, such the ascendancy which he acquired over the imagination and affections of his followers, that all these discordant parties were silenced before him, or followed his car of triumph with united acclamations—yet recollections were preserved of things which astonished or petrified as they passed, and, in the fullness of time, they are brought forth and submitted to the judgment of the world.

We can give only an occasional glance to the numerous works which, on this fruitful topic, are overloading the European, but particularly the French press, and must be satisfied with noticing those that possess some peculiar claim to our consideration.

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Such ought to be the work before us. The school companion, afterwards the private and confidential secretary of Bonaparte, during an important period of his life, undertakes to inform us of his manners, character, private views and secret machinations, of the movements of his cabinet rather than of his armies—of many of those circumstances which, however they may influence the course of history, do not always appear on its pages.

We have read these memoirs with some pleasure, mingled however, with much disappointment. They are loaded with petty details; too much importance is given to the affairs of M. de Bourrienne. His views are never profound, and although Bonaparte conversed often with him freely, for he was fond of conversing with those around him, it is evident that, however he confided in his discretion, he did not appeal to his wisdom. We find none of those conferences or consultations which even Bonaparte, confident and boastful as he was of the superiority of his talents, must have held frequently with the ministers who surrounded him, and who formed that council of state from which ostensibly, all important measures were made to emanate. To Bourrienne he would mention sometimes seriously, sometimes jocularly, his opinions, his expectations or his projects, and to many of them this auditor has given an undue importance, as if nothing idle or without serious design, could ever be uttered by so dignified and profound a statesman. Still there are many recitals in these memoirs amusing and interesting, and some valuable materials for those who may hereafter compose the history of this enterprising, and for a long time most successful soldier. Some of these we will present to our readers.

We will first, however, devote a few moments to the author himself. M. Fauvelet de Bourrienne, whose family had claims to nobility, and belonged to the department of the Yonne, at eight years of age, was placed at the military school of Brienne, and was a classmate, and, during five years that they remained together at that school, the intimate companion fo Bonaparte. The latter was transferred in 1784, at the age of fifteen years, to the military school at Paris. Bourrienne continued at Brienne until 1787; in the following year he was sent to Vienna to join the train of the French ambassador at that court. By the advice of M. de Noailles, he went to Leipsic to study, in the University, the law of nations and modern languages, as preparations for a diplomatic life. He was thus engaged when the Revolution commenced. In the winter of 1791–92, he travelled in Germany and Poland, and returned to Paris in

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April, 1792. He there met Bonaparte, and renewed the intimacy of their collegiate days. "I was not very happy," says M. Bourrienne, "adversity pressed upon him. We passed our time as two young men of twenty-three years of age, who have nothing to do and have little money—he had still less than me." In the course of that summer, M. Bourrienne was sent by Louis XVI. to Stutgard, as Secretary of Legation, and after the 10th of August, Bonaparte went to Corsica. A decree of the Convention of the 28th March, 1793, having recalled all the French agents from foreign courts, M. Bourrienne disobeyed the law, and was inscribed on the list of emigrants. In 1795 he returned to Paris, although still on the list of emigrants; again met his college friend, who having served in the siege of Toulon, and as an officer of artillery in the Italian army, and having been suspended by the representatives of the Convention with that army, had returned to Paris to look for employment. Bourrienne was arrested at Paris, but released, and passed the greater part of the two succeeding years in retirement at Sens, while Bonaparte was rendering his name so illustrious in Italy. Bonaparte, in the midst of his brilliant successes, made his old companion the offer of a place near him as private secretary, and after some hesitation, which is not clearly explained, this offer was accepted, and Bourrienne joined his now great friend just about the time that the preliminary treaty of Leoben was signed. After this, for some years he was the constant attendant of Bonaparte, accompanied him to Egypt and on his return, and in the first years of the Consulate. In 1802, however, some disagreement arose between them, and towards the close of that year, Bourrienne was dismissed from his post of honour and confidence. For two years he continued without employment in Paris, ill-treated, as he reports, in his pecuniary concerns by the First Consul. He then was sent as Minister to Hamburgh, and continued in diplomatic stations in Germany, until the fall of Napoleon. At this period, he joined the Bourbons, and accepted some high though short-lived appointments from Louis XVIII. which have entitled him to a place in the Dictionary of Weathercocks, (Dictionnaire des Girouettes.) On the return of Bonaparte from Elba, he retired in a somewhat equivocal station to the Netherlands, and seems, since the final fall of Napoleon, to have made that country his general place of abode. It is in the neighbourhood of Brussels that these Memoirs have been prepared for publication.

We have been somewhat minute in these details, for the double purpose of shewing what were the opportunities of M. Bourrienne, and of explaining some of the peculiarities of his

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situation, which have coloured many parts of his narrative. M. Bourrienne represents himself as having been much attached to the Bourbons, and assures us that the ladies with whom he was most intimate, and the Empress Josephine herself, were strongly tinctured with the same feeling. These Memoirs, although extending already to six volumes, only come down to the battle of Ulm. The following is the avowed object of the author.

"It is not the entire life of Napoleon that I write. No one need expect to find in these Memoirs an uninterrupted series of all the events which have signalized his great career, nor the recital of the battles with which so many remarkable men have so usefully and so skilfully occupied themselves. I shall speak very little of what I have not seen, of what I have not heard, or of that which is not supported by official documents. Let every one do as much.

The desire is so common to ascertain whether those who have distinguished themselves amidst the strife of human passions, who have changed the destinies of nations, or impressed their characters on the age in which they lived, have given in early life any prestiges of their future greatness, any indication of those powers which were hereafter to awe the world, and shake the antique bulwarks of the earth even to their deep foundations, that we shall extract a few notices of the early life of Bonaparte from one who ought to know them well, and who could have had no inducement to discolour the early history of his quondam friend and master.

"Persons have spoken much and very differently of the infancy of Bonaparte. Some have spoken of him with enthusiasm and a ridiculous exaggeration; others have painted him under the blackest colours, that they might have the pleasure of making a monster of him at a later period. It will always be thus with those whom genius or circumstances raise above their fellows. Why should we always wish to find in the first movements of a child the germ of great crimes or great virtues.—How often have we seen precocious children whose dispositions announced, it was supposed, a most brilliant future, remain idiots, and pass through life in insignificant obscurity. Bonaparte laughed himself much at these tales and at all those tricks with which his first years have been blackened or embellished in books, dictated by enthusiasm or hatred.

"We were scarcely eight years of age when our acquaintance commenced; it soon became very intimate. I was one of the pupils who knew best how to accommodate myself to his gloomy and severe character. His recollections, his reflections on the conquest of his country, and the impressions which he received in his infancy of the evils that Corsica and his family had suffered, made him court solitude, and rendered his address, though in appearance only, very uncourteous. Our age placed us together in the classes of belles-lettres and mathematics. From

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his entrance into school, he manifested a strong desire of acquiring knowledge. He studied Latin, however, with so much repugnance, that when he reached the age of fifteen, he was still very backward (faible) in the fourth class. I quitted him in this class early, but I remained constantly with him in the class of mathematics, where he was, in my opinion, indisputably the strongest in the whole school. I frequently exchanged with him for the solution of problems that were given us to resolve, and which he discovered on the spot with a facility that always astonished me, themes and translations which he did not even wish to hear mentioned.

"Bonaparte was, in general, but little loved by his comrades, who certainly were not his flatterers. He associated with them but little, and rarely took part in their pastimes. The subjection of his country to France, recalled always to his mind a painful sensation, which banished him from the violent exercises of his comrades. When the moment of recreation arrived, he ran to the Library, where he read with avidity books of history, especially Polybius and Plutarch.

"Our Professor of Mathematics, Father Petrauld, a very inferior man, was very fond of Bonaparte, and made much of him. He was proud to have him as a pupil, and he was right. The other Professors, with whom he would not labour, cared little for him. As nothing indicated that he would ever be a *savant* in *us*, the pedants of the house would willingly have set him down as an idiot. Nevertheless, through his pensive and reserved character, great intelligence could be perceived. If the monks, to whom were confided the education of youth, had had the tact of appreciating his organization, if they had had professors more profound in mathematics, if they had been able to give us an impulse more decided to chemistry, physics, astronomy, &c. I am convinced that Bonaparte would have carried into those sciences all the investigation, all the genius which he disclosed in a career much more brilliant it is true, but much less useful to humanity. Unfortunately for us, these monks knew nothing, and they were too poor to employ good masters. It is then false that Bonaparte, as has been often repeated, received at Brienne a *finished education*. The Minimes were incapable of giving one.

"There was an inspector of the military schools charged every year to make a report on each pupil, whether he was educated at the expense of the state or of his family. I affirm, without fear of being contradicted by any one, that it was not upon the little Bonaparte that he, who should have read the notes of the pupils of Brienne in 1784, would have fixed his prognostics of greatness—but upon other pupils much better marked, whom, nevertheless, he left far behind him. In 1783, the Duke of Orleans and Madame de Montesson came to Brienne, and presided at the distribution of the prizes at the school. Bonaparte shared with me the prize of mathematics, the department to which he had limited his studies, and in which he excelled. When I was called for the seventh time, Madame de Montesson said to my mother, 'Madame, my hands are fatigued; take for this time the trouble of crowning your son.'

"Although Bonaparte had little cause to praise his comrades, he disdained to make complaints against them: and when he had in turn

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the *surveillance* of any duty that was infringed, he went to prison rather than inform against the little culprits."

Bonaparte left Brienne with the following report from M. Keralio:—

"M. de Bonaparte, (Napoleon) born the 15th August, 1769, four feet ten inches, ten lines high, has finished his fourth class; he is of a good constitution, excellent health, of a character submissive, honest, grateful, and very regular in his conduct. He has always distinguished himself by his application to the mathematics. He knows passably well history and geography; he is very deficient in ornamental studies and in Latin. He will make an excellent *marine*. He deserves to pass to the military school of Paris.

M. Bourrienne adds, that he was well informed that in a private note sent to Paris on Bonaparte, he was described as of a "domineering temper, imperious and headstrong." Bonaparte was educated at Brienne at the expense of the state, and on the same footing was transferred to Paris. Bourrienne could not accompany him, because the "*ordonances*" for the government of the military school at Paris, required four quarters of nobility in the escutcheon of each pupil. It is true M. Bourrienne had some antiquated claims to this distinction, but it required twelve thousand francs to repair the neglect of his ancestors to maintain these pretensions, and his mother refused or was unable to incur this expense.

During eight years that they were separated, (from 1784 to 1792) "our correspondence," says M. Bourrienne, "was very active. But so little was my foresight of the high destinies, of the pretended prodigies, which, since his elevation, have been discovered in his infancy, that I have not preserved a single letter of that epoch."

As Bonaparte was restless, observant, and uttered his opinions freely and with energy, he did not remain long at the military school of Paris. "His superiors," says M. Bourrienne, "tired of his decided character, anticipated the regular epoch of his examination, to give him the first vacant sub-lieutenancy that occurred in a regiment of artillery." He was thus sent abroad to seek his fortunes in the world—and much of that world in a short time became tributary to his power.

The outlines of Napoleon's history are so well known, that it is unnecessary to follow his steps closely or regularly. We shall merely advert to those points which are more clearly developed in these volumes, or those occurrences which serve to shed some light on his extraordinary character.

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While serving in the army of Italy, as a general of brigade, about the time of the fall of Robespierre, he was sent on a private mission to Genoa, to examine, in fact, the condition of its fortresses and military preparations. As he was sent by the Terrorist Commissioners, as they were called, he was arrested by their successors as a suspected person, on account of this very mission. His defence of himself was frank and full of energy; it caused the commissioners to suspend the arrest, but not to restore him to his functions. He then returned to Paris. In a short time afterwards, he was deprived of his commission, for having refused to serve in La Vendee as a general of infantry.* It was in this state of destitution, that the insurrections of the fauxbourgs of Paris on the 13 Vendemiaire occurred, and opened his path to greatness and to glory.

Of the Italian campaigns little is said in these volumes. They were finished before Bourrienne joined Bonaparte. He was in time, however, to witness much of the applause which was lavished on this conqueror, and the enthusiasm which, from his very first movements as a commander, he had constantly excited. Yet the simple and magnificent monument which he sent from Italy to the Directory, the standard of the army of Italy, on which was inscribed the results of that campaign, was calculated to justify much of the feeling which the roused and agitated people of France so strongly exhibited. Add to this, the army and the country at large, felt and perceived that a new moral administration was about to supersede the disorders and profligacy of the past years. Bonaparte pursued with vigilance, and punished with severity all depredations on the public treasury, and made even the highest officers under his command disgorge their illegal acquisitions. The soldiers were supplied and watched over with a partiality and attention which they had not hitherto known. And the duties of the contractors and civil administrators were exacted with rigid punctuality. Hence, though watched by the Directory, no charge nor colour of complaint could be raised against him.

That Bonaparte was ambitious, no one, we presume, will deny. But like all strong passions, his ambition evidently increased by success and indulgence. In 1795, his views, M. Bourrienne assures us, were moderate, even humble. "A small house amidst his friends, and a cabriolet would render him the happiest of men." On many occasions, similar feelings were freely expressed. But when the campaign of Italy had brought him fully into competition with his fellows, when he

* He disliked the war in La Vendee, and objected to a removal from the artillery to the infantry.

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once had the means of feeling and displaying his own strength, when every eye was turned upon him, and all power seemed to bend before him—when, on his return to Paris in 1797, he saw fully the weakness of the government and the corruption of the men in power, and public opinion began to express openly his great superiority over all who surrounded him—it is not surprising that his views became more elevated, and his desires soon began to indulge in those airy dreams that cheat man to his ruin. He found, however, that during peace he would be lost in France, and to keep up the celebrity of his name, and to withdraw himself from the watchful jealousy of the Directory, he projected his memorable expedition to Egypt. His imagination, always lofty and prone to exaggeration, became enthusiastic when he adverted to Asia. "Europe," he would say, "is a mole-hill, there have never been great revolutions or great empires but in the East." He saw in it, the cradle of all religions and of every metaphysical extravagance. Before leaving Paris, to Bourrienne, who asked whether he was really determined to quit France, he is said to have made the following reply. "Yes—I have tried all things. They do not want me. It would be necessary to overturn them and make myself king. But we cannot think of that yet. The nobility would never consent. I have sounded the ground—the time is not yet come. I should be alone. I wish to dazzle still more these good folks. Well then, we will go to Egypt." It is somewhat singular, if the opposition of M. Bourrienne to Napoleon's assumption of imperial power, was as steady and strong as he represents it, that he should have continued to attach himself to the fortunes of a man who, so early in his political career, could have made such open avowals of his purposes. We fear M. Bourrienne's conscience only became awakened after he lost the favour of the First Consul. Of this, if our limits permit, we shall offer some other proof before we close this article.

The expedition to Egypt and the invasion of Spain, may be considered as the two most inexcusable enterprizes in the career of Bonaparte; they were both wanton invasions of an unoffending country, without any other pretext than the supposed interest of France and the aggrandizement of his own power and reputation. In both, the bitter ingredients of the chalice were commended to his own lips. If in Syria, such scenes as those of Jaffa occur, even the *imperious necessity* which M. Bourrienne pleads, cannot be separated from the original transgression. If, as we are informed, his prisoners were too numerous to be guarded, too numerous to be fed, and if released, were certainly to be again encountered, and vanquished and destroyed, even if necessity demanded their exe-

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cution, and councils of war were held for three days to consider this measure, and Bonaparte himself was the last man in the army who consented to its adoption, yet how frightful were the circumstances in which he had placed himself by wantonly plunging amidst a people savage, ferocious, and regardless of all those compacts which govern civilized nations. And if afterwards, on his retreat, he found himself compelled, even by humanity, to administer opiates to the sick who were too feeble to be removed; who, if abandoned, would certainly be massacred by the hordes of Arabs and Turks who watched their retreat, and who besides were bearing contagion along with them, what an alternative was imposed upon him. This was war in none of its gay or triumphant, or even honourable interludes, but in its bitterness and blackness, when the noblest feelings of our nature are benumbed or crushed, or utterly destroyed.

The following is the picture of the retreat from Syria, when Bonaparte thought it necessary to lay waste the country to prevent an immediate or early advance of the Turkish army:—

"We marched along the Mediterranean, and passed Mount Carmel. Some of the wounded were carried on hand-barrows, the rest on horses, mules and camels. Near Mount Carmel, we learned that three soldiers, sick of the plague, whom, with too much confidence in the generosity of the Turks, we had left in the convent which served as our hospital, had been cruelly massacred.

"A devouring thirst, the total failure of water, an excessive heat, a fatiguing march over burning plains, demoralized the men, and made the most cruel egotism, the most afflicting indifference, take place of every generous sentiment. I have seen officers, whose limbs had been amputated, who had even given money to reward the fatigue of those who bore them, thrown out of the barrows. I have seen the lame, the wounded, the sick, and those only suspected of being infected with the plague, abandoned amidst the standing corn. Our march was illuminated by the torches kindled to burn the cities, the towns, the villages, the hamlets, the rich harvests with which the earth was covered. The country was every where on fire. Those who had orders to preside over these disasters, seemed to wish, by spreading desolation every where, to avenge their misfortunes and find some relief for their sufferings.—We seemed surrounded only by the dying, or by plunderers and incendiaries. The sick, thrown upon the margin of the road, would cry with feeble voices, 'we have not the plague, we are only wounded;' and to convince the passers by, would open their wounds, or give themselves new ones. No one regarded them. Each one said 'his case is settled,' and passed on, and examined himself and was satisfied. The sun, in all its splendour under this fine sky, was obscured by the smoke of our continual conflagrations. We had on our right the sea, on our left and behind us the desert that we were making, before us, privations and sufferings that still awaited us. Such was our real position." Vol. ii. p. 250.

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Yet it strongly illustrates the personal character of Bonaparte to perceive that amidst all these difficulties, he never lost the confidence of his followers; his own exertions were unremitted, he shared in all their privations, and marched on foot, and obliged his officers to follow his example that their horses might afford relief to the wounded and the sick.

Indeed, in no part of his life were his activity and energy, and untiring industry more strongly displayed than in his Egyptian expedition. When his troops, who appear to have borne on their voyage only the pictures which the poets and historians of old had given of this land of fables and of early fame, shrunk with dismay and displeasure from the stern and joyless reality—when for plains laughing with plenty, and offering on every side luxuriant landscapes and inexhaustible enjoyments, they encountered the arid lands, the burning sky, the unquenchable thirst, the bitter waters of the desert, he alone was apparently unconcerned, and his authority restrained and overawed the universal discontent. Moral and physical evils seemed to make no impression on him. It was remarked, that under the glowing sun of Egypt, he wore the same garments and went through the same fatigues which he was accustomed to endure in Europe. In two or three weeks after his arrival at Cairo, the civil and military organization of the country was completely arranged; and, perhaps, no one even of its inhabitants, had a more thorough knowledge of its character, its wants, and its resources.

Among the topics which occur when speaking of this campaign, and on which M. Bourrienne dilates a good deal, is the conduct and fate of the gallant and unfortunate Brueys. Our author condemns Bonaparte strongly and at great length for the censure he admitted in his official letter against this officer. It may certainly be regretted, that on such an occasion and under such circumstances he alluded to a fault. "If he has committed faults, he has expiated them by a glorious death"—such is the expression of Bonaparte. Yet it may be remarked, that four days before he left Alexandria, he gave orders that Brueys should land the artillery and stores on the next day; on the ensuing day, he was to examine the port of Alexandria and the roadstead of Aboukir, to ascertain whether the fleet could enter into one, or be protected in the other; and in case neither could be accomplished, he must set sail (il devrâ partir) for Corfu as soon as the artillery should be landed. Bonaparte left Alexandria while these inquiries were in progress, and as soon as he entered the desert his communications with Alexandria were cut off. He heard, indeed, at Cairo, that Brueys was still at

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Alexandria, and continued to write to him. On the 27th of July, he wrote as follows:—"I am informed from Alexandria, that you have at length discovered a passage, (into the harbour) and that by this time you are in the port with your squadron."

"As soon as I shall receive a letter from you which shall inform me of what you have done, and the position in which you are, I will give you orders as to what you have to do." He urges him in a subsequent letter to act promptly; and finally, having heard, probably, that the squadron was not in the harbour of Alexandria, he despatched Julien, one of his aids, to the coast with positive orders not to leave Alexandria until he should see Brueys actually under sail. Julien, with his escort, was cut off by the Arabs while descending the Nile, but his mission would have been too late, even if he had not been intercepted on his journey.

It is evident from the correspondence, that Bonaparte was, for a time, flattered with the hope that the fleet would be safely moored in Alexandria, but was constantly uneasy about it.—Brueys, on the other hand, was, perhaps, too anxious about a full supply of provisions, considering the short voyage he had to make, and the danger of his situation. Even if he had sailed two days before the arrival of Nelson, he would, probably, from his destination, have escaped the British fleet.

It is certain, however, that if Brueys lingered too long, it was with a wish to render every possible service to the army he had escorted. And there is no doubt that if the fleet could have been sheltered, Bonaparte himself would have been gratified at its continuance on the coasts of Egypt.

A heavier censure, unfortunately, awaited the memory of this gallant seaman and his officers, than Bonaparte had then the power to cast upon them. When two years afterwards, the British took possession of Alexandria, they ascertained that the entrance into the harbour was sufficiently deep to admit ships of the line; and, that if proper exertions had been used during the month which Brueys remained near Alexandria, the whole fleet might have been placed in safety. What influence such an event would have had on the fortunes of Bonaparte or of Europe, it is useless now to inquire.

The revolution of the 18th Brumaire, by which the Directorial Government was overthrown, was one of the most memorable incidents in the early history of Bonaparte. The account of it in these volumes, is to us the most interesting portion of the narrative. It is, however, easy to perceive, that while M. Bourrienne relates what he saw and heard, and his position gave him the opportunity of seeing and hearing much, he was not in

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the secret of those machinations which directed and guided the measures of that day. We have no idea, however, that that revolution was the result of any long preconcerted policy. It arose out of the necessities of the moment, and the universal indignation which appeared to pervade France at the weak and disgraceful conduct of the Directory. It is amusing to read the absurd speculations of those who suppose that this scheme had been previously devised, and that the expedition to Egypt was only intended to disguise the projects of Bonaparte, and to remove out of his way many of those who could effectually have opposed his usurpation—while, in truth, he carried with him on that expedition his best and most faithful followers. And all who will consider the accidents, if we may so term them, that decided his return to France, the many circumstances that gave his voyage and his subsequent enterprizes their peculiar direction, will acknowledge that he must have been more than a prophet, to have foreseen all the contingencies that rendered them finally successful.

Trifles, light as air, sometimes affect the destinies of nations as well as the fortunes of individuals. The escape of an individual from the Temple in Paris, ten days before Bonaparte left that capital, was the principal cause of the failure of his enterprize on Syria, and a few newspapers,* sent by the same individual to Bonaparte after the second battle of Aboukir, were the immediate cause of his return to Europe.

After the battle of Aboukir of the 25th July, 1791, Bonaparte sent a flag of truce on board of the English fleet. "Our intercourse," says M. Bourrienne, "was full of urbanity, such as ought to be expected between two civilized nations." In return for the refreshments sent to the squadron, Sir Sidney Smith sent some *douceurs*, and, among other things and papers, the Gazette Francaise of Frankfort, of the 10th June, 1799. For ten months no news from France had reached the army of Egypt. These papers detailed the disasters which, in the early part of 1799, had befallen the French Republic. Bonaparte instantly resolved to return to France, and, as with him, to will and to do were almost simultaneous acts, orders were given the same day to prepare two frigates and two small vessels for sea; without making known their object or destination, he abandoned his army as soon as these vessels were equipped, and bid adieu to all his schemes of Oriental enterprize.

* Bourrienne intimates that a single newspaper was sent. Savary says that a bundle was transmitted. This is unimportant, except to shew how difficult it is to be exact even in the most trifling details of history. Yet the letter of Bonaparte to Kleber, ought to have removed all inaccuracy. "You will find attached to this letter, English and Frankfort journals up to the 10th of June."

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On his voyage home, magnificent schemes were planned for his amusement; none so brilliant, however, as those that actually awaited him. One hope and one apprehension appeared to predominate. The hope was, that he might land under circumstances which might enable him to join immediately the army of Italy—no officer he was sure would refuse him the command—and, that a brilliant victory on the fields of his former glory might announce his arrival in Europe. His apprehension was, that he should be detained by the quarantine laws in inactivity either at Toulon or Marseilles, until intrigues or hostile measures might be pursued against him—or, at all events, wasting his time uselessly. Accident rendered idle all his speculations.

The evening before they reached France, after having passed seven days in Ajaccio, where Bonaparte remarked that it rained down relations upon him—all the world, according to the French phrase, seemed to be his cousins—they saw a large squadron of British vessels. This turned them from Toulon, and running for the nearest port, they entered Frejus on the morning of the eighth of October. Not knowing the new signals, some cannon were fired on them from the forts, but their confident course, the crowds on the decks of the vessels, and the manifestations of joy soon convinced the observers that those who approached were friends.

"We already almost touched the shore when the rumour was spread that one of the two frigates brought General Bonaparte. In an instant the sea was covered with boats. In vain we entreated them to keep at a distance. We were taken up and carried on shore, and if we represented to the crowd of men and women who thronged around us, what danger they might encounter, they all exclaimed, 'We would rather have the plague than the Austrians.

"Oh how delightful it seemed to us to breathe the air of France under the fine sky of Provence. The reception too which was given us, the acclamations, the delirium, of which Bonaparte was the object, the interest which each one hastened to manifest in us, added still to our gratification.

"It has been said that his departure from Alexandria was the result of long premeditation. I, who never quitted Bonaparte—I can assert in the most positive manner, that his return to France was the effect of a sudden resolution. It was then true, that after a navigation of forty-eight days on a sea sown with enemies, he had touched without accident the soil of his country. We often speak of the good fortune which follows an individual and accompanies him during his life. Without believing in this sort of fatality, if I examine the dangers so numerous, so various, which Bonaparte escaped in so many enterprizes, the hazards which he dared, the risks to which he exposed himself, I con-

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ceive how others may have this belief. But having studied for a long time him who has been named the man of destiny, I have seen that what he called his fortune, was his genius; that his success resulted from his high perspicacity, from his calculations, rapid as lightning, from the unity (simultanéité) of his actions with his thoughts, and of the conviction which he felt that boldness was often wisdom. If, for example, during our voyage from Alexandria to Frejus, Bonaparte had not imperiously ordered that a different route should be taken from that which is usually followed; if he had consented to put back into the port of Alexandria, (when head winds for twenty-one days had detained him almost in sight of the port) or near the term of his voyage, (when the English squadron was seen) to return to Ajaccio, (as Gantheaume proposed to do) would he have triumphed over the difficulties scattered along his route? No!—most probably. Was his success the result of hazard? Certainly not.

"Scarcely arrived at Frejus, Bonaparte, anxious for news, examined, interrogated every one. It was then he learned the whole extent of our reverses in Italy, which he had before partially heard at Ajaccio. The idea which he had conceived before his arrival at Corsica, (that of proceeding to the army of Italy) already weakened, was now totally effaced. 'The evil is too great,' he remarked, 'nothing can be done.' Determined to proceed with all haste to Paris, Bonaparte left Frejus on the afternoon of the very day of our disembarcation. Every where on the route, at Aix, at Lyons, in the cities, in the villages, he was received as at Frejus, that is to say, with acclamations that bordered on delirium. One must have assisted at this triumphal march, to form an idea of it. It was not necessary to be endowed with a great spirit of observation to foresee the approach of something similar to the 18th Brumaire.

"The provinces, a prey to anarchy, ravaged by civil war, were threatened with a foreign invasion; almost all the South presented the afflicting spectacle of a vast arena open to the fierce contentions of party. The nation groaned under the weight of tyrannical laws. Arbitrary rule was erected into a system—the law of hostages struck at individual liberty—a forced loan threatened private fortunes—the whole population declared against a pentarchy, without strength, without justice, without morality, the prey of the factious and of intriguers. The roads were infested with brigands,* the agents of the Directory, an insatiable race abandoned themselves to scandalous depredations, the inevitable result of a form of government where the ambitious find continually chances of fortune, and which, by its weakness, seems to encourage them to enrich their greedy clients. Every thing bore the signs of dissolution.—Disorder prevailed every where, and it was especially in the provinces, that these abuses were felt. In general, it is more easy in great cities to escape from the hands of despotism and oppression.

"The majority of the French wished to get out of this intolerable position. There were at that moment, two dangers, anarchy and the

* "From Frejus to Aix we were escorted by a crowd of men who ran with torches along the carriage of the General, still more to ensure his safety than to display enthusiasm."

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Bourbons. The pressing and indispensable necessity was felt of concentrating power in a single hand, to maintain all the institutions that the spirit and the lights of the age demanded, and that France, who had purchased them by so much glory and suffering, during ten years, had only yet but dimly seen, and was about to lose. A man was sought for who could restore tranquillity to France, exhausted and fatigued. No one had yet been found—a fortunate soldier was now presented, covered with glory. He had waved the French flag over the capitol and the pyramids. Every one acknowledged in him superior talents. His character, the known boldness of his views, and his victories had placed him in the foremost rank. Great labours, splendid actions almost always crowned with success, his discourses, his acts, his proclamations since he became conspicuous, could leave no doubt of his intentions to render free and happy that France which wished to be so, and had adopted him. Bonaparte, to establish public liberty, certainly did not want either elevated views or knowledge—inclination alone could be wanting. In the crisis, in the state of uneasiness in which the country was placed, the need of a momentary and absolute dictatorship, sometimes necessary to save a state, banished all reflection on the consequences of such a power, and no one thought that glory was incompatible with public liberty. All cast, without hesitation, their eyes on the General whom past events designated as the most capable of defending the republic without, and liberty within—on the General, whom his flatterers and some men of good faith called the *hero of liberal ideas*, a title to which he aspired.

"And who could, in effect, think that after having obtained the first magistracy, Bonaparte would make use of it to trample under foot the principles he had so often proclaimed, and to which he was indebted for his power? Who could have believed that he would replace with the forms of the most absolute despotism, that constitutional liberty of which France had so much desire, and of which she had made so many efforts to obtain the peaceful enjoyment.

"Among the great projects which rolled incessantly in the mind of Bonaparte, we must, without doubt, class the project of arriving at the head of the government; but they are deceived who believe that at his return he had a plan formed, a design determined. There was something vague in his ambitious desires, and, if I may use the expression, he built at large those imaginary edifices, which are usually called castles in the air, (Chateaux en Espagne.) The current of events agreed with his desires, and it may be said, that it was all France that abridged for Bonaparte the road which conducted him to power. It is certain that those unanimous applauses, and that general joy which accompanied him in a course of more than two hundred leagues, must have made him regard as a national call, what at first was only a desire to intermeddle in the affairs of the republic.

"It must be acknowledged—this enthusiasm that no one can conceive who was not a witness—this explosion of sentiments and of admiration, that nothing can ever equal—these hopes, every where uttered, created in the mind the sweetest emotions and the most noble thoughts.

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"This spontaneous transport, which certainly was neither ordered nor purchased, proclaimed loudly the griefs of the people and the hope which they entertained to find in the man of victory, him whom they called their liberator. This general intoxication that the return of the conqueror of Egypt excited, caused in him a gratification which I cannot express, and was to him, I affirm it, because he often repeated it to me, a powerful encouragement to march towards the goal that the wishes of France seemed to point out to him." Vol. iii. c. 2–4.

We have made these extracts to show the state of public feeling in France, at the close of the year 1799, and the causes which led to the elevation of Bonaparte. It is idle to suppose, as has been so often done, that the revolution which overthrew the government of the Directory, was the result of deep-laid schemes, of extensive intrigues, of combinations unhallowed and mysterious. It was evidently the consequence of the strong indignation which the French nation felt at the disastrous situation of their country, and of the spontaneous enthusiasm which burst forth on the unexpected return of their favourite chief from a distant and dangerous expedition. It is in vain to suppose that this enthusiasm, this feeling almost of adoration, which so long encircled and sustained Bonaparte, was the factitious production of intrigue or power. It was the unbought service which is rendered to superior talents, the devotion paid at the shrine of genius, the ascendancy which the most highly gifted spirits acquire over all that surround or approach them. This power may be abused, and it was misused, unfortunately for Bonaparte himself, and, perhaps, for Europe, in the latter part of his life; but it was possessed by him in a pre-eminent degree; it spread a halo of glory around him through the greater part of his successful and extraordinary career. It was this audible expression of the popular will, which led to the subversion of the constitution of the year 111. The decree of the nation seemed to have gone forth against the miserable rulers of the day. All the arrangements, intrigues if they must be so called, were merely the movements necessary to carry this decree into execution.

It would appear from M. Bourrienne's narrative, that Bonaparte's first idea was to become one of the Directory. But his age did not permit him to assume this office, even if a vacancy could have been created, and it was found necessary to subvert the whole fabric of government, to prepare for a wide and general reformation. This the events of the preceding ten years rendered easy and familiar. The revolutionary systems had acquired no sanctity either from time or experience—and the existing government itself was a usurpation.

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We have already had occasion to remark that M. Bourrienne was not admitted into the secret counsels of his great protector. We find, accordingly, that some of the most interesting details of the revolution that passed befors his eyes, were given him eight or ten months after the event by M. Collot, a banker, whose wealth was often beneficially employed in the service of Bonaparte and the government, and who complained in the sequel of having been ungenerously rewarded.

Where so much dissatisfaction existed, it is natural to suppose that some disaffected would be found in the ranks of the government; it was not, however, to be expected, that two of the Directors themselves would become agents in the conspiracy—yet such was the fact. Sieyes and Roger Ducos rendered, by their well-timed resignation, the enterprize comparatively easy. Talleyrand and Sieyes were, perhaps, the great movers of the machinery. Fouché, whose influence was considerable, and whose talents were unquestionably great, was supposed at first to be hostile, but on weighing well all chances, and considering the incompetence of the existing government, he joined in the plot and became an efficient agent. All the military officers in Paris, except Bernadotte, Jourdan and Augereau united in the measure. Moreau, who is uniformly represented through this work as possessing no political talents, was at first indifferent, but when on the 18th, the Council of Ancients appointed Bonaparte commander-in-chief of the seventeenth military division, which included Paris, and, consequently, all the guards around the legislative bodies and the Directory, Moreau obeyed his orders, and actually took the command of the guard at the Luxembourg, and kept in custody the Directors themselves, who were so contumacios as not to resign.

The decree which gave Bonaparte the military command of Paris, removed at the same time the sitting of the two councils to St. Cloud. These steps were within their power, and so far all was regular. In the conclave held on the same evening, Fouché proposed not to admit into the assembly on the next day, where a new constitution was to be framed, any members but those who had already given in their adhesion. "We can distribute tickets of admission. Those who shall present themselves without these tickets, shall be excluded." This scheme was strongly supported, but Bonaparte who was, perhaps, deceived by the flattering reception he had met with in the Council of Ancients on the morning of the 18th, could not be moved. "I wish not power," he solemnly declared, "unless I am legally invested with it by the two bodies authorized to confer it." This refusal led to the confusion of the 19th, and the fine commen-

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tary which, at the close of the day, the troops clearing the Council of Five Hundred at the point of the bayonet, gave to his declarations.

Two of the Directors, Sieyes and Roger Ducos, resigned their offices on the morning of the 18th; in the evening a resignation was exacted, M. Bourrienne says demanded would be too mild a term, from Barras. The arm of the executive power was thus broken. But the members of the legislative councils assembled in great numbers and early in the morning of the 19th, when commenced those stormy sessions which have been so often described.

Bourrienne accompanied Bonaparte to the Council of Ancients, where his reception was not such as he had anticipated, and where his self-possession entirely deserted him. To the clear and rapid inquiries of the President Le Mercier, as to his objects and intentions, his answers were confused, indirect, and without connexion; he hesitated, stammered, spoke of volcanoes, secret agitations, of constitutions violated, and repeated several times, "I have nothing more to say," when, in fact, he had said nothing. Bonaparte, says our author, was not an orator, and his place was rather before a battery than before the arm-chair of the president of a deliberative body. His secretary at length pulled him by the coat and advised him to retire, "for he knew not what he was saying." Berthier uniting in the advice, Bonaparte withdrew. "I know not in truth," continues M. Bourrienne, what would have happened, if the President, seeing the General preparing to withdraw, had said, 'grenadiers, suffer no one to go out.' I have the conviction, that instead of sleeping the next night at the Luxembourg, he would have finished his performance on the square of the Revolution."

In the Council of Five Hundred the meeting was still more tumultuous, and was terminated, as is well known, by the bayonet.

Among the peculiarities of this drama, it may be noticed that Bernadotte, who was hostile to Bonaparte, and professed to be a stern republican, mentioned to many persons that he had troops on whom he could rely, and who were ready to obey any orders he should receive; yet he had not energy enough to take any steps without positive and specific orders; and that the two Directors, Gohier and Moulins, who remained faithful to the constitution of the year III, suffered that constitution to be destroyed before their eyes, because, even in such a crisis, they would not violate one of its provisions which forbade a smaller number than three Directors to deliberate and act on any important question. Gohier, the President of that body, late in

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the day, did send a communication to the Council, but it was too late. The message was carried to Bonaparte, who quietly put it in his pocket.

The 20th Brumaire was as calm as the 19th had been stormy. The different members and functionaries of the government which had been overturned, dispersed, and sought only their own personal safety. No effort was made to rally any of the parties who had previously held the reins of government.—Nothing can shew more clearly the state of public opinion, and the degradation into which the Directorial Government had fallen. When the Girondists were driven from the Convention, and their leaders sent to prison or the scaffold, many violent and eloquent appeals were made to the nation, and insurrections and civil war organized and commenced in many departments of France. Even when the ruffians of 1794 were overthrown, some sympathizing lamentations were heard, and plots and conspiracies agitated for a long time the sections of Paris. But this administration fell without a struggle, save only the impotent effort made within their council-halls to avert its fate, and the doom so violently and illegally pronounced, was sanctioned by the almost unanimous voice of their country.

"The world may, without doubt, dispute the legality of the acts of the 18th Brumaire, but who will dare to say that the immediate result of this day ought not to be regarded as a great happiness for France. To deny this, it would be necessary to have no idea of the deplorable situation of every branch of the administration at this epoch. Let us lavish as much as we please, the sounding words of the 'representation oppressed,' the 'constitution violated,' 'military tyranny,' 'usurpation of power,' 'an upstart soldier,' it cannot be denied that France saluted, with a voice almost unanimous, the accession of Bonaparte to the consular power, as a blessing of Providence. I do not speak of the ulterior consequences of this event. I speak of the fact in itself, and of its first results, such as the repeal of the law of hostages and of the forced loan of an hundred millions. Few persons blamed the 18th Brumaire, no one regretted the Directory except, perhaps, the five Directors. Let us speak no more of the Directorial Government. What an administration! In what a state were the finances of France! Can it be believed. On the second day of his Consulate, Bonaparte wished to send a courier to General Championnet, commander-in-chief of the army of Italy—strange as it may seem, twelve hundred francs could not be found in the treasury to pay the courier." Vol. iii. p. 114.

If we have extended our notice of this period of the French Revolution, it was, in some measure, to shew the nature of the administration with which our government was obliged to negotiate in 1796–'97. Instead of discussing the causes of mutual

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complaint, and endeavouring to adjust the controversies existing between two nations who ought to have been in harmony, our envoys were surrounded by emissaries and harpies of the Directory, and money, money! was the only intelligible word they could be made to utter.*

If the French nation may be said to have elevated Bonaparte on this occasion to his high station, there can be no doubt, as M. Bourrienne abundantly proves, that from this time his future advancement was steadily before his eyes, and his great talents were employed to prepare the way easily and quietly to the attainment of that rank to which his insatiable ambition aspired. But the puppets were now in his own hands, their movements under his control; and his onward course became for a time so steady and propitious, that all nations were called upon to pay homage to his wisdom or tribute to his power.

It seems difficult to write contemporary history from the want of many of those facts which the reputation, the safety, or the honour of the living render it necessary to be concealed; it is equally difficult to write the history of times past, from the want of many of those illustrations which only the agents in each scene could give, and which perish with them. Hence, history instead of meriting the proud title of philosophy teaching by example, frequently becomes the discoloured representation of the prejudices, the feelings, or the ignorance of successive writers. The battle of Marengo will furnish us with a memorable example.

M. Bourrienne, who represents Bonaparte as envious and jealous of the reputation of his officers—a charge which we have seen and heard repeated by many before him—and wanting in magnanimity, while almost every page of his own work proves the contrary, censures the First Consul, and takes much pains to support his charge, for not having done justice or noticed properly the services of Kellerman on that memorable day. We will let him speak for himself.

"The First Consul passed the night of the 13th at Torre di Galifolo. He gave in the evening an order to send an officer of the staff to reconnoitre and ascertain if the Austrians had a bridge on the Bormida. I was present when he returned late in the evening, and reported that there was no bridge. This report tranquillized the First Consul, he went to rest very well satisfied. But when on the next day cannon were

* We intended to have introduced, in connexion with this topic, a curious document inserted in the Appendix to the fifth volume, under the title of "Dilapidations in Italy," to shew the monstrous abuses which pervaded every department of the government, and what vigilance and what authority Bonaparte was obliged to exercise to restrain the depredations of his officers, and of the functionaries of the government under his command—but its length forbade.

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heard early in the morning, and he learned that the Austrians had advanced on the plain, and the armies were actually engaged, he manifested the greatest displeasure at the falsehood of the report, accused the officer of being a coward, of not having approached the enemy sufficiently near, and spoke even of sending him to a court-martial. The First Consul was at length pacified, and through discretion, I shall conceal the name of the officer. Bonaparte mounted on horseback, and turned hastily to the scene of action. I did not see him again until six o'clock in the evening. By his orders I retired to San Juliano. This was the village which, according to his combinations in the month of March, was to be the field of battle. It was not two leagues from the spot where the action commenced.* At San Juliano nothing was spoken of during the day but a retreat, which, it was said, Bonaparte alone opposed with firmness. [Bourrienne even retired from San Juliano, but returned again to it on the advance of Desaix's division.] The battle was considered as lost, and was so in reality, for the First Consul having asked Desaix what he thought of it, this good and brave officer replied without any boasting, 'The battle is completely lost, but it is only two o'clock, and we have still time to gain another to-day.' It was the First Consul who, on the very evening of the action, repeated to me the simple and heroic words of Desaix. Who could have thought that his feeble column, and Kellerman's small body of heavy cavalry should have changed at five o'clock the fortune of the day. For it cannot be dissembled, it was the sudden inspiration of Kellerman, which from a defeat produced a victory, and determined the fate of the battle of Marengo.

"This memorable battle, of which the results were incalculable, has been the subject of a great many narratives. Bonaparte recommenced three times the relation of it, and I must say, that in neither of these relations can the truth be found, any more than in the *Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*. There is even this remarkable circumstance, that the Emperor Napoleon was finally dissatisfied with the report of the

* The following circumstance is related by M. Bourrienne—"On the 17th March, in a moment of gaiety and good humour, he made me unroll in his cabinet, Chanshard's great map of Italy—he extended himself upon it, and made me place myself by his side. Then he began to fix, with very serious attention, pins, whose heads were covered with red and black wax. I watched his movements in profound silence, and awaited the result of this inoffensive campaign. When he had finished placing the enemy's corps, and had arranged the red-headed pins on the points where he hoped to place his troops, he said to me, 'Where do you think I shall fight Melas?' 'The devil take me if I know.' 'You are a ninny, look here—Melas is at Alexandria, where he has his head-quarters. He will remain there as long as Genoa is not surrendered. He has in Alexandria his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery, his reserves. Passing the Alps here, (pointing to the great St. Bernard) I fall upon Melas, I cut off his communications with Austria, and I meet him here in the plains of Scrivia'—placing a red pin on San Juliano. He perceived that I regarded this manœuvre of pins as a pastime, and recommenced his usual apostrophes, which were with him a species of affectionate rudeness, and then his very lucid demonstrations on the map. We rose up after a quarter of an hour. I refolded the map and thought no more of it. But when three months afterwards, I found myself at San Juliano with his port-folio and his papers, which I was obliged to save during the rout which took place through a great part of the day, and when on the very evening I wrote under his dictation at Torre di Galifolo, the bulletin of the battle, I avowed to him frankly my admiration of his military conceptions. He smiled himself at the justness of his foresight."—Vol. iv. p. 85.

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First Consul. For myself, as I had not the honour to wear a sword, I cannot say that I saw such a movement executed in such or such a manner, but what I can relate here as having seen and heard, is that which was said on the evening of the battle of Marengo, upon the different incidents of this great day. As to the part which the First Consul performed, perhaps the readers of these Memoirs have learned sufficiently to understand his character, to explain it; he did not wish that an event so decisive should be ascribed to any other cause than to the combinations of his genius, and this genius had displayed itself on many occasions as so powerful and so vast, that if I had less known his insatiable thirst of glory, I should have been surprised at the kind of discontent which he testified at the cause of his success, even in the midst of his joy for the success itself. It must be confessed, that he did not in this respect resemble Jourdan, or Hoche, or Kleber, or Moreau, who were always eager to make known the services of those who had fought under their orders."

"Two hours had scarcely passed from the time when the division commanded by Desaix had left San Juliano, when I had the happy surprise of seeing the army return triumphant, which, since the morning, had caused me such deep inquietude. Fortune, never in so short a time, had shewn herself under such different aspects. At two o'clock, the desolation and all the disastrous consequences of a defeat; at five, victory had become faithful to the banners of Arcola. Italy was reconquered at one blow, and the crown of France already in perspective.

"Whilst returning at seven o'clock in the evening with the First Consul to head-quarters, he testified to me his deep regret at the loss of Desaix, he then said, 'This little Kellerman made a fortunate charge, and it was well-timed. We owe him much. See on what depend events.'

"We may perceive by these few words which Bonaparte spoke to me respecting Kellerman, that he knew perfectly well how to appreciate the service which had been rendered. Nevertheless, when this general approached the table before which the First Consul was seated, surrounded by a great number of his officers, he only said coldly to him, 'You made a very fine (assez bonne) charge. And, as if in opposition to this coldness, Bonaparte turning suddenly to Bessieres, commander of the horse grenadiers of the guard, said to him in a loud voice, 'Bessiere, the guard covered itself with glory.' It is, nevertheless, strictly true, that the guard took no part in the charge of Kellerman, who had only been able to collect about five hundred heavy-armed cavalry. It was this handful of gallant soldiers who cut through the Austrian column that was preparing to crush the division of Desaix, and made six thousand prisoners. The guard did not charge at Marengo until the close of the day.

"We were told the next day, that in the first feeling of displeasure, Kellerman, dissatisfied with a congratulation so cold, replied to the First Consul, 'I have just placed a crown upon your head.' I did not hear this conversation, and I cannot say if it really took place, for I could only have acquired a certain knowledge from the First Consul himself, and to have recalled to him an effervescence which must have

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displeased him, would have been a thing disagreeable to him, and, consequently, misplaced in my position. But what I can assert, is that spoken or not, this expression has been written, and Bonaparte knew it. Hence the little favour which General Kellerman enjoyed, who was not made a General of Division on the field of battle, for the eminent service of the charge at Marengo.

"M. De la Forest, Director General of the Post-Office, worked sometimes with the First Consul. Every one knows what is meant, when a Post-Master General is said to work with the chief of a government. It was in one of these laborious sessions that the First Consul saw a letter from Kellerman to Lasalle, in which he said, 'Could you believe it, my friend, that Bonaparte has not made me a General of Division, even when I have placed a crown upon his head.' The letter resealed, was sent according to its direction, but Bonaparte never forgot the contents." Vol. iv. pp. 120–126.

We shall place in contrast, or in opposition to this statement, the account which Savary, Duke of Rovigo, gives of the same transaction. And we think, that on perusing it, our readers will agree with us in the opinion, that if the Duke of Rovigo speaks untruly, he lies wantonly, perversely, almost without object or motive. Bonaparte had discovered on so many occasions, military talents of the very highest order; had displayed on so many a battle-field, promptness, and skill and decision, that have never been surpassed, that even the most partial admirer might, without injury to his reputation, have permitted any fairly earned laurels to decorate the brow of a brother soldier. We see no inducement to depreciate the services of General Kellerman. Whilst, if the details given by Savary are correct, we can understand clearly the grounds of every occurrence related by Bourrienne.

We shall endeavour to condense the narrative of the early events of the day. On the one preceding, when Bonaparte advanced towards Alexandria, far from expecting that Melas would turn directly upon him, he supposed that his first effort would be to gain the Po, before he would risk a battle; he, therefore, ordered Desaix to advance with his division towards Novi, to interrupt the enemy if they should attempt to pass by that route. He, himself, reconnoitred the banks of the Bormida, and knowing that there was a bridge over that stream in his rear, besides the one which the enemy held in front of Alexandria, he sent Lauriston, one of his aids, with orders to drive back any of the enemy who should have passed, and destroy the bridge at any sacrifice whatever.

Lauriston failed in his attempt, the enemy, after what Savary represents as a severe contest, maintained the bridge, and Lau-

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riston returned to report his ill success to the First Consul. Bonaparte, exhausted by fatigue, either did not hear or misinterpreted the report of his aid. "For Lauriston, whom he often afterwards reproached for the false security into which he had betrayed him, constantly replied that no blame rested on him, for he had returned to inform him that his orders could not be executed." Bonaparte was still so confident that the Austrians would avoid a contest in the position in which he had placed them, that he renewed his order to Desaix to advance with his division before daylight on Novi. What served still more to deceive him, was that the Austrians, when they crossed the Bormida in the night, with much judgment, forbade any fires to be kindled, so that Bonaparte lay down at last without any suspicion that the whole Austrian army was before him.

The French army was not in an advantageous position. It was besides very much separated. One strong detachment had been left to carry on the siege of Brard, two had been detached against Parma and Placentia. None of these had rejoined the main body; while in front was an enemy who had been placed under a necessity of sacrificing every thing to secure a passage. It required the talents of the First Consul, says M. Savary, to have overcome circumstances so unfavourable.

At the dawn of day on the 14th, the right of the French army was assailed by a strong body of cavalry that had passed over the lower bridge of the Bormida: the assault was so rapid, so severe, that an enormous loss was instantly sustained in men, in horses, and in artillery. The troops, thrown at first into disorder, rallied, but the impression of this rude and unexpected attack was felt through the whole day. The First Consul was speedily informed of this disaster, but whilst mounting his horse to go and ascertain what was passing on the right, the whole line was attacked in front.

"The commencement of their attack was brilliant. The Austrians were the assailants on every point at once, they were successful every where. Our right in disorder, our centre penetrated and forced to retreat, our left, yet more roughly treated.

"The shock had been murderous. The wounded who retired, formed a long, thick column, whose retrograde movement favoured the flight of the timid, whom an attack so rude and unexpected had appalled. A rout was commencing, and only a charge of cavalry was wanting to decide it. If one had been made, the day was gone.

"The danger became at each moment more imminent. The First Consul ordered that ground should be yielded, and, that while rallying, his troops should approach the reserves that were placed between Cur-

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rofolo and Marengo. He placed his guard behind this little village, dismounted, and took his station with it on the right of the great road. His cards were unfolded, he was studying them when I joined him. He had just given orders to the General who commanded his left wing, to send him the few troops that remained unbroken. He prepared already the movement which was to decide the action which he had not foreseen, and which was turning out so badly. Beaten as it was, his left wing was useless, as he could not reinforce it. He withdrew the few good troops which remained, and transferred them to the centre.

"In this state of things, he could scarcely hear intelligence more agreeable than what I came to announce. Novi was hencefoward without importance. It was very apparent that the Austrians had not marched thither."

Savary was at this time the aid-de-camp of Desaix. Soon after this division had commenced its march for Novi, they were surprised, at the dawn of day, by the loud cannonade which they heard on their right in the direction of the main army. They could distinguish nothing but the distant smoke. Desaix immediately halted his division, and ordered Savary to go forward and reconnoitre the environs of Novi. He took fifty horse, and went full speed to his destination, found every thing quiet, and returned.

"I had been but two hours in executing this commission. It might influence the combinations of the day, and I hastened to announce to the First Consul that every thing was quiet at Novi, and that General Desaix had suspended his march, and awaited new orders. I felt the necessity of reaching speedily the First Consul, and took across the fields. The fire and smoke were my guides. By chance I met Bruyere, an aid of the commander-in-chief, who was carrying to General Desaix orders to hasten to the field of battle. I gave him directions how to find General Desaix, and learned from him where the First Consul was stationed. * * *

"'At what hour did you quit him,' said the First Consul, drawing out his watch. I told him. 'Well then, he ought to be near. Go and tell him to form yonder, (pointing to a spot with his hand) and to quit the high road, that the wounded, who may embarrass and carry away some of his soldiers, may pass.

"I rejoined General Desaix, who, informed by Bruyere of the danger in which the army was placed, had taken across the fields, and was only some hundred yards from the field of battle. He then went to the First Consul, who explained to him the movements he should attempt as soon as his division was in line.

"Our right had been promptly rallied—our centre reinforced by the troops from the left, had become respectable. General Desaix was placed on the extreme left of the centre. As for the left wing, it did not exist.

"The First Consul then changed the whole front of his army upon the left of his centre, by moving his right wing forward. By this

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movement, he turned all the enemy who had abandoned themselves to the pursuit of our left wing; at the same time, he removed his right from the bridge which had been so fatal to him in the morning. It would be difficult to say why the General who commanded the left of the Austrian army, permitted this movement to be effected. Whether he did not understand its object, or waited for orders, he only sent some troops of cavalry to intercept our retreat, not supposing it possible that we should be occupied with any thing but the means of securing it."

When Desaix returned to his division, he found the enemy near him, in columns close and deep.

"We were only separated by a vineyard and a small field of grain. The Austrian column halted at the sight of the division of Desaix, whose position was unexpectedly revealed. It sought, without doubt, to ascertain its strength before it commenced its fire. Our position became every moment more critical. 'You see the situation of things,' said Desaix to me. 'I cannot defer an attack, without exposing myself to be attacked at a disadvantage. If I delay, I shall be beaten, and I do not wish to be so. Go then, as quickly as possible, and inform the First Consul of the embarrassment in which I am placed. Tell him I can delay no longer; that I have no cavalry, and that it is indispensable that he shall direct a good charge on the flank of this column, whilst I shall dash against it in front.'

"I galloped to the First Consul, who was engaged in making the troops to the right of the village of Marengo, execute the change of front which he had ordered on the whole line. I gave him the message with which I was charged: he listened with attention, reflected a moment, and said, 'You have seen the column;' 'Yes, my General,' (this was the title then given him.) 'Is it very strong:' 'Yes, very.' 'Is Desaix uneasy:' 'He is only uneasy at the consequences that hesitation may produce; he has, besides, desired me to tell you that it is useless to send him any other orders than those of attack, unless you order him to retreat, and even this movement would be at least as dangerous as the first.'

"'If it is so,' replied the First Consul, 'let him attack—I will send him the order. For you, go yonder, (he pointed to a dark spot on the plain)—you will there find General Kellerman, who commands the cavalry that you see. Inform him of what you have communicated to me, and tell him to charge without hesitation, as soon as Desaix shall unmask his attack. Moreover, remain with him, you can shew him the point where Desaix will advance—for Kellerman does not even know that he is with the army.'

"I obeyed. I found Kellerman at the head of about six hundred horse, the remains of the cavalry with which he had been incessantly engaged through the day. I delivered the order of the First Consul. I had scarcely finished, when a fire of musquetry was heard from the left of the houses in Marengo. It was the attack which Desaix commenced. He advanced briskly with the 9th light troops against the head of the

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Austrian column—this resisted feebly, but we paid dearly for its defeat, for our General fell in the first fire. He was on horseback behind the 9th regiment; a ball passed through his heart, he perished in the moment when he decided the victory.

"Kellerman moved the instant he heard the fire. He threw himself on this formidable column, traversed it from right to left, and cut it into several segments. Assailed in front, broken on the flanks, it dispersed, and was pursued to the Bormida.

"The masses which had followed our left, no sooner perceived this disaster, than they began their retreat, and endeavoured to gain the bridge which they held in front of Alexandria; but the corps of Generals Lannes and Gardanne (the right wing of the army) had finished their movements. The communication of the enemy was cut off; all were obliged to lay down their arms.

"The battle lost at mid-day, was completely gained at six o'clock.

"When the Austrian column was dispersed, I quitted the cavalry of General Kellerman and went to meet Desaix, whose troops I had seen display, when the Colonel of the 9th regiment informed me that he was no more. * * *

A simple aid-de-camp of General Desaix at the battle of Marengo, I only saw what my grade and the position in which I was placed, permitted me to see. What I have written beyond this, was related to me by the First Consul, who loved to revert to this day, and frequently told me how much inquietude it had given him, until the moment when Kellerman executed the charge which changed the face of affairs.

"Since the fall of the Imperial government, pretended friends of this General have claimed, on his account, the honour of having spontaneously made this charge. This pretension is too strong, and surely did not originate with the General, whose share of glory was sufficiently great to have satisfied him. I the more readily believe this, because conversing with him several years after the battle, I reminded him that I had carried the orders of the First Consul to him, and he did not appear to have forgotten it. * * * I will add some reflexions.

"From the position which he occupied, General Desaix could not see General Kellerman. He had directed me to ask the First Consul to have him supported by cavalry. General Kellerman, on the other hand, could no more perceive, from the point where he was placed, the division of Desaix. It is even probable that he was ignorant of the arrival of this General, who had only joined the army the evening before. Each was uninformed of the position of the other, while both were known to the First Consul; he alone could give unity to their movements, he alone could make their efforts coincide.

"The brilliant charge which Kellerman led, was decisive; but if it had been made before the attack of General Desaix, it is probable that it would have had a very different result. Kellerman appeared to have been convinced of this, because he permitted the Austrian column to traverse our field of battle; suffered it to approach all the troops that we had still in line, without making the least movement to arrest it. If Kellerman did not charge sooner, it was because it was a measure too serious, and the failure would have been without remedy. It

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was necessary that this charge should be a part of a general plan, which fell not within his province."—*Memoires de Duc de Rovigo*, vol. i. c. 17.

We must apologize to our readers for the long extracts we have made from this work, but it appears to us that Savary's account of the battle of Marengo, which we have, however, been obliged to curtail, is the most distinct we have any where seen. On the point for which it was adduced, it appears to us conclusive. He was the messenger sent to request the co-operation of cavalry in the attack which Desaix proposed to make on the Austrian column—who carried to Kellerman the orders to charge, remained with him to point out the place and time of the charge, acted with the cavalry until its objects were accomplished, when he separated to resume his own duties. If, as we have already remarked, his statements are not true, they must be wilfully and wantonly false. If we consider them as correct, the subsequent conduct of Bonaparte is readily understood. He praised Kellerman in the evening for having skilfully and successfully performed what he was ordered to execute. He called it a gallant and fortunate charge, but he did not ascribe to this officer a merit which, if this representation is correct, he certainly could not claim.

There is another document which bears pointedly on this question. The bulletins of Bonaparte are stated by M. Bourrienne, not to have been the most veracious state papers, because they always presented to the public exactly that view and colouring of events which he wished to impose on his partizans and the world at large. The bulletin of the battle of Marengo, was prepared on the night succeeding the action. If Bonaparte had felt any envy or mortification at the act and success of Kellerman, nothing was more easy than to have slurred it over in a document which no one could publicly contradict. Yet it will be observed, notwithstanding the invidious compliment said to have been made to Bessieres and the guard, that no one, except Desaix, who acted with so much judgment in halting his division and sending back for instructions, so much vigour in bringing his troops into the line of battle, and who perished in the charge by which the victory was secured, is so pointedly and so strongly commended as Kellerman. "General Kellerman, who, with his brigade of heavy cavalry, had all the day protected the retreat of our left, executed a charge with so much vigour and so well-timed, that six thousand grenadiers and General Zach, chief of the staff, were made prisoners, and several of the enemy's Generals were killed." It again adds, "the heavy cavalry covered itself with glory." And afterwards no-

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tices the charge of the guards under Bessieres, which it says, "completed the route of the enemy." And, in the first promotion made of the officers who had distinguished themselves at Marengo, Kellerman received the appointment of General of Division.

If, after this, Bonaparte was informed either by inspecting the private correspondence of his officers, as Bourrienne insinuated, or by friendly notices, which are never wanting on similar occasions, that Kellerman was assuming a merit, and setting up pretensions which he could not justly claim, it would inevitably produce some coolness, and a diminished value for the character of that officer.

Of all the officers who served with or under Bonaparte, Desaix appears to have been the one whom, in the language of M. Bourrienne, "he most loved, most esteemed, and most regretted."

"Bonaparte, jealous of some Generals whose rivalry and ambition he dreaded, never conceived, in this respect, the slightest uneasiness about Desaix. As moderate as he was capable, as modest as well-informed, mingling firmness with mildness, Desaix proved that he loved glory only for herself; and I know that every sentiment of political power and domination was a stranger to him. The friendship of Bonaparte for him was carried even to enthusiasm." Vol. iv. p. 114.

"When we were alone, (on the evening of the battle of Marengo) I said to the First Consul, 'General, this is a fine victory; you remember what you said to me the other day of the pleasure you would take in returning to Paris, after striking a great blow in Italy. You ought to be satisfied.' 'Yes, Bourrienne, I am satisfied, but Desaix!—Ah! how glorious would have been the day, if this evening I could have embraced him on the field of battle." Vol. iv. p. 127.

It is, however, not so much the public acts, as the private habits and the careless observations and opinions of Bonaparte and his contemporaries, that are to be sought in such a work as the one before us. We shall, therefore, confine the remainder of this article to those topics.

One of the circumstances which will strike the readers of these volumes with most surprise, is the laborious life which Bonaparte constantly led. Such was the activity of his mind as well as body, that his life seemed to be one of incessant excitement and unremitted exertion. The world has heard much of his energy in the field of battle; but, perhaps, are not aware that the same unwearied attention was carried into civil pursuits—into the petty details and daily drudgery of his domestic administration. The post of private secretary would not have

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been an enviable station, were it not that the influence and importance which is generally attached, even to the least of those who compose the retinue of the great, apparently compensate them for many privations and the most abject servitude. M. Bourrienne seems to have been admirably calculated for this employment, and although disposed to complain at times of his endless labours, he yet looks back with great complacency on the days when he enjoyed the confidence of his old associate, and certainly discovers great anxiety after his dismissal, to gather any rumour which promised a reinstatement in his wearisome office. The following directions for the duties of M. Bourrienne, will shew the nature of his employment, and the minute attention which Bonaparte paid to the details of public service.

"The citizen Bourrienne shall be charged to open all the letters of the First Consul, and to present them to him at three different periods, (as soon as he rises, a quarter of an hour before dinner, and at eleven o'clock at night) each day; instantly if they require immediate attention.

"He shall analyze all those which are of a secondary interest, and shall write the decision that the First Consul shall give on each letter.

"He shall have the superintendance of the topographical bureau, and a bureau for translation, where there shall be a German and an English clerk. Every day he shall present to the First Consul at the same hours, the journals of those countries, with a translation which shall be made of them, except the Italian journals, where it shall be only noted what the First Consul ought to read."

"It will be seen (says M. Bourrienne, after enumerating many other tasks that devolved upon him) by these instructions, the duties with which I was charged, and also how minutely Bonaparte entered into the details of his government. For my own part, I was sometimes frightened at the responsibility which hung over me, and the official labour which was imposed upon me in the instructions above mentioned, was not my only toil. I was obliged, besides, to write, under the dictation of the First Consul, during a great part of the day, or to decypher what he had written himself, which was the most troublesome of my occupations. I was so much confined, that I scarcely ever went out during the day. It was never possible for me to pass an evening abroad. Once a month, at most, I went without Bonaparte to the theatre, and there I could only remain until nine o'clock, for at this hour we recommenced our labours." Vol. iv. p. 58.

Such was nearly the uniform tenor of his life while in Paris. After each meal, which generally occupied but a few minutes; after each sitting of the Council; each levee, or each transient interruption, the well-known summons, "Come Bourrienne, let us go work," was constantly heard, and these toils were continued until one, two or three in the morning, according to the urgency of business.

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The Duke of Rovigo, who was afterwards much in the habits of familiarity with Bonaparte, gives a similar account of his incessant labours. He imposed this duty on himself because no portion of the administration was permitted to escape his attention. When with the army, his personal occupations were still more laborious. During the time when the Code Civil was under consideration, his Council of State met daily, and continued their discussions for three to four hours, and frequently some of the members were retained to dinner, that the debates might be continued. When he dined alone, he remained ten minutes at table, and retired to his cabinet. His aids complained that it required constitutions of iron to undergo the fatigues to which they were constantly exposed. When he had his encampment at Boulogne, he would frequently throw himself into a carriage at midnight at Paris, and set off for the coast, halt on the journey only a few minutes to eat a hasty meal; and on his arrival at the army, mount instantly on horseback and employ himself for ten or twelve hours in inspecting not only the great works which the army was constructing, but all the minute points that appertained to the discipline and good order of the troops. The day before the battle of Austerlitz, he inspected his army regiment by regiment, spoke to the troops, visited all the parks of heavy artillery, all the light batteries, and even went to examine the *ambulances*, and the different means provided to remove the wounded from the field of battle, to see that all were in order. After the battle, he continued until late at night on the field, attending personally to the wounded, and did not retire until he had seen at their posts the officers whose duty it was to remove them to the hospitals. *(Mem. de Rovigo.)* Such were the legitimate means by which Bonaparte gained victories, and secured, to so wonderful a degree, the attachment of his soldiers.

The familiarity with which he lived with his secretary, was somewhat amusing. Bourrienne had the right of entrance into his chamber at all hours of the night, even when Bonaparte was so unfashionable, says M. Bourrienne, as to sleep with his wife. Josephine would then engage in any discussion that took place.

"Bonaparte had two passions very strong—glory and war. He was never more gay than in camps, never more morose than when at rest. Monuments also pleased his imagination—projects of gigantic buildings filled better than any thing else the void in which inaction left him. He knew that monuments make a part of the history of nations, and bear testimony to their civilization long after the people themselves have disappeared from the earth. The following is one of his favourite ideas. 'A great reputation is a great noise, the louder this is, the farther it ex-

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tends. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations—all perish, but fame remains, and is re-echoed amidst other generations.' 'My power,' he remarked at another time, 'depends on my glory, and my glory on the victories I have gained. My power would fall, if I did not support its base by new victories and new glory. Conquest has made me what I am—conquests can alone maintain me.' It was this thought which ruled him then, and which, probably, governed him always, and made him incessantly dream of new wars, and spread the germs of them over all Europe.

"Bonaparte was not led by his disposition to esteem mankind, and the better he knew them, the more he despised them. This melancholy opinion of human nature that experience gives us, was justified to him by some striking examples. His severity was the result of this maxim, which he repeated often—'There are but two levers to move men, fear and interest."*

Our author asserts that Bonaparte was neither malevolent nor vindictive, nor sanguinary by character—though policy sometimes led him to acts of severity which must be regretted. That he did not, however, believe in friendship, which he considered as a word—yet he mentions several individuals, as Desaix, Duroc, Sulkowski, and others, to whom he appears to have been strongly attached.

"Bonaparte had for the sanguinary men of the revolution, and above all, for the regicides, the most profound aversion. How often has he not said to Cambacérès, pinching him lightly on the ear, to soften, by this habitual familiarity, the bitterness of his remark, 'My poor Cambacérès, I can do nothing for you, your case is clear; if ever the Bourbons return, you will be hung.'"

Yet M. Bourrienne might have remembered that notwithstanding these *mauvaises plaisanteries*, as Cambacérès termed them, this officer was always treated with the highest distinction.

In his personal habits, Bonaparte was temperate, almost abstemious. When his vigils continued until two or three o'clock in the morning, he would take a cup of chocolate as a refresh-

* Cambacérès, Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, entertained a somewhat different opinion. "How do you expect that we can make friends," said he one day to Bonaparte, when First Consul, "if we have not the means of giving them rare morsels. You know yourself that it is in a great measure by the table that we govern."

"When one has seen, (says our author,) the dinners of Cambacérès and of some others, and has been in a situation to notice that nearly all the conversations of the day turned on the sumptuousness of these repasts and the delicacy of the viands, he will remain convinced of the immense influence of a good dinner on political affairs. Do the mind and the opinions depend then on the stomach? Cambacérès did not believe that there could be a good government without an excellent table. And his glory, for each one has his own, was to learn that in all Paris, and even in Europe, his kitchen was celebrated. A feast which united all suffrages, was to him Friedland or Marengo." Vol. iv. p. 255.

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ment. He was almost fastidiously neat in his dress and person. He was excessively fond of the bath, passing two or three hours in one when he had leisure, increasing constantly the temperature of the water; but this time was not wasted, for he was always listening to letters or journals which were read to him, or dictating despatches.

One peculiarity in Bonaparte was his strong dislike to all persons who had made fortunes by what is usually termed speculations, by dealing in the funds, or as contractors. He considered them as preying on the public wealth. His separation from Bourrienne arose from circumstances of this nature. On the failure of a house in Paris, which had dealt largely in the funds, it was ascertained that M. Bourrienne had been a *sleeping partner* in the firm. And although he affirms that his interest was only involved in certain contracts for the supply of the army, it is probable that the First Consul thought it improper to retain in his intimate confidence one, whose fortunes the secrets of his cabinet could be made seriously to affect.

He had strong prejudices against men of letters, considering them as good for nothing under any government. But for those engaged in the physical sciences, in mathematics, in chemistry, in pursuits in which the results were obvious and practical, he had much esteem.

His weakest point, perhaps, was his sensibility to the attacks of the press, manifesting more vanity than ought to have belonged to his high character. His aversion to free inquiry and discussion, led to many of the most unfortunate measures of his life, and as his power increased and became more unrestrained, his antipathy to the freedom of the press appears to have increased with it. He concealed from himself by this means, many of the dangers with which he was surrounded, undermined the foundations of his own greatness, and weakened, by his efforts to suppress public opinion, the moral power to which he was indebted for his own elevation.

One of the distinguished characters of this drama, to whom M. Bourrienne appears to have been most attached, was the Empress Josephine. She was distinguished for affability, grace, benevolence, and the milder virtues, and, in her elevation, never forgot the companions and friends of her earlier life. She scarcely knew how to resist solicitations, and is represented as constantly opposed to Napoleon's plans of aggrandizement, and extremely solicitous that he should not assume the purple. Indeed, she felt herself on a precipice, and knew that she was surrounded by enemies. At the head of these, our author places the brothers of Bonaparte. They disliked her for her influence over her hus-

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band, perhaps, also for her indiscretions. But their prejudices had a deeper source, when they began to reflect, after the elevation of Napoleon, how essential an heir had become to the continuance of his power, and the perpetuation of the greatness of his family. Hence, they instigated him perpetually to annul his marriage, and aggravated every cause of displeasure which his thoughtless partner had ever afforded him.

After making every allowance for her goodness, her levity and indiscretion were almost inexcusable. During the absence of Bonaparte in Egypt, such were the rumours of her conduct that reached him, that he returned with a firm determination of separating from her, and nothing but his attachment to her children, particularly to Eugene, appears to have prevented it. On graver subjects, she gave afterwards no cause for dissatisfaction, but her extravagance was incorrigible, and her profusion perpetually leading to feuds with one who, though fond of splendour and magnificence himself, was yet of an exact and calculating temper, and was harrassed by the complaints of her creditors. On his return from Egypt, whilst his fortunes were still uncertain, he found her overwhelmed with debts to the amount of 1,200,000 francs, and although she only acknowledged one half, and her friend M. Bourrienne, contrived with 600,000 to pay the whole, such had been the exorbitant and apparent extortion of the charges, yet Bonaparte suspected the hidden truth, and understood perfectly the evasion. It may give some idea of the nature of these debts, to mention that among the charges, were inserted thirty-eight costly hats in a month; plumes at 1800 francs, and essences at 800. Yet no sooner was she extricated from one difficulty, than she plunged into new excesses. "You sometimes see my wife," said Bonaparte to Bourrienne, in one of their latest interviews, "go to her, and endeavour to reason with her about her foolish expenses. Every day I hear of new ones, this puts me to the torture. When I speak to her about them, I am disturbed, I get angry; she weeps, I pardon her, I pay her debts, she makes fine promises, but the next day the same acts are repeated, and the same scenes are forever renewed." "How can I help it, is it my fault?" exclaimed the good lady, when the subject was introduced, with a *naiveté*, says M. Bourrienne, that was at once touching and comic. "They bring me fine things, they shew them to me, they praise them before me. I buy them, they never ask for the money, and then demand payment when I have none. This reaches his ears, and he gets angry. When I have money, Bourrienne, you know what I do with it. I give the

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greater part of it to the unfortunate who come to ask it, to poor emigrants. Is it not my duty to give as much as possible!"

The following anecdote may amuse some of our readers, and shew how difficult it is even for the great and good to tread in the thorny path of truth and integrity.

"At the period of the marriage of Murat, Bonaparte had not much money; he, therefore, gave his sister a portion of only thirty thousand francs. Feeling, however, the necessity of making her a wedding present, and not having the means of purchasing one suitable for the occasion, he took a diamond necklace from his wife, and gave it to the bride. Josephine was by no means pleased with this arrangement, and set her head to work to devise the means of replacing her necklace.

"Josephine knew that the celebrated jeweller, Foncier, had a magnificent collection of fine pearl, which had, as he said, belonged to Marie-Antoinette; she had them brought, and found that they would make some very beautiful ornaments; but to purchase them required two hundred and fifty thousand francs, and how could these be raised. Madame Bonaparte had recourse to Berthier, who was the Minister of War. Berthier, biting his nails as usual, proposed to close promptly a settlement of the credits for the hospitals in Italy, and as the contractors, whose accounts were liquidated, had, in those days, much gratitude for their protectress, the pearls passed from the shop of Foncier into the hands of Madame Bonaparte.

"The set of pearls were thus acquired, but there was another small difficulty of which Madame Bonaparte had not at first thought. How could she make use of a necklace bought without the privity of her husband. This was so much the more difficult, as the First Consul knew well that his wife had no money, and as he was, if I may use the expression, a great meddler, he knew, or supposed that he knew all the jewels of Josephine. The pearls remained then for more than fifteen days in the possession of Madame Bonaparte, without her daring to make use of them. What a punishment for a woman! One fine day, however, not being able to restrain herself any longer, Josephine said to me, 'Bourrienne, there will be to-morrow a great concourse. I must absolutely wear my pearls; but you know him, he will grumble and scold if he observes them. Keep by me, Bourrienne, I pray, and if he asks me whence my pearls came, I will answer, without hesitation, that I have had them a long time.

"Every thing happened as Josephine feared and hoped. Bonaparte, seeing the pearls, did not fail to exclaim, 'Hey, what have you there. How fine you are to-day! What do these pearls mean. It appears to me that I do not know them.' 'My God! yes you have seen them ten times. It is the necklace which the Cisalpine republic gave me that I have put in my hair.' 'It seems to me, however'—'Oh hold your tongue, ask Bourrienne, he will tell you so.' 'Well, Bourrienne, what do you say to that—do you recollect them?' 'Yes, General, I remember perfectly well that I have already seen them.' I did not lie, for Madame Bonaparte had actually shewn them to me, and besides, Josephine had received a necklace of pearl from the Cisalpine Republic, but they were

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incomparably less beautiful than the pearls of Foncier. Madame Bonaparte acted her part with a charming dexterity; I did not perform badly the part of god-father which was assigned me in this little comedy, and Bonaparte suspected nothing. In seeing the assurance of Madame Bonaparte, I recalled involuntarily, the reflection of Susannah on the facility with which honest women can lie without betraying themselves."

M. Bourrienne speaks constantly with great disrespect of the brothers of Bonaparte—of Louis more favourably than of the others. He considers them with Fouché, as forming a coterie who were constantly instigating to rash and violent measures, and particularly to a second marriage, in order to obtain a legitimate successor to his power. They seemed conscious, according to our author, that his authority could not be transmitted to them. Between the brothers of Bonaparte and the friend of Josephine, there was of course a constant hostility. Fouché, however, seems to bear the great burthen of Bourrienne's displeasure. Every thing, and almost every person connected with the high police, as it is termed, is most violently and repeatedly assailed, and instances are unquestionably given of its inefficiency at some times, and its misrepresentations at others, and of the caution with which such an instrument ought to be used and trusted, even where it is employed. Fouché seems to have managed this formidable and suspicious machinery with more dexterity than any of his contemporaries. Even when removed from the ministry of police, he kept apparently a secret mastery over its operations, and amused himself by playing on his successors and rivals, and causing them to communicate to Napoleon statements which Fouché was aware his master would know to be absurd or false. Such for instance, as that Bourrienne had been at a secret meeting of the royalists in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, on a night when Fouché was apprised that Bourrienne had been working with Bonaparte in his cabinet until three o'clock in the morning. Bourrienne intimates that he himself had been the victim of the secret police; but we doubt, even from his own statement, whether it troubled itself much with his affairs.

Of one distinguished statesman of his day, our author gives a character that does not accord with the general estimate of the world.

"History will say as much good of M. de Talleyrand as his contemporaries have said ill. When in a great, long and difficult career, a statesman has made and preserved many faithful friends, and has drawn on himself but few enemies, we must grant him the merit of a conduct wise and moderate, an honorable character, and a profound skill. It

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is impossible to know thoroughly M. de Talleyrand, without being devoted to him. All who have had this advantage, judge him, without doubt, as I do." Vol. ii. p. 39.

"M. de Talleyrand, almost alone among the ministers, did not flatter the First Consul, and was, without question, the one who served most faithfully, and was most useful to the First Consul and Emperor. When Bonaparte said to M. de Talleyrand, 'write such an order, and send it by a special messenger,' this minister had the habit of not hurrying himself, because he understood the character of the First Consul sufficiently well to distinguish between what passion dictated and what his reason would approve; in short, he appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober. It was for want of making this distinction, that the three ministers I have named above, (Maret, Champagny and Savary) injured him on so many occasions; and he himself was unhappy at having been obeyed when there was no longer an opportunity of reviewing his decisions. When it happened that M. de Talleyrand had suspended the execution of an order, Bonaparte never testified the least displeasure, and I ought to say, to his praise, that such delays were never the cause of the slightest reproach. When on the morning after an order had been given to this minister in a moment of passion, M. de Talleyrand came to transact business with the First Consul, the latter would inquire 'Well, have you sent the courier?' 'I took care not to do it,' replied the minister, 'I did not think it proper to despatch him until I had shewn you my letter.' Then, most frequently, the First Consul would add, 'Well, on reflection do not send it.' This is the conduct that ministers ought to have practised with Bonaparte." Vol. v. p. 133.

On every occasion Bourrienne speaks of M. de Talleyrand in similar terms. Savary delineates his character with a very different pencil.

There are many other topics scattered over these volumes, on which we wished to present some of the views of our author, perhaps, to offer some observations, particularly the conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru, the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, and the trial of Moreau, but our limits forbid. We cannot, however, avoid saying, that among the paradoxical opinions which M. Bourrienne has advanced in these Memoirs, no one appears to us more singular than his suggestion that the conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru was altogether the work of Fouché and his police. That he drew these emigrants and their associates from their retreats, assembled them in Paris, provided for their safety on their journey, and during their residence in the capital, arranged their movements, procured for them interviews with the royalists and the disaffected revolutionists of Paris, managed them like unresisting and unsupecting instruments of his will, and finally, had them arrested when they discovered that they had been the dupes of infamous and complicated intrigues. Such a game continued through some

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months, and implicating and involving many individuals of talents and character, seems to us to have required too much sagacity on one side, and too little on the other to be at all probable.

We have read these Memoirs with some pleasure, but not with a high opinion of the author himself. It is easy to perceive that his situation has coloured many parts of his narrative, and it is rather mortifying to notice after his violent declamation against Bonaparte for the execution of the Duke d'Enghein, after his encomium on M. Chateaubriand, for having thrown up his appointments and offices on that occasion, his own anxious solicitude to be again reinstated in his ancient office, the eagerness with which he caught at every report of a favourable expression used towards him by Bonaparte, and the trembling of the limbs and the palpitation of the heart he experienced whenever, on any occasion, he was summoned to the Emperor's presence. It is certain that at that period he had no scruples—that he would have had no scruples at resuming the confidential post he once enjoyed.

ART. II.—*The Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philp Sidney, Knight. With a Life of the Author, and Illustrative Notes.* By WILLIAM GRAY, Esq. of Magdalen College and the Inner Temple. 1829.

THE reputation of Sir Philip Sidney as a knight and a gentleman, is familiar to every body, and may be summed up in the following apostrophe to a Preux Chevalier, which is a perfect picture of that old-fashioned character. "And now I dare say," exclaims Sir Bohort in the Morte Arthur, "that Sir Launcelot there thou liest; thou were never matched of none earthly hands. And thou were the curtiest knight that ever bare shield. And thou were the truest freende to thy lover that ever bestrode horse. And thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman. And thou were the goodliest person that

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ever came among prece (press) of knyghtes. And thou were the meekest man and the gentillest that ever ate in hal among ladies. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe, that ever put spere in rest." But his renown as a scholar and a poet, though equally high among his contemporaries, has not proved so enduring; and many of our readers, we have no doubt, will be surprised to learn what immense literary honours have been showered down upon this rival of Bayard, and right worthy successor of Chandos and Du Guesclin. We are informed by his biographers that no fewer than two hundred authors have borne testimony to his merits. He had not attained his twentieth year when he was honoured with the friendship and the correspondence of Hubert Languet—then an old man, universally esteemed in Europe for his learning, integrity and political wisdom. The muse of Spenser, which he patronized, and the graver pen of Camden, united in eulogizing him. The two universities poured out three volumes of scholastic lamentation over his untimely grave. The "Royal Solomon," King James I. wrote his epitaph both in Latin and English. An elegant scholar would have no other inscription upon his own tomb-stone, save that he had been "tutor to Sir Philip Sidney;" and Lord Brooke—the well-known Fulke Greville—took the same means of perpetuating the memory of his intimacy with that accomplished person. Some, perhaps a considerable portion, of this popularity and renown, was, doubtless, owing to the favour of Elizabeth and the influence of Leicester. But long after these transient causes had ceased to operate, men of learning and taste spoke of his literary talents with high, and even with *exalted* praise. Dr. Young characterizes the "Arcadia," as the "charm of ages." Johnson, in the preface to his Dictionary, associates Sidney with Spenser, as an authority in our language—as a writer, in whose works all the richness, variety and compass of English poetic diction have been displayed. And what is still more extraordinary, the sober and elegant Sir William Temple, speaks of our author as "the greatest poet and the noblest genius of any that have left writings [*subaudi*, of a certain sort] behind them, or published in ours or any other language—a person born capable not only of forming the greatest idea, but leaving the noblest example, if the length of his life had been equal to the excellence of his wit and his virtues."

It is, on the other hand, quite amusing to contrast with these high-flown panegyrics, the dogmatical and contemptuous criticism of Horace Walpole, who treats the reputation of Sidney as a *hum* of the first magnitude. The remarks of this Icono-

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clast by profession—this wayward and opiniated sceptic, whose perverse delight it was to doubt where others believed, and decry what all the world admired—may be found in his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors in the notice of Fulke Greville. It is due to him, however, to state that some of our contemporaries have shewn themselves inclined to the same way of thinking. This wide diversity of opinion as to the merits of a person, in every point of view so interesting, is calculated to awaken the liveliest curiosity, and will, no doubt, supersede the necessity of an apology for troubling our readers with a few remarks suggested by the volume under review.

As we shall confine ourselves principally to the literary character of Sir Philip Sidney, and to that character, as it is exhibited in the work before us, we shall only remind our readers that he acted a most conspicuous part in the affairs of his time—that after receiving a liberal education, he was appointed at the early age of twenty-one, ambassador to the Court of the Emperor Rodolph—that his influence with Elizabeth's government was deemed considerable enough to be put in requisition by Du Plessis Mornay, on behalf of the Huguenots—that happening to be at Paris on the dreadful night of the St. Bartholomew, he conceived against the Catholics a hostility unusually intense even in that age of bigotry and persecution, and by a remonstrance published in this miscellany, did confessedly more, than any single person, to prevent the marriage of the Queen with the Duke d'Alençon—that his mother was a sister, and himself the favourite relative and presumptive heir of the insolent Leicester—and finally, that in the campaign of 1586, against the Spaniards in the Low Countries, he received a mortal wound at the battle of Zutphen, and died a few days afterwards, the death of a knight and a christian, at the age of only thirty-two years.

It is obvious to observe that the hasty productions of one who died at so early an age, and was so deeply engaged in the affairs of active life, ought not to be brought into comparison with the master-pieces of professed authors. It is not very common to see men of business or men of fashion—and Sidney united in himself both these characters—even in this age of universal authorship—leaving behind them, in the maturity of their faculties, any thing that may challenge the attention of posterity. We are, therefore, bound in fairness to look upon these remains with an indulgent eye—non enim, as Cicero has it, *res laudanda, sed spes.* Considering the pieces in the miscellany before us, rather as promises of future excellence, than as the

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finished works of a ripe mind, we think that they entitle their author, if not to all the praise that has been bestowed upon them, at least to a good share of it.

The pieces collected in the volume before us, are all the works of Sir Philip Sidney, except the Arcadia and the Psalms. They are as follows: 1. The defence of Poesy. 2. Astrophel and Stella. 3. Miscellaneous Poems. 4. The Lady of May, a Masque. 5. A Letter to Queen Elizabeth in the year 1580, dissuading her from marrying *Monsieur*, (the then Duke of Anjou.) 6. A Discourse in defence of the Earl of Leicester. 7. Letters. Of these, the first is the most elaborate of his prose compositions, and, in our opinion, by far the most able and finished of his works. Walpole gives the preference to the Defence of Leicester; but the truth is, that he does not seem to have even read the fine essay which we have just mentioned. So far was the vindication alluded to, from being regarded by the author and his friends as a master-piece, that it was never published until the Sidney papers appeared in the course of the last century. As an argument, it is admitted to be a failure; nor, indeed, could it be otherwise, for the conduct of the base and tyrannical favourite was altogether indefensible. Accordingly, Sir Philip takes much more pains to clear up the doubts thrown upon the blood of the Dudleys, than to refute the graver charges set forth in "Father Parson's Green Coat," and other publications of the exiled Catholics. Upon these charges, he takes issue in the old feudal way. He pleads "not guilty" in round terms—tells his adversary he "lies in his throat," and gives him to be informed, that "he (Sir Philip) will be ready to justify upon him in any place of Europe, where he shall assign him a free place of coming, within three months after the publishing of these presents." Certainly we are not to look to a controversy settled by wager of battle, for the very best specimen of dialectics. The letter to Queen Elizabeth is a production, in every point of view, of a much higher order. It is written, as Hume observes, with "unusual elegance of expression, as well as force of reasoning;" and Zouch has not scrupled to claim for it the honour of having rescued England from the tyranny of a foreign race. It is hard to say what determined Elizabeth ultimately to reject her youthful lover, or whether that vain old coquette ever seriously entertained the idea of a marriage so outrageously disproportionate and unsuitable. It is certain, however, that the flirtation was become alarmingly warm and vehement, and that even Burleigh and Walsingham considered the "maiden reign" as at an end, when this young champion came to the rescue. That Elizabeth was far from being indif-

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ferent to her suitor, and that it was quite a perilous undertaking to canvass his pretensions too freely, may be inferred from the cruel punishment inflicted on the author and publisher of a pamphlet written about the same time, entitled, "The Discoverie of the Gaping Gulph, whereinto England is like to be swallowed by a French marriage, if the Lorde forbid not the bands by letting her Majestie see the sin and punishment thereof." These two pragmatical patriots—Stubbs, a member of Lincoln's Inn, and Page, a printer—were condemned to lose their right hands as libellers, and underwent that sentence without mercy. This shocking piece of barbarity was witnessed by the learned Camden. It is, by the bye, a fair specimen of the humanity of those times—distinguished above all others, by the cultivation of what scholars call the *literæ humaniores*, and by an astonishing, perhaps, unparalleled developement of talent in every intellectual pursuit, whether in active or speculative life.

"The Defence of Poesy" is supposed to have been written about 1581—a year after Spenser is conjectured to have commenced the Fairy Queen, and sixteen years before the first plays of Shakspeare that made their appearance in print—Romeo and Juliet and Richard the Second and Third—were given to the world. We are not disposed to dissemble that we have conceived from this admirable essay—written when its author was only twenty-seven years of age—a very high idea of Sir Philip's talents. It is a masterly exposition of the subject, and as the book is but rarely to be met with in this country, we shall furnish our readers with pretty copious extracts from it. For although the *very* cause which is said to have produced it, has long ago ceased to operate and even to exist, there is still, and ever will be, a considerable party entertaining the opinions so ably combated here. If we are to take what our author says, *au pied de la lettre*, "he had most just cause to make a pitiful defence of poor poetry, which, from almost the highest estimation of learning, was fallen to be the laughing-stock of children." It is certain that through a long tract of time, her voice had been almost mute in England. With the exception of Surrey, Wyat and Sackville—meritorious, but still inferior poets—two centuries had passed away without producing a single name worthy to be had in remembrance by posterity. Chaucer and Gower, as we observed on a former occasion, had hitherto found as few successors as Dante and Petrarch; while in both countries, the national literature, after this period of darkness, "burst forth into sudden blaze" about the same time, or at no very great interval. It is not improbable that this coincidence in so striking a state of facts, was produced by some

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general cause—at least, by some cause common both to Italy and England. But however that may be, the revival of poetry had to encounter in the latter, an obstacle altogether unknown in the former country. This was the rigorous, self-mortifying fanaticism of the Puritans. We do not mean to derogate from the merit of this sect, whose stern discipline, like that of their archetypes in heathen antiquity, the Stoics, was so admirably fitted for a period of trial and fiery persecution, and taught so many patriots and heroes to think, to act, and to die, as becomes men devoted to duty and to liberty. We are too well aware what the world—what we in particular, owe to the Long Parliament, and who *they* were that most zealously promoted the reforms which it made in the Constitutional Law of England. It is no serious objection with us, as it seems to have been with Hume, to Hampden, Vane, Pym, &c. that their leisure moments were devoted to the worship of God, after their own fashion, however uncouth that fashion, instead of being employed, as such moments were wont to be by Brutus and his compeers, in literary studies or elegant social converse. But highly as we appreciate the political services of these great men, we must be allowed to dissent from some of their views of human nature. Their imaginations were so strongly possessed with what they considered as the abominations of idolatry in those "gay religions full of pomp and gold," from which they were desirous of purging England, that they could tolerate in the church nothing but the most absolute simplicity of forms, and the severest spirituality in worship. The same modes of thought, were naturally extended to other subjects. In this vale of tears, how absurd, how criminal, was it to be gay! How could a being, accountable for every idle thought, indulge his fancy, with impunity, in vain and chimerical figments, in foolish dreams of what he never could expect, or should never wish to see realized! When every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was evil only, and his whole being was so infected with the taint of original sin, that a life of ascetic abstinence, uninterrupted devotion, and penitential tears, could not, without the influences of His grace, restore his fallen nature—amidst the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil—was it *safe* to inflame the mind with visions of pleasure and beauty, and to stimulate the senses by the soft delights, the syren melody, the false enchantments of poetry and song? The curse of idolatry was denounced against him, if his hands should make a graven image of divinity; was there no guilt in gloating with secret fondness and almost with adoration upon the indwelling images of false gods and their obscenities, which the books of old bards and a quaint mythology

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would raise up in his mind? We, of course, speak only of those who pushed these opinions to the greatest extreme. We know that a generation or two after Sidney's work was published, Milton—puritan as he was in many respects, to his heart's core—maintained the same opinions, and uttered them with incomparably greater power, in his own gorgeous and magnificent prose. We are, also, aware that the biography of Col. Hutchinson and his accomplished wife, exhibit the same character, when it had been much softened down by time and social intercourse, in the most amiable and winning form. But in Sidney's time, there was all the exaggeration of a new-born zeal in that sect. They carried on their hostilities against idols of all sorts, or what they deemed so, *recentibus odiis*, as Tacitus expresses it—with the keenness of personal resentment, with the unsparing fury of a tumultuary insurrection.

But, independently of religious opinions, there is a standing party in all countries—especially in this—which wage war against poetry, as *proving* nothing—as leading to no *practical* results—as doing nothing to advance the "greatest good of the greatest number." This objection comes from the *utilitarian* and the economist, and it is not the first time that we have had occasion to advert to it.

> O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
> To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
> And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
> Praising the lean and hollow abstinence.

One answer to the dogmas of this school, is the same that was made to the Stoics two thousand years ago. They aim at a degree of perfection—if apathy *is* perfection—quite inconsistent with the nature of man and his relation to the world about him. They treat him as if he were no-*body*, but all understanding—a mere mathematical machine, whose only object is to *know*, whose only business is to *reason*, and whose whole conduct in life is to be a sort of practical *demonstration*. All instinctive impulse, however generous; all uncalculating affection, however sweet and consoling; all feeling, in short—unguarded, natural feeling—is unworthy of a rational being, much more of a supremely wise man. According to this theory, taste, and the sense of beauty and of melody, were given us in vain. Imagination is no part of our original nature, but a consequence, rather, and proof of its corruption. Nature is lovely in vain. Nay, it is worse than in vain that she has poured her bounties forth with such a lavish hand, and covered the earth with odours, fruits and flowers—with so many sources of enjoyment—with so

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many scenes of magnificence and attraction—all, but to delude, to ensnare and to destroy us! Every thing about us, and within us, and above us, is full of poetry—for every thing is full of sublimity and beauty—every thing is calculated to inspire admiration or awaken love in rational creatures and in them alone—yet to enjoy the very pleasures—to cultivate the very perceptions and faculties that most distinguish them from the brutes that perish, is folly or worse, in the opinions of those who talk, in the loftiest strain, of the privileges and pre-eminence of human reason! But there is another objection to this prosaic morality, and a more serious one, than that of its being either morose and ungainly in itself, or inconsistent with the constitution and analogies of nature. It tends to harden, and, consequently, to corrupt the heart, by perverting the understanding. There is a saying of Theophrastus, (we believe it is) which, as we interpret it, expresses our idea very pointedly—ἁπάντων μὲν ζητοῦντες λόγον, ἀναιροῦσι λόγον. Those who exact a reason for every thing, destroy reason itself.* This is certainly true of morality. No one is in a surer way to become completely *roué*—to use a coarse but expressive word—to quibble away all sound principles, and kindly, sincere and generous sensibility, than he who attempts to reduce this utilitarian system rigidly to practice. It is *ex vi termini* calculating. Every thing is summed up in that word. Even supposing a man to do all the duties of life with scrupulous punctuality on calculation, he would be the most unamiable (however respectable) being alive. But the tendency of that system is still worse: it is demoralizing, because, for many of our strongest natural feelings it is difficult to assign any reason, which a subtle dialectician may not render very questionable—and the dialecticians trained in this cold and heartless school, are sure to be not only subtle, but captious. They are taught to consider every thing as matter of proof, and they soon learn to treat every thing as subject to controversy. Nothing is safe or sacred—there is no sanctuary in the heart into which the profane voice of doubt is not allowed to penetrate—there are no titles to veneration and love, which have been consecrated by universal acquiescence. Whatever the shallow and self-sufficient reason of the sceptic does not fully approve, is regarded as a prejudice, and in his theory, no prejudice can be salutary. The result is universal doubt, and in many cases—chastity for instance—even to *doubt*, is to be defiled. *Qui deliberant descivere.* Why should a man love his child with such a blind, doating, self-devoted love? Why should it be

* Le raisonnement en bannit la raison.—*Molière.*

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considered as so exalted a virtue to love one's country—the most miserable spot on earth, perhaps—an Ithaca for example—so much, as not only to prefer it, as Ulysses did, to one's own immortality; but to regard its prosperity as of more consequence than the happiness of the whole world besides, and to act accordingly? Such feelings, if not, in fact, mere prejudices, are so much like them that it were extremely dangerous to suffer them to be seriously drawn into question. We do not speak theoretically upon this subject. We have seen them drawn into question within the last forty years, and the discussion of them has been attended with precisely such consequences as we should have anticipated, *à priori*.

True poetry—like true eloquence—is the voice of nature appealing to the heart with its utmost sublimity and power. Its precepts differ from those of philosophy only in their effect. Instead of teaching merely, it persuades, elevates, inspires. It excites a feeling where the other leaves only an opinion or a maxim. It proposes examples of ideal excellence, and raises virtue into heroism. "The Scripture also affords us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges. And the Apocalypse of St. John, is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies; and this my opinion, the grave authority of Pareus commenting that book is sufficient to confirm. Or if occasion shall serve, to imitate those magnific odes and hymns, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy, some others in their frames judicious, in their matter most and end faulty. But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear over all the kinds of lyric poetry to be incomparable. Those abilities wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation; and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns, the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ. And lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or

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grave; whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties or refluxes of man's thoughts from within; all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness to point out and describe. Teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon truth herself unless they see her elegantly dressed; that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they indeed be easy and pleasant, they will then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed."*

But, without pursuing this important speculation any further for the present, we proceed to our quotations.

"And may I not presume a little farther, to show the reasonableness of this word 'vates,' and say, that the holy David's Psalms are a divine Poem? If I do, I shall not do it without the testimony of great learned men, both ancient and modern. But even the name of Psalms will speak for me, which, being interpreted, is nothing but Songs: then, that it is fully written in metre, as all learned Hebricians agree, although the rules be not yet fully found. Lastly, and principally, his handling his prophecy, which is merely poetical. For what else is the awaking his musical instruments; the often and free changing of persons; his notable prosopopœias, when he maketh you, as it were, see God coming in his majesty; his telling of the beasts' joyfulness, and hills leaping, but a heavenly poesy; wherein, almost, he showeth himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty, to be seen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith? But, truly, now, having named him, *I fear I seem to profane that holy name, applying it to poetry, which is, among us, thrown down to so ridiculous an estimation.* But they that, with quiet judgments, will look a little deeper into it, shall find the end and working of it such, as, being rightly applied, deserveth not to be scourged out of the church of God.

"But now let us see how the Greeks have named it, and how they deemed of it. The Greeks named him ποιητὴν, which name hath, as the most excellent, gone through other languages; it cometh of this word ποιεῖν, which is *to make;* wherein, I know not whether by luck or wisdom, we Englishmen have met with the Greeks in calling him 'a maker,' which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were known by marking the scope of other sciences, than by any partial allegation. There is no art delivered unto mankind, that hath not the works of nature for its principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will have set forth. So doth the astronomer look upon the stars, and by that he seeth set down what order nature hath taken therein. So doth the geometrician and the arithmetician, in their diverse sorts of quantities. So doth the musician,

* Milton.

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in times, tell you, which by nature agree, which not. The natural philosopher thereon hath his name; and the moral philosopher standeth upon the natural virtues, vices, or passions of man: and follow nature, saith he, therein, and thou shalt not err. The lawyer saith what men have determined. The historian, what men have done. The grammarian speaketh only of the rules of speech; and the rhetorician and logician, considering what in nature will soonest prove and persuade, thereon give artificial rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The physician weigheth the nature of man's body, and the nature of things helpful and hurtful unto it. And the metaphysic, though it be in the second and abstract notions, and therefore be counted supernatural, yet doth he, indeed, build upon the depth of nature. Only the poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, into another nature: in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or quite anew; forms such as never were in nature, as the heroes, demigods, Cyclops, chimeras, furies, and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done; neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too-much loved earth more lovely; her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden." pp. 8–10.

After pursuing the same idea somewhat farther, he divides poetry into three great classes: the religious, as the Psalms, and the philosophical or didactic, and the purely *ideal*.

"These be subdivided into sundry more special denominations: the most notable be the heroic, lyric, tragic, comic, satyric, iambic, elegiac, pastoral, and certain others; some of these being termed according to the matter they deal with: some by the sort of verse they liked best to write in; for indeed the greatest part of poets have apparelled their poetical inventions in that numerous kind of writing which is called verse. Indeed but apparelled verse, being but an ornament, and no cause to poetry, since there have been many most excellent poets that never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets. For Xenophon, who did imitate so excellently as to give us *effigiem justi imperii*, the portraiture of a just empire, under the name of Cyrus, as Cicero saith of him, made therein an absolute heroical poem. So did Heliodorus, in his sugared invention of that picture of love in Theagenes and Chariclea; and yet both these wrote in prose; which I speak to show, that it is not rhyming and versing that maketh a poet; (no more than a long gown maketh an advocate, who, though he pleaded in armour, should be an advocate and no soldier;) but it is, that feigning notable images of virtues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching, which must be the right describing note to know a poet by. Although, indeed, the senate of poets have

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chosen verse as their fittest raiment; meaning, as in matter they passed all in all, so in manner to go beyond them; not speaking, table-talk fashion, or like men in a dream, words as they chanceably fall from the mouth, but piecing each syllable of each word by just proportion, according to the dignity of the subject." p. 14. *

He next proceeds to shew that poets are the most effective teachers of morality.

"Now, therefore, it shall not be amiss, first, to weigh this latter sort of poetry by his *works*, and then, by his *parts;* and if in neither of these anatomies he be commendable, I hope we shall receive a more favourable sentence. This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth, or to what immediate end soever it be directed; the final end is, to lead and draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clay lodgings, can be capable of: this, according to the inclination of man, bred many formed impressions: for some that thought this felicity principally to be gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to be so high or heavenly as to be acquainted with the stars, gave themselves to astronomy; others, persuading themselves to be demi-gods, if they knew the causes of things, became natural and supernatural philosophers. Some an admirable delight drew to music; and some the certainty of demonstrations to the mathematics; but all, one and other, having this scope, to know, and by knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon of the body to the enjoying his own divine essence. But when, by the balance of experience, it was found that the astronomer, looking to the stars, might fall in a ditch; that the inquiring philosopher might be blind in himself; and the mathematician might draw forth a straight line with a crooked heart; then lo! did proof, the overruler of opinions, make manifest, that all these are but serving sciences, which as they have a private end in themselves, so yet are they all directed to the highest end of the mistress knowledge, by the Greeks called ἀρχιτεκτονική, which stands, as I think, in the knowledge of a man's self; in the ethic and politic consideration, with the end of well doing, and not of well knowing only: even as the saddler's next end is to make a good saddle, but his farther end, to serve a nobler faculty, which is horsemanship; so the horseman's to soldiery; and the soldier not only to have the skill, but to perform the practice of a soldier. So that the ending end of all earthly learning being virtuous action, those skills that most serve to bring forth that, have a most just title to be princes over all the rest; wherein, if we can show it rightly, the poet is worthy to have it before any other competitors." pp. 15, 16.

He then compares the poet with the moral philosopher and the historian, and after pointing out some defects in the methods of these latter, proceeds as follows:—

"Now doth the peerless poet perform both; for whatsoever the philosopher saith should be done, he giveth a perfect picture of it, by some

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one by whom he presupposeth it was done, so as he coupleth the general notion with the particular example. A perfect picture, I say; for he yieldeth to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possess the sight of the soul, so much as that other doth. For as, in outward things, to a man that had never seen an elephant, or a rhinoceros, who should tell him most exquisitely all their shape, colour, bigness, and particular marks? or of a gorgeous palace, an architect, who, declaring the full beauties, might well make the hearer able to repeat, as it were, by rote, all he had heard, yet should never satisfy his inward conceit, with being witness to itself of a true living knowledge; but the same man, as soon as he might see those beasts well painted, or that house well in model, should straightway grow, without need of any description, to a judicial comprehending of them: so, no doubt, the philosopher, with his learned definitions, be it of virtues or vices, matters of public policy or private government, replenisheth the memory with many infallible grounds of wisdom, which, notwithstanding, lie dark before the imaginative and judging power, if they be not illuminated or figured forth by the speaking picture of poesy.

"Tully taketh much pains, and many times not without poetical helps, to make us know the force love of our country hath in us. Let us but hear old Anchises, speaking in the midst of Troy's flames, or see Ulysses, in the fullness of all Calypso's delights, bewail his absence from barren and beggarly Ithaca. Anger, the stoics said, was a short madness; let but Sophocles bring you Ajax on a stage, killing or whipping sheep and oxen, thinking them the army of Greeks, with their chieftains Agamemnon and Menelaus; and tell me, if you have not a more familiar insight into anger, than finding in the schoolmen his genus and difference? See whether wisdom and temperance in Ulysses and Diomedes, valour in Achilles, friendship in Nisus and Euryalus, even to an ignorant man, carry not an apparent shining; and, contrarily, the remorse of conscience in Œdipus; the soon-repenting pride in Agamemnon; the self-devouring cruelty in his father Atreus; the violence of ambition in the two Theban brothers; the sour sweetness of revenge in Medea; and to fall lower, the Terentian Gnatho, and our Chaucer's Pandar, so expressed, that we now use their names to signify their trades: and finally, all virtues, vices, and passions so in their own natural states laid to the view, that we seem not to hear of them, but clearly to see through them." pp. 19, 20.

He observes that in moral teaching, the difficulty lies not in shewing what ought to be done, but in moving men to act up to their admitted principles, by a proper discipline of the heart and the influence of well-tempered affection.

"Now, therein, of all sciences, (I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit) is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it: nay he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass

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farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner;* and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste: which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarbarum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth: so is it in men; (most of whom are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves;) glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas; and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour and justice; which, if they had been barely (that is to say philosophically) set out, they would swear they be brought to school again. That imitation whereof poetry is, hath the most conveniency to nature of all other: insomuch that, as Aristotle saith, those things which in themselves are horrible, as cruel battles, unnatural monsters, are made, in poetical imitation, delightful. Truly, I have known men, that even with reading Amadis de Gaule, which, God knoweth, wanteth much of a perfect poesy, have found their hearts moved to the exercise of courtesy, liberality, and especially courage. Who readeth Æneas carrying old Anchises on his back, that wisheth not it were his fortune to perform so excellent an act? Whom doth not those words of Turnus move (the tale of Turnus having planted his image in the imagination)

——fugientem hæc terra videbit?
Usque adeone mori miserum est?—Virgil.

Where the philosophers (as they think) scorn to delight, so much they be content little to move, saving wrangling whether 'virtus' be the chief or the only good; whether the contemplative or the active life do excel: which Plato and Bœtius well knew; and, therefore, made mistress Philosophy very often borrow the masking raiment of poesy. For even those hard-hearted evil men, who think virtue a school-name, and know no other good but 'indulgere genio,' and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reason they stand upon; yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good-fellow poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness, which seen, they cannot but love, ere themselves be aware, as if they took a medicine of cherries." pp. 27–29.

The following is a passage of frequent reference:—

"Is it the lyric that most displeaseth, who with his tuned lyre and well accorded voice, giveth praise, the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts?

* This is conceived to have suggested Shakspeare's exquisite description,

That elder years played truant at his tale,
And younger hearings were quite ravished,—
So sweet and voluble was his discourse, &c.

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who giveth moral precepts and natural problems? who sometimes raiseth up his voice to the height of the heavens, in singing the lauds of the immortal God? Certainly, I must confess mine own barbarousness; I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas,* that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? In Hungary I have seen it the manner at all feasts, and all other such-like meetings, to have songs of their ancestors' valour, which that right soldier-like nation think one of the chiefest kindlers of brave courage. The incomparable Lacedæmonians did not only carry that kind of music ever with them to the field, but even at home, as such songs were made, so were they all content to be singers of them; when the lusty men were to tell what they did, the old men what they had done, and the young what they would do. And where a man may say, that Pindar many times praiseth highly victories of small moment, rather matters of sport than virtue; as it may be answered, it was the fault of the poet, and not of the poetry, so, indeed, the chief fault was in the time and custom of the Greeks, who set those toys at so high a price, that Philip of Macedon reckoned a horserace won at Olympus among his three fearful felicities. But as the inimitable Pindar often did, so is that kind most capable, and most fit, to awake the thoughts from the sleep of idleness, to embrace honourable enterprizes.

"There rests the heroical, whose very name, I think, should daunt all backbiters. For by what conceit can a tongue be directed to speak evil of that which draweth with him no less champions than Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas, Turnus, Tydeus, Rinaldo? who doth not only teach and move to truth, but teacheth and moveth to the most high and excellent truth: who maketh magnanimity and justice shine through all misty fearfulness and foggy desires? who, if the saying of Plato and Tully be true, that who could see virtue, would be wonderfully ravished with the love of her beauty; this man setteth her out to make her more lovely, in her holiday apparel, to the eye of any that will deign not to disdain until they understand. But if any thing be already said in the defence of sweet poetry, all concurreth to the maintaining the heroical, which is not only a kind, but the best and most accomplished kind, of poetry. For, as the image of each action stirreth and instructeth the mind, so the lofty image of such worthies most inflameth the mind with desire to be worthy, and informs with counsel how to be worthy. Only let Æneas be worn in the tablet of your memory, how he governeth himself in the ruin of his country; in the preserving his old father, and carrying away his religious ceremonies; in obeying God's commandments, to leave Dido, though not only all passionate kindness, but even the human consideration of virtuous gratefulness, would have craved other of him; how in storms, how in sports, how in war, how in peace,

* Ben Johnson, charmed with the beauties of this old song of Chevy Chace, in which the battle of Otterburn, in 1388, is supposed to have been celebrated, was wont to say, that he would rather have been the author of that little poem, than of all his own works.

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how a fugitive, how victorious, how besieged, how besieging, how to strangers, how to allies, how to enemies; how to his own, lastly, how in his inward self, and how in his outward government; and I think, in a mind most prejudiced with a prejudicating humour, he will be found in excellency fruitful. Yea, as Horace saith, 'melius, Chrysippo, et Crantore:' but, truly, I imagine it falleth out with these poet-whippers as with some good women who often are sick, but in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of poetry is odious to them, but neither his cause nor effects, neither the sum that contains him, nor the particularities descending from him, give any fast handle to their carping dispraise." pp. 33–36.

The rest of the tractate is a review of the history and condition of English poetry, which was, it seems, so wofully fallen from its high estate, that as the Troubadours sank at last into jugglers, so poets in his time, "were in almost as good reputation as the mountebanks at Venice." This part of the essay gives abundant evidence of the good taste and sound sense of the author, as well as of a degree of critical acumen which would do honour to a veteran Aristarch. We would refer *inter alia*, to his observations at pp. 60, 61, concerning style, which he concludes with some very just remarks in relation to popular eloquence.

. . . .

"But I would this fault were only peculiar to versifiers, and had not as large possession among prose-printers: and, which is to be marvelled, among many scholars, and, which is to be pitied, among some preachers. Truly, I could wish, (if at least I might be so bold to wish, in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity) the diligent imitators of Tully and Demosthenes, most worthy to be imitated, did not so much keep Nizolian paper-books of their figures and phrases, as by attentive translation, as it were, devour them whole, and make them wholly theirs. For now they cast sugar and spice upon every dish that is served at the table: like those Indians, not content to wear earrings at the fit and natural place of the ears, but they will thrust jewels through their nose and lips, because they will be sure to be fine. Tully, when he was to drive out Cataline, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often useth the figure of repetition, as 'vivit et vincit, imo in senatum venit, imo in senatum venit,' &c. Indeed, inflamed with a well-grounded rage, he would have his words, as it were, double out of his mouth; and so do that artificially, which we see men in choler do naturally. And we, having noted the grace of those words, hale them in sometimes to a familiar epistle, when it were too much choler to be choleric.

"How well, store of 'similiter cadences' doth sound with the gravity of the pulpit, I would but invoke Demosthenes' soul to tell, who with a rare daintiness useth them. Truly, they have made me think of the sophister, that with too much subtlety would prove two eggs three, and though he might be counted a sophister, had none for his labour. So these men bringing in such a kind of eloquence, well may they obtain

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an opinion of a seeming fineness, but persuade few, which should be the end of their fineness.

"Now for similitudes in certain printed discourses, I think all herbalists, all stories of beasts, fowls, and fishes are rifled up, that they may come in multitudes to wait upon any of our conceits, which certainly is as absurd a surfeit to the ears as is possible. For the force of a similitude not being to prove any thing to a contrary disputer, but only to explain to a willing hearer; when that is done, the rest is a most tedious prattling, rather overswaying the memory from the purpose whereto they were applied, than any whit informing the judgment, already either satisfied, or by similitudes not to be satisfied.

"For my part, I do not doubt, when Antonius and Crassus, the great forefathers of Cicero in eloquence, the one (as Cicero testifieth of them) pretended not to know art, the other not to set by it, because with a plain sensibleness they might win credit of popular ears, which credit is the nearest step to persuasion, (which persuasion is the chief mark of oratory) I do not doubt, I say, but that they used these knacks very sparingly; which who doth generally use, any man may see, doth dance to his own music: and so to be noted by the audience, more careful to speak curiously than truly. Undoubtedly (at least to my opinion undoubtedly) I have found in divers small-learned courtiers a more sound style, than in some professors of learning; of which I can guess no other cause, but that the courtier following that which by practice he findeth fittest to nature, therein (though he know it not) doth according to art, though not by art: where the other, using art to show art, and not hide art, (as in these cases he should do) flieth from nature, and indeed abuseth art. pp. 60–62.

Turn we now to "Astrophel and Stella"—from the *ars poetica* to the poetry of Sir Philip Sidney—from his theory to his practice, which we are fain to confess, differ not less in our author, than they have so often been found to do in other distinguished preachers. It is said that Pope, meditating a discourse upon the history of English poetry, had gone so far as to class the most distinguished writers of his first æra under the following heads:—1. Provençal School. 2. School of Chaucer. 3. School of Petrarch. 4. School of Dante. Under the third of these denominations, he ranked Sir Philip Sidney, along with Surrey, Wyat, and Gascoign. Sir Walter Raleigh also, it seems, calls our author "the English Petrarch." Any one who opens "Astrophel and Stella," will see how naturally such an idea presents itself to a reader of the great father of Italian elegance. The metrical collection, to which our author or his editors have given that appellation, contains no less than a hundred and eight sonnets and eleven songs—an unmerciful infliction in its way, and which, indeed, out-Herods Herod, since even Petrarch himself has to answer for only seventy-six effusions of the former kind, and twenty-odd of the latter. But the canzoni and

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the sonnets of Petrarch are very different things from Sir Philip's imitation of them. We are aware, that to the description of people against whom our author defends poetry in general, a whole volume of love-ditties is an object of especial abhorrence and disgust, and there are even to be found among scholars of unquestionable taste and learning, those who acknowledge that they do not feel in Petrarch the extraordinary excellencies which his own countrymen ascribe to him. Gibbon and Sismondi hold this language. But the former has well remarked that a foreigner—be he never so good a critic—must be very cautious how he sets up his own opinions against those of a whole people, and that people too, in every thing relating to the arts of beauty, a most cultivated and susceptible race. At any rate, it is too late, after the lapse of five centuries, to entertain any hope of reversing the decrees of such a tribunal. A discreet man, who has the misfortune not to be satisfied with those decisions, will only take the more pains to become so. He will assume it, as a thing of course, that he is in the wrong; at least, that the presumption is very strong against him, and will proceed accordingly in his search after the truth. Now, we cannot conceive how any one who shall read Petrarch in this spirit, can fail to award to him all the praise which the best critics among his own countrymen have bestowed upon his sweet and elegant muse. Certainly, he is not a poet of the very highest order—he is not equal to Tasso and Ariosto—and there is a gulph "thrice from the centre to the utmost pole," between him and his mighty master and precursor, Dante. Even in the very matter of sonnet writing and erotic sentiment, this unrivalled genius has left some specimens behind him, which shew what deep and awakening sounds he could strike from the soft Lesbian lyre.* A sonnet of Dante, beginning—"Tanto onesta e tanto gentile pare, La donna mia," &c.—is quite a master-piece of its kind. There is more heartfelt passion, more of the entire devotedness and the idolatrous adoration of love in it, than in all the finished harmony with which Petrarch, for so many years, fatigued the echoes of Vaucluse. But it is not disparaging any poet to say, that he is not equal to Dante—one of the most extraordinary of men, whose "soul was as a star and dwelt apart" from the whole species—far above the highest, brighter than the most shining. But with all his faults—with all the forced and frigid conceits and the puling sentimentalism that have been imputed to him—there is enough of tenderness and beauty in the verses of the great laureate, and especially of elegance both in thought and expression, to have given immortality to any poet in any age—especially to

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one who, in the fourteenth century, could anticipate in his style all the refinement and politeness of the sixteenth. It would be easy, if this were the proper place, to establish our opinion by a minute examination of his works. No impartial man, it seems to us, can read over even the ten or twelve last sonnets of Petrarch, including the fine canzone *Che debb' io far, che mi consigli, amore*, without concurring in our estimate of him. Not to speak of those other strains of his—the fourth *canzone*, for instance—which are animated by a high-souled patriotism worthy of old Rome, and of which Tyrtæus himself might have been proud, addressed to those who had enslaved, or to those who, like Rienzi, were struggling, or thought to be struggling, to awaken and to regenerate Italy.

But whatever may be the merits or the faults of Petrarch, we fear that Sir Philip Sidney has been far more successful in imitating the former than the latter. There are the conceits in abundance, and the affectation and the straining after something fine and striking, but we miss almost all that compensates for them in the Italian poet. We do not think that in this whole collection there is a single sonnet which can stand the test of criticism. It is all cold imitation and abortive effort—without any life or soul. Our author describes himself in the following lines:—

> "You that do search for every purling spring,
> Which from the ribs of old Parnassus flows,
> And every flower, not sweet, perhaps, which grows,
> Near thereabouts, into your poesy wing.
> You that do dictionary's method bring
> Into your rhymes, running in rattling rows;
> You that poor Petrarch's long deceased woes,
> With new-born sighs, and denizen'd wit do sing:
>
> You take wrong ways; those far-fetch'd helps be such,
> As do bewray a want of inward touch.
> And sure, at length, stol'n goods do come to light;
> But if (both for your love and skill) your name
> You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of fame,
> Stella behold, and then begin t' indite."

In one other important particular, these effusions differ very materially from those of the "famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura." They are not characterized by the same refinement, elevation and saintly purity of sentiment. Without sinking into all the grossness of Catullus, the gallantry of the English poet is strongly dashed with sensuality. This is particularly true of

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the tenth song, which has been censured on this very ground by Godwin. The editor thinks such an exception comes with but an ill grace from that quarter—but whether the husband (was it?) of Mary Wolstoncroft had a right to play the censor's part or not, his criticism is undoubtedly just in this particular. We think he very much overrates the merits of the poetry in other respects. It is, however, one of the best things in the collection, and as it does not sin very glaringly against propriety, even in its most objectionable parts, we venture to extract it without abridgment.

"O dear life, when shall it be,
That mine eyes thine eyes may see;
And in them thy mind discover,
Whether absence have had force,
Thy remembrance to divorce,
From the image of thy lover?

Or if I myself find not,
After parting, aught forgot:
Nor debarr'd from beauty's treasure,
Let not tongue aspire to tell
In what high joys I shall dwell;
Only thought aims at the pleasure.

Thought, therefore, I will send thee
To take up the place for me:
Long I will not after tarry:
There, unseen, thou may'st be bold,
Those fair wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes do carry.

Thought, see thou no place forbear,
Enter bravely every where;
Seize on all to her belonging:
But, if thou would'st guarded be,
Fearing her beams, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

Think of that most grateful time,
When thy leaping heart will climb,
In my lips to have his biding;
There those roses for to kiss,
Which do breathe a sugar'd bliss,
Opening rubies, pearls dividing.

Think of my most princely power,
Which I, blessed, shall devour
With my greedy, lick'rous senses,

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Beauty, music, sweetness, love,
While she doth against me prove
Her strong darts but weak defences.

Think, think of those dallyings,
When with dove-like murmurings,
With glad moaning passed anguish,
We change eyes; and heart for heart,
Each to other do depart,
Joying till joy makes us languish.

O my thought! my thoughts surcease,
Thy delights my woes increase;
My life melts with too much thinking:
Think no more, but die in me,
Till thou shalt revived be,
At her lips my nectar drinking." pp. 144–146.

In two respects, there was a strong coincidence between Sir Philip and his Italian master. They both loved *à la Werther*, women, whom fate had put out of their reach, by appropriating them to more fortunate rivals. The case of the English sonnetteer was especially desperate, since, besides the difficulties which a bachelor would have found in it, he had a wife of his own upon his hands. The object of this romantic affection was Lady Penelope Devereux, whom a cruel destiny united to a coarse and brutal husband—Lord Rich. His name, of course, was quite a treasure to a sonnetteer, and Sir Philip makes as much use of it, as Petrarch does of Laura's. He rings the changes upon it as follows:—

" My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be;
Listen then, lordings, with good ear to me,
For of my life I must a riddle tell:
Toward Aurora's court a nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which man's eye can see;
Beauties so far from reach of words, that we,
Abase her praise, saying, she doth excel:

Rich in the treasure of deserv'd renown;
Rich in the riches of a royal heart;
Rich in those gifts which give th' eternal crown:
Who, tho' most rich in these and ev'ry part
Which make the patents of true worldly bliss,
Hath no misfortune, but that Rich she is." pp. 91.

Another example of this forced and frigid style is to be found in the forty-ninth sonnet.

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"I on my horse, and Love on me, doth try,
Our horsemanships, while, by strange work, I prove
A horseman to my horse, a horse to Love;
And now man's wrongs in me, poor beast, descry.
The rein wherewith my rider doth me tie,
Are humbled thoughts, which bit of rev'rence move,
Curb'd in with fear, but with gilt boss above
Of hope, which makes it seem fair to the eye.

The wand is will; thou, fancy, saddle art,
Girt fast by memory; and while I spur
My horse, he spurs, with sharp desire, my heart:
He sits me fast, however I do stir,
And now hath made me to his hand so right,
That in the menage myself takes delight." p. 98.

The four following sonnets strike us as among the best in the volume. There is a certain delicacy of thought and expression which makes them very agreeable trifles of the kind, and although they can hardly be called poetry, they are not without some tincture of a poetical spirit, and the grace of a poetical *tournure*.

"When far-spent night persuades each mortal eye,
To whom nor art nor nature granteth light,
To lay his then mark-wanting shafts of sight,
Clos'd with their quivers, in sleep's armory;
With windows ope, then most my mind doth lie,
Viewing the shape of darkness and delight;
Takes in that sad hue, which, with th' inward night
Of his maz'd powers, keeps perfect harmony:

But when birds charm, and that sweet air, which is
Morn's messenger, with rose-enamell'd skies,
Calls each wight to salute the flower of bliss;
In tomb of lids then buried are mine eyes,
Forc'd by their lord, who is asham'd to find
Such light in sense, with such a darken'd mind."
pp. 149–150.

"Leave me, O love! which reachest but to dust:
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things:
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.

Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.

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O take fast hold! let that light be thy guide,
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly breath.

Then farewell, world, thy uttermost I see,
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

Splendidis longum valedico nugis." pp. 199, 200.

The following pair of kisses would not be out of place in Joannes Secundus. They are not quite so burning as those which the amorous bard of Verona snatched from Lesbia's lips to give to immortality in song.

"Love, still a boy, and oft a wanton is,
School'd only by his mother's tender eye:
What wonder then, if he his lesson miss,
When for so soft a rod, dear play he try?
And yet my Star, because a sugar'd kiss
In sport I suck'd, while she asleep did lie,
Doth low'r, nay chide, nay threat for only this:
Sweet, it was saucy Love, not humble I.

But no 'scuse serves, she makes her wrath appear
In beauty's throne; see now, who dares come near
Those scarlet judges, threat'ning bloody pain?
O heav'nly fool! thy most kiss-worthy face,
Anger invests with such a lovely grace,
That anger's self I needs must kiss again." p. 115.

"O kiss! which dost those ruddy gems impart,
Or gems, or fruits, of new-found Paradise:
Breathing all bliss and sweet'ning to the heart;
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exercise.
O kiss! which souls, ev'n souls, together ties
By links of love, and only nature's art:
How fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes,
Or of thy gifts, at least, shade out some part!

But she forbids, with blushing words, she says,
She builds her fame on higher-seated praise:
But my heart burns, I cannot silent be.
Then since, dear life, you fain would have me peace,
And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease,
Stop you my mouth with still still kissing me." p. 120.

The letters of Sir Philip Sidney are very justly characterized by Walpole, as "small matters." There is nothing remarkable in them either one way or another—except the following,

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in which he is as "curst and brief," as Sir Toby Belch could wish. The extreme insolence of this violent little epistle, is a fair sample of the manners of that time. From the swearing virago on the throne, down through every gradation and class of society, the same haughty and ungovernable temper was perpetually breaking out in the various shapes of formidable outrage or petty annoyance. The treatment which Sidney himself received from the Earl of Oxford, and which is detailed at length in his Life, is another striking illustration of it. One does not very well conceive how a knight (and such a knight) could have borne that mortal offence, though the De Vere had been of royal estate as well as lineage.

"Mr. Molineux—Few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some. Neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me; and so I will make you know, if I have good proof of it. But that for so much as is past. For that is to come, I assure you before God, that if ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment, or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you. And trust to it, for I speak it in earnest. In the meantime farewell. From court, this last of May, 1578.* By me,

"PHILIP SIDNEY.

"Indorsed, Mr. Philip Sidney to me, brought 1578, by my lord chancellor; received the 21st of June."

* "This letter was not written to the steward, as Walpole falsely states, but to the secretary of Sir H. Sidney, Edward Molineux, Esq. of Nutfield, in the county of Surrey. Sir Philip imagined, erroneously, as he afterwards confessed, that this gentleman had basely betrayed the confidence of his employer, and furnished the enemies of the aged lord deputy with matter of accusation against him. Though the above epistle, therefore, is sadly deficient in point of discretion and temper, it shows the intensity of our author's filial regard; and, whatever may be deducted from our estimation of the coolness of his head on account of it, an equivalent must, we apprehend, be substituted in our increased love and respect for the amiable qualities of his heart."

Sir Philip's prose was more poetical than his verse; and shews abilities which time might have ripened into the grave authorship of Raleigh, or the political wisdom of Buckhurst.

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ART. III.—*Eloquence of the United States.* Compiled by E. B. WILLISTON. An enlarged edition. In 5 vols.

A COMPLETE and comprehensive collection of American oratory remains still a desideratum, notwithstanding the attempt to supply it by the compiler of the work, the title of which stands at the head of this article. We despair, in fact, of beholding such a collection while the body of our unreported eloquence continues to expand in the same proportion as it has ever since the era of the Revolution. While the displays, both feeble and forcible, of our congressional orators are spread before the public in all their amplitude, the treasures of our forensic eloquence are rapidly passing into obscurity. The utmost industry will be unable, after the lapse of a few years, to gather up the materials of the national fame in this department of oratory, so as to put them into any durable form, or, we fear, to enshrine the least of its relics, so quickly do the splendid memorials of genius, with the barren remains of mediocrity, float together down the stream of oblivion.

The speeches delivered at the bar of the Supreme Court, stand some chance of being rescued from the fate which impends over the whole mass of our juridical eloquence, should they be characterized by power of argument or splendour of rhetoric. But how small a portion do they constitute of the great body of American forensic oratory! How unsatisfactory such specimens, if intended to exhibit the opulence of our resources and the vigour of our efforts in this single division of the art! How imperfect such materials, considered as a standard by which to measure the stature of the national mind, and the magnitude of its achievements, in this one department of oratory, embracing the pleadings before at least a hundred separate judicatories. The amount of intellectual effort impelled into this channel in the United States, is almost incalculable.

Now when it is considered that the forums of this country have ever been the nurseries of those principles which lie at the foundation of our republican constitutions—when it is recollected that under the training induced in these schools of eloquence, is acquired the moral courage which blends investigations into first principles with the defence of personal rights—when it is seen that the exhibitions of our advocates embrace almost every variety of oratory—that they unite a subtle logic with a bold declamation and appeals which address themselves to the loftiest principles of action, with such as touch the sympathies and sen-

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sibilities of our universal nature—when these circumstances are remembered, it is impossible not to regret that so large a proportion of our juridical eloquence is irrecoverably perished. Nor is this regret lessened by the reflection that the art of reporting, with all its present "appliances and means," enables us to preserve but a few of the fragments which confer lustre on our own period.

Did we possess merely a moiety of the rich accumulations which were formed down to the era of the Revolution, what aid would not such a collection afford for tracing the principles of that great movement to their germs in the minds of the lawyers of that period! What light would not a body of such oratory lend to investigation, if by means of its recorded triumphs—its well authenticated achievements, we could follow the successive steps of so memorable a transaction from its incipient stages to its final consummation, and behold, in distinct colours, the action of a few gifted minds on the popular sentiment of that period, with the reaction of that sentiment on the oratory which is nourished by the aliment of the passions in a season of general fermentation!

In this wreck of our oratorical treasures, if we had preserved the speeches of a small number on a limited theatre, we should then have had proper materials of comparison with other countries and epochs. If those could re-appear, with some share of their original radiance, who shed a brightness over the public councils, and who were translated from the forum to the senate, when the defence of private rights was postponed or suspended by the perils which threatened general privileges, we should then possess some means of measuring our claims to a place for our orators by the side of the mighty masters of the art.

It is the heroic ages of eloquence which can alone furnish the elements of such a comparison. The orator who rises in great conjunctures, supplies the principles of just parallel with those of a different country or epoch, who pursue the same lofty and glorious line of exertion, for he has mankind and posterity for his audience. He speaks to universal sympathies. He is the representative, as it were, of the wrongs or the privileges of the whole human race. He addresses those principles which are immutable amid all changes of policy, all fluctuations of opinion and of manners. Like the poet who writes for futurity and mankind, he appeals to sensibilities and impulses which are common to the whole human family. He explores the sources of those universal affections by the magic of his genius, and builds on them the fabric of his enduring reputation. But in ordinary periods—in times when men's

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minds do not ferment by the potent influence of wide-spread calamity, or national trial, the orator is bounded by a circle which the spirit of the age draws around him. His genius takes its colour from the general complexion of things. His aspirations are shaped to suit the "form and pressure" of the times. His topics, his illustrations, his appeals, his invocations are borrowed from the local or accidental circumstances which colour his eloquence with the hues of the passing hour. Like the dramatist who pictures manners in their evanescent aspects or conventional forms, who writes for the existing generation and the immediate audience, the complexion of his oratory assumes that of the localities. In ordinary periods, therefore, we have not the materials of an instructive parallel. The *ends* of eloquence are always the same, to move, to persuade, or to delight—the *means* vary infinitely with the character of the audiences addressed, and the occasions which excite in a corresponding manner the genius of the speakers. The most perfect specimens of Roman, Grecian and British art, have come down to us from periods when the orator spoke to those affections which are part of the mental inheritance of the human family in all ages, when the majesty of the theme and the greatness of the theatre elevated him to the highest pitch of his art. In the absence of the elements of comparison, by which we might be able to determine our claims to oratorical distinction from the records of the art itself, during its most glorious periods in our republic, let us turn to the characteristic differences of opposite eras for some standard by which we may measure our pretensions to rank with the nations of antiquity, and with those modern communities in which genuine eloquence has closely followed the fortunes of liberty.

It is impossible to view the subject of oratory in a clear light unless we trace out the differences discoverable in its style and spirit at different epochs, and display their connection with the character and condition of the communities to which it has been addressed, unless we show that all the peculiarities in the eloquence of a people are reflected from its manners, habits and institutions, and how these circumstances influence and modify the genius of the speakers.

1. Our social fabric is constructed of quite different materials from those of the states of antiquity. Hence the oratory of these dissimilar epochs possesses but few characteristics *in common*. Ancient eloquence had, it is well known, a stronger hold on the passions and enthusiasm of the audience, than any thing of a similar kind in modern times, because the leisure of an-

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cient communities and their incessant pursuit of enjoyment, brought them more under the dominion of imagination than the more fully occupied and less excitable citizens of modern states. The orator and his audience were held together by the closest bonds of sympathy. The orator was absolutely necessary to his audience for the intellectual delight he furnished, and the audience to the orator for the share of substantial power his art gave him over their understandings. It dealt in the boldest apostrophies and most daring invocations, in all the higher flights of exalted imaginations, because stimulants of less vigour and vivacity would have failed to kindle the passions and impress the affections to which its appeals were addressed.

The case is, however, widely different with us, for as society advances to opulence, and is filled with a variety of pursuits, it is cut off from many of those enjoyments which form both the pleasure and the pastime of less busy communities. Commerce has imparted seriousness to the general character of our age, for it leads to labour and dependence in the great body of the people, under the happiest political arrangements. The citizens of most existing communities are withdrawn from the direct exercise of political functions, and are far too busy with their own affairs to be engrossed with matters of public concern, to any thing like the same degree of intensity as the people of the ancient republics. Having delegated the management of their political interests to those who have the leisure to attend to them, one of the first consequences has been a reduction of the size as well as a total revolution in the character of our deliberative assemblies. The men who now participate in the work of legislation are to be led by reasoning and calculation, and are with far more difficulty stirred to enthusiasm and excess than of old. Imagination has scanty materials to work upon, while at the same time there are but few to catch the contagion of sympathy. The calm argumentative oratory of our period would have been ridiculed or not attended to at Athens, or even at Rome, while the passion and vehemence which in general characterized the ancient masters of persuasion, would perhaps share the same fate in one of our deliberative bodies. These different species of the art would either never have had birth out of their appropriate eras, or springing up, and finding no sympathy, would have soon decayed. In these opposite periods of oratorical cultivation, we, therefore, find only those kinds of eloquence which are adapted to the condition of manners and the political structure of the states which they signalized.

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2. Another general cause of difference between the condition of the art in ancient and modern times, is the comparative infrequency of political revolutions, and the superior stability of law in our day. This circumscribes within much narrower boundaries the field of eloquence. The subversion of established authority, and changes of fundamental institutions, were ordinary occurrences during the perpetual fluctuation of affairs in the ancient democracies. The expulsion of rulers and popular favourites created little sensation, except as affording special themes of attack or defence in the Forum or the Public Assembly. The political changes were limited as to both space and number—they did not embrace much more than the population of a single city, or the circumference of a few miles; yet within this narrow span what a potent tongue and inspiring breath did not these changes lend to oratory? Where are to be found in our day in the revolutions of the largest empires, and the overthrow of the greatest dynasties, as their accompaniments or forerunners, such efforts of eloquence, as signalized the popular commotions of Rome or Athens? It is in the degree that oratory has to deal with the palpable and the particular—with personal interests and perils—with individual persecution or ambition or glory, that her triumphs are established; and it is in proportion as the orator surrenders the details or incidents of revolution, if we may so speak, or its particular concomitants, and ascends to general views and comprehensive principles, that the glories of the art are lost in the abstraction of philosophy.

There are, doubtless, popular impulses which are speedily and successfully aroused whether the address be made in the manner it was at Athens, or, as in our day, in Westminster. There are emotions of universal power and prevalence which kindle readily if the train is laid with due skill, and the match applied at the proper moment. There are inflammable materials in sufficient abundance, at all times, in the mind, if the true point of excitement be happily seized. The feelings of patriotism and national glory are not difficult to arouse. The appeal lies here to the palpable and the obvious—to perceptions which are universal, and demand no previous training or cultivation. There are impressions, however, associated with popular eloquence, which are of much wider compass and more difficult development. The orator who deals with principles that require gradual germination in the mind, acts a similar part to the philosopher who generalizes in compliance with the spirit and habits of his age. He appeals to moral sympathies of deeper culture and more inward energy than any connected

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with the sentiments of patriotism or public glory. If he blend with the high philosophy which he unites to eloquence, appeals to the ordinary impulses of our nature, it is as aids and not as principals, in his scheme of persuasion. He enforces social truths with such accessories as may be borrowed or reflected, it is true, from the imagination. But they are only as accompaniments.

Such is the destiny of all oratory that precedes or accompanies a popular convulsion in our day. It is a species of eloquence pervaded more or less by a spirit of generalization. A Mirabeau who addresses the popular sensibility with signal success, is compelled to unite his rhetorical graces to philosophical truths. A Patrick Henry who sways the feelings of his auditors at will, is forced to link his inspiration with that intelligence which is the fruit of reflection. At such periods the national mind must be prepared by an elaborate culture. The glebe must be thoroughly turned up and prepared to receive the seeds of modern eloquence. The orator must find a wide correspondence in the general intelligence and sympathy, which will make his efforts appear as a mere emanation of the national mind—a sign or type of the fermentation that is abroad and around him on every side. All modern oratory of large aims and effective results, will more or less partake of this peculiarity. If in this there is a wide field opened to the oratorical genius of the moderns—if our orators have to deal with larger masses of men than the ancient candidates for the distinctions of eloquence—if the civil revolutions of our day, wrought by the agency of oratory, are more intellectual in their origin, and wider in their effects;—all these circumstances are adverse to the real grandeur of eloquence, to its vehemence and energy—to its picturesque expression, as well as to its positive results. Obvious mental associations, in proportion as they become the basis of oratory, impart vividness and vigour to its appeals. Abstract connexions between our thoughts, in the degree that they pervade the general strain of speech, force it to lose in distinctness and vigour what it acquires in depth and generality.

It is impossible to unite incompatible excellencies. It is not in art that man should hold a double empire over distinct and opposite faculties and impulses of the mind. If the enthusiasm on which love of country and a passion for national glory are founded, is of a different character from that which is more spiritual in its origin and essence, the oratory of which it is the common mother, will exhibit corresponding characteristics. The dominion of speech is thus divided, as supremacy in any other

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mental pursuit, by distinct boundaries at different eras. The field of picturesque narrative was appropriated by the ancient historians. The domain of philosophical speculation belongs as exclusively to the modern. We thus see in what manner the ancients possessed a superiority in those attributes of eloquence, which have been pointed out as their peculiar property, by living in an era before the relations of humanity were multiplied and extended—before the new connexions of communities had introduced complexity into the science of politics, and deprived us moderns, through the diversity and distraction of our pursuits, of that grandeur which results from simplicity, and that vigour which is the offspring of unity and concentration.

We thus behold the advantage of that state of manners for the kindly growth of the arts of speech, which associates man, in his social state, with present power, dignity, and external enjoyment—of that form of polity which nourishes genius by the incessant comparison of things in their outward forms and semblances. Such were, in their general characteristics, both the Greeks and Romans. In proportion as their thoughts became concentrated on their country—on their liberty—on their national glory—did their oratory borrow the "thews and sinews" which belong to the elder state of the art. It is impossible, without these causes and concomitants—without these manners and mental characteristics—without this peculiar taste and temperament, ever again to restore that condition of eloquence which belonged to the ancient commonwealths.

3. If this view of the subject be just, the division of pursuits cannot but be adverse to the culture of the art with any singleness of purpose and condensed vigour of mind. The ancient candidate for the prize of eloquence, devoted his whole faculties to a mastery over the instruments of persuasion. He neglected none of the means of success, however slight or insignificant in appearance. He explored every avenue of the mind, and took possession of all the inlets of delight, through the medium of the senses. If he figured as a statesman, the study of eloquence included the whole mental discipline. If he appeared as an advocate, and won the cause, it was to the arts of persuasion he owed the victory. How different is the training of the modern, whether he appear in the Senate or at the Forum! His path is crowded and encumbered with the materials of almost unlimited extent and variety, which the labours of centuries have accumulated, and which he is required to shape to the ends of judicious speech. He is thrown on a scene of business

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and into affairs of complexity from the moment of his entrance on a public career. He has to combine and arrange a vast number of details inconsistent with all unity of application. He must be exact in his information, accurate in his principles, comprehensive in his views. He has to acquire systems that he may be prepared to adopt or overthrow them, and he has to adjust contrarient interests according to existing schemes and arrangements of polity. Thus at every step he is forced to blend complex duties of legislation and abstract views of philosophy with the functions of oratory. He cannot pursue eloquence as a separate branch of intellectual discipline and preparation for the conflicts of public life. The ancients having in their political assemblies no balancing of interests—no complicated adjustments—no compromises of policy—no schemes of concession, gave themselves up to a single point of discussion. They were never diverted from a certain unity of intellectual view by the distractions and divisions which pervade our mixed assemblies. Theirs was a singleness of purpose effected by simplicity of means. What weapons of signal power and proof did not these circumstances lend to oratory!

No modern orator thinks to sway the deliberations of the body of which he is a member, to the issues of peace or war, by the energy of his individual powers—by the might of his single voice. This must be the result of many minds acting on large views of expediency, or from kindred associations of patriotism. But we know that on the ancient theatres of eloquence, war was declared, alliances formed, revolutions achieved, by the influence of one potent tongue. Nothing was done by calculation—by previous arrangement—by party combination. Each man, on the scene of public affairs, acted from his own impulses—his own stimulants to action, whether of ambition, revenge, glory or power. Each measure was adopted or not, according as it was counselled by eloquence, whose sway was single and supreme. But in the greatest storm of modern declamation, you perceive the speaker under the dominion of a spirit of calculation. In his highest altitude he is not able to escape from the fetters of political combinations.

4. Another striking difference is to be found in the uninterrupted occasions for speaking afforded on the ancient theatres. There was no interregnum to the supremacy of the orator—there was no abeyance of the faculties of speech. At Rome, the Senate, the Comitia, and the ordinary tribunals of justice, were some of them constantly in session. Throughout the states of Greece, in which eloquence was cultivated as an instru-

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ment of power or a source of reputation, the assembly for political business, or the scene for rhetorical display, afforded all the provocatives necessary for generous discipline. Now we cannot afford to be thus prodigal of our time and attention. We have too many weighty affairs on hand to be able or willing to throw ourselves, heart and soul, into every scene of political excitement or intellectual gratification. Even those to whom we delegate the management of our public affairs, and who enact our laws, can assemble only at wide intervals. There is always a space of time with us, during which the stream of mind, instead of being directed into a single channel, diverges in a variety of courses from a common centre.

The much controverted question whether the ancients were capable of a business speech, may thus be brought within a narrow compass. For their species of business, their oratorical training and their harangues were the best adapted—for the modern manner of conducting public affairs, the speeches of our deliberative bodies are the only appropriate instruments of business. The idea that the ancients were not practical, because they did not debate public questions, is as rational as the opinion that the moderns are not eloquent, because passion does not constitute the staple of their speeches. The ancients could not be publicly controversial, where the constituents of controversy did not exist. They could not convert the Popular Assembly or the Senate into a theatre of debate, for there was no trace of the same arrangements by which the political victory is won in our day, by parliamentary management and combination. Complexity in legislation being unknown, the materials of extended debate were necessarily absent. It is, therefore, impossible to institute a fair comparison between the oratory of opposite periods, as to its practical character, where the modes of proceedure are so widely contrasted. It is a parallel where there can be no similitude, to place side by side the speeches of opposite eras, for purposes of business, when business had such different ends and dissimilar means.

5. It is fortunate for the ancients that the orations of the two most gifted and eminent of the great number of their orators, have come down to us in ample proportions and unimpaired brilliancy. It is favourable also to their fame, that the most transcendent of their speeches which have escaped the wreck of so many mental treasures of the classic ages, should have been delivered in those periods most fruitful of the materials of impassioned oratory. The conjunctures in Grecian and Roman affairs, which these noble specimens of the art adorned, were

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precisely such as to call out the lofty and grand attributes of eloquence. They were times of revolution—of invasion—of conscription—of imminent peril to the lives and liberties of the people of the ancient commonwealth. Fear was on the nations, and the public councils were encompassed with doubt and difficulty.

To argue that similar conjunctures will not produce similar results, as relates to oratory, is to reason against universal principles of human nature. The moral no more than the physical organization of man has changed. There is no original difference between the mind of one age and that of another. If the most exciteable of the modern nations are not so susceptible as the Athenians, the most serious of them are not graver than were the Romans. Yet what modern assembly could bear such a storm of eloquence as was frequently produced in the conflict of popular passions at Rome, during the agitations of even her mitigated democracy. Revolutions that entirely change the face of human affairs, are part of the history of the species. Conjunctures make orators as they form poets. When the shock of adverse opinions is felt, spirits of giant stature are thrown out in constellations. The only difference, therefore, is, that the convulsions most fruitful of the triumphs wrought by eloquence, were, in what is deemed the most palmy period of the art, among the ordinary sources and occasions of its supremacy. In modern times, if they embrace a wider circle and larger masses—if they include empires instead of single cities, they are of much rarer occurrence. If order and repose have succeeded to instability and tumult, it does not follow that the moral sensibilites of nations are deadened, or their sense of wrong and injury rendered less acute. If we make an application of these remarks to those kindred periods and conjunctures most abounding in the ingredients of a passionate, vehement and commanding eloquence, we shall see the entire strain and spirit of modern speech, however rich in these qualities, imbued with that contemplative philosophy which drives the thoughts inward to the sources of our social duties and obligations; which, in a greater or less degree, pervades and impregnates the whole mass of modern literature and science; and which, as it adds to the depth of our researches, deducts from the intensity of our emotions. It is not that our mental and moral constitution is not as ductile or as open to grand appeals and lofty associations as that of our ancestors, but the passions have been enchained, because they are no longer the instruments of success in popular assemblies. They are no

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longer under the dangerous thrall of eloquence, as wielded in the ancient manner.

The most eminent theatres for political eloquence in modern days—for that eloquence which is best nourished in the very whirlwind, as it were, of the popular passions—were the provincial assemblies that heralded our Revolution. It is in these assemblies, wherein the leaders of the day were arming the people intellectually for the great battle of independence, that we must search for some similitude to the wonderful triumphs of ancient oratory. Here, if any where in the history of modern political convulsions, we must look for the constituents of that eloquence, the higher glories of which are intimately associated, in all ages, with the tumultuary movements of a "fierce democratie." Here, a parallel may hold, in some degree, with the popular assemblies of the ancients, as to the proud achievements of the great masters of persuasion. Here the infancy of republican oratory was nursed under the shelter of liberty, and hence it burst on the astonished vision in sudden splendour and matured energy when the hour of victory arrived.

While the oratory of our colonial legislatures and provincial conventions, whose origin was made glorious by being thus connected with our first assertion of popular rights, bears some resemblance to the eloquence which signalized like occasions in the ancient commonwealths, we find no parallel to the speeches of our revolutionary Congress. That Congress was an assembly convoked to carry into effect the already expressed wishes of the people of the colonies. The question of independence or submission had already been carried by the potency of speech in the provincial bodies. The mental struggle was over, and the power of the people was about to be put in action by the assembled wisdom of the whole. It was in embodying the national determination, and giving it judicious direction—in arranging the elements of opposition, and directing the public resources to wise issues, that the eloquence addressed to the revolutionary Congress found its peculiar office and predominant spirit. The deliberations of that illustrious conclave assumed a character in correspondence with the gravity of its functions. It was an assembly for national advice, and not a body in which the popular feeling becomes the foundation of influence over the people. On the great subject of independence, none who entered that council, needed conviction. The *time* and the *mode* of sending forth the perilous Declaration formed the only matters of debate. The oratory of our revolutionary Congress was of course clearly distinguishable from that of our Pro-

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vincial Assemblies, which preceded that illustrious convocation. It had little of the passionate and the vehement, but it possessed those characteristics of grandeur which reside in the thought, and that loftiness of sentiment which belongs to a sublime courage of the mind.

As there is no assemblage in modern times to compare with our Congress of the Revolution in these characteristics, so there are no bodies, connected with popular movements in our day, which can be brought into parallel with our Provincial Assemblies. The French National Convention, in the moral grandeur of its deliberations, and as affording a theatre for commanding eloquence, comes nearest to these bodies. Yet in the separate constituents of a truly elevated rhetoric, as in the combination of them, how wide was the contrast! The most lofty truths were blended with the most pestilent errors! The emanations of the sublimest reason tarnished by an association with the dreams of a misdirected enthusiasm! The grandest invocations to liberty defiled by a connexion with the most grovelling conceptions of the social duties of humanity here, and its final destinies hereafter.

If we bring down our view somewhat later, and look into the records of British eloquence when her eminent Parliamentary speakers appeared in clusters, we shall find no examples of that impassioned and lofty eloquence, the usual accessory of a social convulsion, or general fermentation. For purposes of political ambition, as well as compendious despatch of business, no modern deliberative assembly could afford such a theatre as an English House of Commons, and from kindred causes it has opened an unbounded field for the culture of a rich and varied oratory. This has, of course, always been the arena—the great battle ground of the prize fighters in eloquence—the exciting scene for the contests carried on during the great as well as small skirmish of debate. It is here, of necessity, the most valuable stakes are set in the grand game of political power. It is here all the struggles for political supremacy are exhibited. It is here the entire machinery of the government is brought into play. Systems of party administration and schemes of state policy are of necessity attacked and defended with the interest and vehemence inspired by a scene of real business and contention, and canvassed and arraigned in the bitter spirit and with the keen hostility of partizans thoroughly intent on the demolition of their adversaries. The Minister and his adherents have to dispute on this field every inch of territory before they can be said to have obtained the vantage ground of successful combat; and must earn the right to their places and public

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honours by strenuous and systematic exertion in their oratorical functions, before they can enjoy the one and wear the other, and be glorious or pre-eminent in the public sight. It may easily be imagined what an incomparable field for debate is opened by all this vigorous and incessant play of the faculties, and amid these intense contests for supremacy or domination among the debaters. As nothing has equalled an English House of Commons, in its day of glory, for the vehemence and vivacity of its debates, so no other assembly has ever rivalled it in specimens of a varied eloquence. At that most brilliant period of the art, when it shone resplendent in the popular branch of her legislature, England was at the height of opulence and commercial splendour. She had, above all her neighbours, imparted a salutary impulse and quickening energy to moral and political inquiries. She was unsurpassed in intellectual accomplishments and social refinement. She was at an enviable point of elevation as to all the arts and embellishments of civilization. It will be recollected that her Burke, her Sheridan, and her Windham, passed from the delights of intellectual converse and the contests of wit in literary coteries to the ardour and animation of a debate in St. Stephen's Chapel; that Oxford and Cambridge made scholars of the eminent statesmen who embellished and enriched the oratory of her deliberative assemblies with the treasures of classical illustration, and gave vigour to their eloquence by bold views into man's political condition and prospects, and by profound researches into the abstract principles of law, and the social economy. It thence must have followed, that in such a state of riches and refinement and general cultivation, not only would wit lend to oratory its fascination, and polished elegance its grace, but science would pour forth her various wealth to replenish it with a constant fund of thought and illustration, while a taste highly refined, and a judgment classically severe, would chasten and blend all these diversified elements and seemingly dissimilar materials into harmony or happy combination. In the attributes, therefore, of a rich and varied eloquence, the British Parliament, at the period in question, transcended every modern assembly, while in the qualities of vehement and impassioned speech—that speech which is made immortal by its connexion with liberty—our own country, in the days of the revolution, surpassed all modern rivalry.

These views are applicable exclusively to the oratory of senates and deliberative assemblies. The eloquence of the Forum, as exhibited in the speeches of the most eminent of the ancient and modern advocates, will be found to furnish still fewer elements of comparison.

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In the first place, the influence of ancient jurisprudence on the intellectual character of the lawyers of that period, was altogether insignificant, while the law of our day has most essentially modified the spirit of our forensic pleadings, as well as the genius of our advocates. If the change has been favourable to law as a system of rules for social ends, it has been unpropitious to that popular eloquence which flourished in the ancient tribunals of justice. If it has operated to give certainty and stability to decisions, affecting personal rights, it has in the same proportion curtailed the sphere of that passionate and pathetic rhetoric which permitted unbounded scope to the orator in the sympathies of his auditors.

In the oratory of the Roman Forum, the judgment invariably waited on the imagination. With the modern advocate this order is exactly reversed. To administer law now in the mode it was dispensed by the ancient judicatures, would be to divest it of all respect and veneration in the eyes of the people. To permit the accents of the multitude, as at Rome, to mingle with the voice that proclaims the oracular decrees of justice, and to permit the advocate to blend with his pleadings the elaborate artifices of rhetoric, would be utterly repugnant to that standard of judicial decorum which modern times have established. But this was exactly the license best adapted to forensic eloquence in its highest pitch of pathos and strain of sublimity. In Rome it is well known the appeal lay to the equity of the Judge and not to the law as it stood recorded, or to precedents. This gave of necessity unbounded scope in the selection of topics. In the defence of their clients, the Roman advocates resorted to themes of invective against the accusers full as much as to arguments of defence for the accused. The most legal speech ever delivered by Cicero, in his capacity as an advocate, excepting that for Cluentius, was the one uttered in the case of Quintius, the brother-in-law of Roscius, the celebrated comedian, and that oration abounds with invective and passion, as well as with pathetic and supplicatory appeals to the judges.

Such was the oratory of the Forum of Rome, at least, until her eloquence perished in the wreck of her freedom. Then her jurisprudence began slowly to exhibit the regularity of system, but then, as was to have been expected, neither the Senate nor the Forum was any longer thronged with the candidates for the glories of eloquence that flourished in brighter days. Neither influence in the Senate, nor popularity among the people, nor the command of armies and of provinces, were any longer to be found to stimulate its toils, and kindle and reward its lofty

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ambition. Forensic, no more than any other species of popular eloquence, can fix its roots and bloom in the soil of slavery. There must be the presence of a *public* to animate the toils of the advocate, to supply his genius with matter and materials *in* the abounding sympathies of his audience, and reward his strenuous zeal and rhetorical artifice with popular applause and the honours of office. Under these efficient impulses, the genius of lawyers has ever blossomed and put forth immortal fruit. The toils and tasks, therefore, that fit the oratory of the Forum for a high destination and splendid career—that form it with powers to vindicate truth and justice, and swell the tide of human sympathy, until it melts the heart of adamant, and snatches even the laws themselves from the grasp of tyranny, by the moral courage of its patriotism, have their source in nothing less than a condition of freedom; but such a condition of freedom as was allied at Rome with the infancy of jurisprudence. It follows as a necessary conclusion, that forensic eloquence in ancient and modern days, could possess very few of those traits in common, by which comparative excellence in this division of the art, admits of being determined.

But if we possess no popular oratory so vehement, grand and pathetic, as characterized the judicial and political efforts of the ancients, we lay claim to a species unknown to them, and pervaded by proportional pathos, if not by equal sublimity. The oratory of the Pulpit is the offspring of a great intellectual revolution—the type and symbol of a wide and deep spiritual change, establishing the exception, in the clearest manner, to the general fact of the declension of eloquence under the pressure of tyrannical rule. It will be borne in mind, in the first place, that the topics of pulpit oratory are all of them of a peculiar kind, and have little to do with political freedom. The joys of heaven and the torments of hell, the turpitude and atrocity of vice, or the beatitude of virtue—the unspeakable majesty of the Creator, and the harmony and beauty of his works, are the mighty and attractive themes on which the genius of the pulpit orator delights to expatiate, and to set forth and embellish with all the graces and the energies of eloquence and imagination. Pulpit oratory may lift its head and flourish in a despotical court and government, or amidst the worst caprices of tyranny, if there be only taste and encouragement in a few to give it countenance and patronage. The court of Louis XIV. of France, was delighted and edified by the eloquent discourses of the highly gifted divines of that period, whilst eloquence of every other kind was utterly mute.

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But in the second place, there is altogether a different species of pulpit oratory—not that which is fostered and perfected in the courts of monarchs, which is nourished and refined by the rare union of taste and imagination, on which the highest finish and most elaborate care are bestowed, and whose triumphs are in the smiles of an approving few; but the kind that appeals, and never appeals without success, to the fanaticism of the multitude, which is nourished by their passions, and stimulated by their prejudices, and rewarded by a complete mastery of their hearts and understandings. Peter the Hermit and St. Bernard, agitated the minds and spirits of multitudes, like the waves of the sea, and in the strong and well-known expression of a writer of that period, "precipitated Europe upon Asia"—and this in the full plenitude of papal authority, and all by the rude eloquence and irresistible logic of the passions! And the oratory of the preachers at the Reformation—what was it but the same description of eloquence renewed in brighter and more permanent forms, with more weight of thought and a greater infusion of learning. Luther in Germany, Calvin in Switzerland, and John Knox in Scotland, used the same potent spell, and replenished and invigorated their imaginations from the same stores of ungovernable feeling and wide-spread enthusiasm in the multitude, with this difference, however, that reason released, and dreading no longer the thunders of the church, lent weapons of higher proof to the eloquence of the passions, than the church had yet wielded.

We thus perceive in what manner the even and monotonous surface which society presents, after a long pause of action and suspension of energy, is broken into irregularity and disorder, and all its elements agitated anew by the feverish and ever-shifting powers and impulses that attend a great intellectual revolution, and how the whole train of inflammable emotions is fired, and all the deeper sympathies of man stirred up in the general agitation. It would be quite natural to suppose, that oratory would take advantage of such great changes, and borrow from the energies and sympathies thus set into activity, all that could convert it into an instrument of most powerful efficacy and influence. It is still more natural to suppose that *pulpit oratory*, in such agitating times, amid a revolution of creeds, should achieve some of its greatest triumphs—triumphs wrought in the very teeth of power, and by the great aid of the emancipation of human reason and human passions. Not the oratory, certainly, of brilliant qualities and careful finish—not the oratory of taste—not that which lays under contribution the whole territory of science, and perfects an argument with rhetorical skill,

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to fit it to the taste of an acute and fastidious auditory—for such can only thrive and bloom in an elevated region—but the oratory of popular force, that roots itself in the imagination and undisciplined enthusiasm of a rude audience—that is filled with traits of unsurpassed vigour and boldness, and redeems its blemishes of taste and its violation of the rules of rhetoric by the sublimity of its aspirations and the importance of its ends.

It is evident, therefore, that we are indebted to Christianity, and the moral revolution by which it was accompanied, for the high and impressive oratory of the pulpit, as we are under obligations to the new relations by which intellectual and civilized man is, in our day, associated with the source of all good, for the copiousness of illustration and embellishment which has been lavished upon sacred subjects. The sensual worship of the ancients never could have supplied the elements of such an alliance. It is in this spiritiual connection, and no other, that the accomplished preacher and theologian can find materials to grace and enrich his peculiar topics, to establish the authority of his divine commission—his ministration of pious eloquence—in the awakened hearts of his hearers, in the inmost sanctuary of their religious feelings. It is in the modern alliance of the sublime truths of an inward piety with the discoveries which elucidate the power and majesty and intelligence of the Creator, that the whole scheme of the divine polity is fully revealed, and the eloquence by which it is explained and recommended to popular admiration and affection, is constantly recruited.

If the establishment of the papal power delayed the expansion of pulpit eloquence into that full independence by which it was replenished and invigorated from the stores of popular enthusiasm, it will be recollected that it had already wrought some of its most signal achievements, and led the way to the subsequent triumphs of the divine word. If the Reformation has imparted to it a wider scope of thought and a more general influence over the passions, it will be borne in mind that the most sublime aspirations and pathetic appeals to the pity or mercy of heaven, and the most terrible denunciations and awful punishments invoked on the rebellious spirit of man, had been appropriated by the early preachers. If, therefore, greater treasures of illustration and of argument—if more mental independence and a wider theatre of action fell to the lot of their successors, the early theologians, in the loftiest line of pulpit eloquence, may be said to have fully occupied its virginal glories.

On the whole, to the question which has been so much agitated, whether oratory has declined in our day, the final answer

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must be that there has been a revolution in its style and spirit rather than a degeneracy of the art itself. The primary causes to which the ancients were indebted for their peculiar and permanent glory in literature and the arts, were also the mainsprings of their success in eloquence. The emulation and struggle for superiority on a wide theatre, necessarily led to the highest possible culture. Genius, whether in the arts, in literature, or in oratory, ripens and expands under all those hard contentions and that strenuous rivalship induced and fostered by the suffrages of multitudes. The ancient promoters and patrons of eloquence, as of every thing intellectual, were the people. They were the arbiters of every species of glory—they were looked up to by poets and artists, as well as orators, for their elevation after having run a toilsome career. This made all their eloquence, their poetry, their history, and even their science popular. This made the stimulus of glory bear down that of profit out of all proportion, while in our day the incentives are reversed as to general influence as well as degree of energy. When the audiences before whom Herodotus recited his history, and Pindar rehearsed his odes, were so greatly increased, and every species of honour and renown were to come from the people, the competitors would be animated in their toils not only by the number and splendour of the prizes, but by the intensity of the excitement.

Men still ardently contend in the same fields of glory, but the number who can afford to do this, seems necessarily lessened with the reduction of the audiences to which they formerly addressed their inspiring strains of eloquence and of poetry. Genius has not, therefore, the opportunity to kindle and flame out under such irresistible stimulants and invaluable training as were presented by the public spectacles of ancient times. How far this loss has been made up to us by the possession of equivalents, according to the great scheme of moral compensations, it would be difficult to decide. The arts of imagination, in common with eloquence, must have suffered by the change; but the sciences of reasoning and calculation can establish their proudest triumphs only in an age like our own.

The opinion, that a neglect of the art of elocution, has gone very far to diminish the influence of eloquence, has found its advocates. But it is doubtful whether the changes from the vehement gestures, and passionate action and elaborate modulation of voice which characterized the ancients, to the chastened and somewhat frigid style of modern elocution, is not attributable to those general causes which have wrought a revolution in the art itself. A system of declamation

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devised on the ancient plan, and framed with the same elaborate and studied care, if it did not carry away the orator from the matter of his discourse, to the manner of his delivery, could never be matured in our day, from the unavoidable incompleteness of our whole oratorical discipline. It is certain that the gifted men who have been most successful with us in pouring the flood of their resistless eloquence into the minds and souls of their auditors, have erred in the opposite extreme. They have excluded from their system of oratorical culture, the precepts of this art as worthless accessories—precepts which, in the ancient scheme of persuasion, were among the most efficient of its instruments.

ART. IV.—1. *An American Dictionary of the English Language, &c. To which are prefixed, an Introductory Dissertation on the Origin, History and Connection of the Languages of Western Asia and of Europe, and a concise Grammar of the English Language.* By NOAH WEBSTER, L. L. D. New-York. 1828.

2. *Grammaire Arabe à l'usage de l'ecole speciale des langues Orientales vivantes, avec figures.* Par A. J. SILVESTRE DE SACY. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1810.

WE value too highly the study of the philosophy and etymology of languages, if we consider it as one of the most essential parts of literature, and we should not agree without restriction, to one of the adages of Plato, "that he who knows words, knows things also." On the other hand, however, we cannot assent to the opinion of those who pretend that this study has no other advantage than the mere gratification of curiosity.

Of the many literary benefits which may arise from etymological researches when they are accompanied by the necessary knowledge and conducted with intelligence, we will only enumerate two.

In the first place, no one, we trust, will doubt that the developement of the origin of words throws great light on the origin of

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nations, of their migrations and commercial intercourse, as well as upon other obscure points of antiquity.

In the second place, the formation of words, which may be considered as the basis of the science of etymology, can never be profound and exact, without examining the relation which they may bear to the spirit of the people, as well as to the primitive disposition of their organs; in a word, without studying man through all climates and all ages, and without viewing him under all aspects. Such a study may not be unworthy of a philosophical mind, and such researches are, we think, what ought to be embraced in the study of languages.

The investigation of the origin of words and of languages, opens, in truth, a vast career to true criticism. How much knowledge and sagacity are required to guard against the seductions of false resemblances, and to trace back to their true origin the words that additions, retrenchments, and other alterations have actually disfigured. It is true, that this art is very often founded on mere conjecture, but it is precisely where the combinations of conjecture are established by correct induction, that the human mind appears to glorify itself in its acuteness and research. We may say more—man himself, with all that bear connexion with his moral and physical existence, depends almost exclusively on the art of conjecturing. The very nature of things does not permit that much of what is useful to man, should be susceptible of demonstration. The etymological art must, therefore, be valued on account of its relation both to the objects which are interwoven with the knowledge of man, and to the conjectural conclusions which are the necessary means of all arts. Even the grammatical subtleties which seem to disgrace this art, become ennobled by the philosophical spirit which, when properly conducted, presides over them.* Should we, even with this assistance, sometimes be unable to attain any probability in our researches, then we, at least, may acknowledge our ignorance without feeling any self-reproach, and say with Varro, "Qui de originibus verborum multa dixerit commode, potius boni consulendum, quam qui aliquid nequiverit reprehendendum."†

Etymological researches may be pursued in two separate modes. In the first, which is undoubtedly the simplest and the surest, we take the history of nations for our guide, and explore the progress of a language and the various alterations which it has been suffering from time and man, by the vicissitudes of

* Plus habet in recessu quam fronte promittit.—*Quinc. Ins. Orat.* lib. iv.

† De Ling: Lat. lib. vi.

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the people to whom it appertained—for languages without men are a shade without a subject—and, consequently, we are obliged to pause in our researches where the national history ceases, or, at least, begins to be obscured in the mist of uncertainty and fiction. This method Johnson appears to have followed in composing his English Dictionary. He carries his etymological inquiries no farther than to the Anglo-Saxons on the one side, and to the Greeks on the other. As to the former we are destitute of all historical identities and information concerning the origin of the ancient Germans or Teutones, and it was only in the year of Rome, 604, that the Consul C. Papirius first met them in Noricum, and compelled them to proceed towards Gaul. The ancients described their figures and manners, but gave no satisfactory account of their origin. The history of the Celts is equally obscure. All that we learn concerning them from Herodotus,* is, that they, next to the Cynetæ, were the most remote people in the west of Europe. For the Greeks, although we have notices of them as far back as two thousand years before Christ, yet nothing certain can be discovered respecting their origin. All that we know of them is, that the Athenians were ancient, and supposed themselves to be Aborigines, (αυτοχθονες) and that there was a constant migration from the Peloponnesus to Thessaly, and back again.

The second mode in which etymological researches are conducted, is a bold yet labyrinthine course, where results are gained by analogical conjectures and the resemblances of words, structure and pronunciation. Thus we glide and steal through dark ages where no traces of man are before our eyes, we direct our steps only by the aid of distant sounds, which fall upon our ears from some quarters, and are courageous enough to attempt to become guides, even from these faint echoes, through the early history of men and their actions. In this hazardous road, Mr. Webster seems, in some measure, to have travelled. He did not wish to stop at the Greek tongue:—he ascends the stream to the Oriental and early languages of the first men, enters the depths of the Slavonian dialects—and but little is wanting to hear him exclaim with the Roman philosopher—

> "Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
> Trita solo; juvat integros accedere fontes
> Atque haurire; juvatque novas decerpere flores
> Insignemque meo capite petere inde coronam
> Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ."

* Melp. c. ix.

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The enterprize is laudable and worthy of the human mind; but it cannot succeed without a thorough knowledge of the philosophy and the various dialects of the primitive languages. The mere aid of dictionaries, without profound grammatical knowledge, leads the inquirer to conclusions which often are equally absurd and delusive. As an instance, we shall cite here two or three of Mr. Webster's observations respecting the Russian language.

"Vo or ve signifies *in*, *at*, *by*, and may possibly be from the same root as the English *by*, *be*."

Now if our author had really studied this language, he could never have imagined any analogy between the English *by* or *be* and the Russian *vo* or *ve* (as he spells it,) for all monosyllabic words in the Slavonic dialect, have a peculiar pronunciation which is grammatically settled This word is spelled in Russian with a *v* followed by a silent *i*, (called *yeree*) and the word is pronounced *oov*.

"Za, is a prefix signifying *for*, *on account of*, *by reason of*, *after*, as in *zaviduyu*, to envy, from *vid* visage, *viju* to see; Lat. video; *zadirayu* from deru, *to tear; zamirayu* to *be astonished* or *stupified* from the root of Lat. *miror*, and Russ: *mir*, *peace*, &c. *Zamiriayu* to make peace, &c."

Mr. Webster must have had before him a Russian dictionary in which the first person sing. pres. tense of the verbs is notified, and he mistook them for the infinitives—thus zaviduyu is not the infinitive to *envy*, but the 1st. per. sing. pres. tense, *I do envy*—all the Russian infinitives end in *at* or *ect*, and the 1st. pers. sing. pres. tense of all verbs ends in *oo;* consequently *to see*, is in Russian, veedat, zamirat, *to be astonished*, mirat, *to pacify*, &c.

"*So*, a preposition and prefix of extensive use, signifying *with*, *of*, *from*, and as a mark of comparison it answers nearly the English *so*."

This word is spelled in Russian with an *s* and a silent *i* (yeree) it is consequently pronounced *ees*—and it will be difficult to find any analogy between *ees* and *so!*

Similar errors have been committed by our author in his concise and brief explanation of the German and Danish languages, throughout which, grammatical incorrectnesses, not to say ignorance, are so conspicuous as to leave no doubt that he had not studied even their elementary principles. Besides to collect a half dozen similar words in two languages, and to settle by them the connexion and affinity of the two languages, is like judging of the resemblance of two countries, by some houses which were alike in both. In languages of at least 50,000 words can

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not mere accident or some unknown circumstance have thrown in twenty or thirty similar words, and what influence can they have on the whole extent and on the structure of the languages? Nay, we will challenge Mr. Webster to show us any two languages whatever, in which we shall not be able to point out at least forty or fifty words resembling each other, if not entirely the same in both languages. It appears to be his object to trace words to their primitive sources, where history refuses all aid, and by what means, will he be guided in this research? Has he at least cleared up all doubts and obscurities respecting the primitive languages? Which are they? How many different dialects did they present? In what do the differences consist? What are the grammatical and philosophical principles of those languages? What have they in common, and in what do they differ? In what connexion do they stand with the Greek dialects? In what way have the Greek dialects been formed from the Oriental? There are difficulties enough we will answer for him—we need not increase them.

The common appellation "Oriental languages" does not embrace all the languages which are spoken by the many and various tribes of Asia, but is generally confined to those tongues which were formerly spoken by the Jews, Phœnicians, Syrians and Chaldeans, as well as to those which are still living and are spoken by the Arabs and Ethiopians, and we may justly add the ancient Egyptian tongue which became extinct with the nation, some traces of which, however, may probably be discerned among the Copts, who are supposed to be their descendants. The affinity between all these languages is of such a nature that we ought to regard them not as different tongues, but as dialects of one general and primitive language. It is, therefore, useless to enter here into a discussion which has vainly occupied so many learned men of different countries, and which Mr. Webster has canvassed with fresh courage through many an idle page of his introduction, namely, which of all these languages may be considered as the primitive, and which was at first spoken by the first men? Every one of these languages has had its partizans; and the question must remain unsettled. We will, therefore, quit these useless researches, the results of which can only be uncertain conjectures, to give way in their turn to others as vague and as indefinite. Such labours we relinquish willingly to those who are condemned to this Danaidean task, while we will endeavour to show, in the first place, the close affinity and connexion between all these languages, examine their differences, and then leave the reader to judge whether the slight orthographical alterations, to which all languages

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spread over extensive countries are exposed, can be supposed to form and deserve to be styled distinct languages, or should be considered as mere dialects. We will next enter into some mechanical detail, respecting the Western languages as the derivatives of the former, and try how far the grammatical and etymological knowledge of our author extends in all these languages.

We shall, in the course of our criticisms, be obliged sometimes to discuss grammatical subtleties, however dry they may appear, but we beg in return to remark, that this article may be in some degree useful to those who intend to learn the Oriental languages, and that it is no more than our duty to point out to those who have no idea of these languages, the incorrect views of Mr. Webster, to which he has generally been led by his imperfect grammatical knowledge of the Oriental and many of the European languages which he honours with the high-sounding titles of Shemitic and Japhetic tongues.

All the Oriental languages we have enumerated above, have alphabets formed of letters which are written from the right to the left, and which have in all these languages nearly the same appellations—thus, the first letter is called in the Hebrew, *Aleph*, in the Syriac, *Olaph*, in the Arabic, *Eliph*, and hence in the Greek, *Alpha*; and so on with the names of the other letters. We do not know what reasons the Eastern nations might have had to induce them to direct their writing from the right to the left, but we know that this mode was imitated or adopted by the early Greeks, who changed it afterwards, and finally determined to write exclusively from the left to the right, which mode has subsequently been adopted by all the European nations.*

The alphabets of all the Eastern nations of which we are now speaking, consist of twenty-two letters or consonants, vowels not having been ranked by them among the letters. The Arabs who follow the same practice, have, it is true, twenty-eight letters, but this addition of six letters is only to distinguish the *hard*, *soft* and *aspirated* pronunciation of some of the twenty-two letters. It is supposed that at the time of Cadmus, only sixteen letters were in existence, but in proportion as language became more cultivated and more perfect, the want of more letters to serve in distinguishing sounds, and in facilitating pronunciation as well as to form new words, was sensibly felt. The Greeks and Latins have, in turn, added new letters to the ancient oriental stock.†

* βουστροφηδον γραφειν, *i. e.* "to trace the lines as the oxen do in ploughing." Solon's laws were written in this way. † Tacit: Annal: xi. M.

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The honour of having invented the first letters, has been a subject of literary controversy even among the ancients. Lucan* says

> Phœnices primi famæ si creditur, ausi
> Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris—

Pliny, the elder,† refers it to the Assyrians, "Literas semper arbitror Assyrias fuisse." The Eastern historians Ebn Chalecan and Ben Shahnah, suppose the Mosnad or Hemearitan alphabet to be the oldest, and report that there has been found in Yemen an inscription in these characters, as old as the time of Joseph. As this question has not been settled, we will pass it over in silence.

The figures of the various Oriental alphabetical letters differ from each other. Thus the Hebrew characters are square, the Arabic round and joined, while the Syriac keep a medium between them—I mean that they are less squared than the Hebrew, and less rounded than the Arabic. The present Hebrew characters are, in the opinion of many, the same as those which the Chaldeans formerly employed, and which the Jews adopted during, and preserved after the Babylonish captivity, out of hatred towards their fraternal enemies the Samaritans, who continued to use the ancient letters of the Jews, which are now known as the Samaritan characters, and which have been preserved to us in a copy of the Pentateuch.

The characters now in use among the Arabs, were invented in the fourteenth century by Ben Molahh. But when we compare them with the ancient Arabic characters called Koofic, from the town Koofa, where they were invented, we easily perceive that Ben Molahh has done nothing but render the ancient characters more disengaged and more oblique, so that he rather merits the title of a reformer, than of an inventor of these letters.‡ The African Arabs have more faithfully preserved the

* Lib. iii. v. 220. † Lib. vii. c. 56.

‡ It may be of some interest to give here the opinions of the learned bibliographer, Hadji Khalfi, on this subject. "It is said that writing was originally invented by Adam, who traced the figures on clay, which was hardened afterwards in the fire, by which means they were preserved during the deluge Others ascribe the invention to Edris. It is reported on the authority of Ebn Albas. (one of the most celebrated Arabian collectors of their ancient traditions, who died in the 68th year of the Hegira) that the origin of the Arabic letters goes back to three persons of the family of Boulan, (a tribe of the descendants of Tai) who had settled in the town of Arbar. The first of them, called Morar, (more accurately Moramer) invented the forms of the letters; the second, called Aslam, devised a figure by which the letters were to be joined or separated; the third, Amor, invented the diaritical points. Others attribute the invention of writing to six persons of the race of Tasm, who were called Aboodied, Hawaz, Korishat, Hati, Caloomen, and Safas. These six persons after they had invented writing, added some figures at the end of the alphabet, which did not enter into the composition of their alphabetical

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ancient characters, and their letters closely resemble the Koofic. Upon monuments, the Arabs still use the ancient Koofic letters,

letters. These persons were, according to another tradition, Kings of Madian. We read in the Sirat of Ebor-Hesham, (who died about 200) that Hymiar, the son of Saba, was the first who made use of the Arabian letters. Sohaili, (who died about 600) in his work styled Atharif-Ovalim, says, 'the truest report of all is what we learn by our prophet, that the first who wrote in Arabic was Ismaël.' This tradition rests on the authority of Ebn-Abd-Albarr, who died about 475.

"The Moola Abool-hhair (who died about 1000) speaks on the subject of writing, in the following manner:—'We must know that the writings of the different nations are reduced to twelve, viz. the Hymyarite, the Arabic, that of the Grecians, Persians, Syrians, Hebrews, Romans, Copts, Berbers, (probably the Berberins or Barabrans in the eastern part of Africa) the Andalusians, Indians and Chipese. Five of these twelve kinds of writing have entirely disappeared, and no one knows any thing of them—I mean the Hymyaritan, Grecian, Coptic, Berberan and Andalusian. Three are still used in the countries to which they belong, viz. the Roman, Indian and Chinese, but no one among the Mussulmen knows them. Four only are in use among the Mussulmen, the Arabic, Persian, Syriac and Hebrew.'

"The above passage of Abool-hhair will lead to some observations.

"1. The number to which he reduces the different kinds of writing is not exact. For without mentioning those which have ceased to be employed, even those which are still in use are much greater in number than he supposes. Whosoever glances upon the works of the ancients, which are written in Greek and Latin, as well as upon the books of authors who have treated of the arts and spoken of different kinds of writing and of letters, will easily perceive that I am right. This calculation alone betrays the little erudition of this author.

"2 He commits another mistake in saying that five kinds of writing have entirely disappeared, for the Greek is now very much in use among the most distinguished Christians—I mean among the members of the celebrated academies or universities which exist in Spain, France and Germany, which are vast countries, and contain a great number of states. The Greek language is the foundation of all their sciences.

"3. Abool-hhair is equally mistaken in adding *that there is no one among the Mussulmen who has any knowledge of the Roman;* for there are in the Mussulman countries, and chiefly in ours, so many who understand the Roman language, that it is impossible to enumerate them. We must also know that the Roman writing, which is now in use, is the Greek, but a little altered; the characters which, at present, the Infidels at Rome use, is the very Greek itself.

"4. This writer accounts the Syriac and Hebrew writings among those which are in use in the countries of the Mussulmen. This is incorrect. The Syriac letters are an ancient, nay, the most ancient of all writings. It derives its name from Sooria, now known under the name of Cilad Shamiyya. The ancient inhabitants of this country have disappeared, and we have no traces of them according to the reports of history. The Hebrew characters are now in use among the Jews. They are the same Hebrew characters which we consider as the primitive source both of the Arabic language and writing. There is a strong resemblance between the Hebrew and Arabic pronunciation, but a very feeble one between their writings.

"In all languages except the Arabic, the letters in their alphabets are arranged in the following order—a. b, g, d. In all languages except the Arabic, Syriac and Magolian, the characters are separated. The Greeks, Copts and Romans write from the left to the right. The Hebrews, Syrians, Arabs, Persians and Turks, write from the right to the left.

"The inhabitants of Zanguebar and Abyssinia have a singular order in their writings. Their letters are joined like the Hymyaritan, but are directed from the left to the right. They also put three points between every word.

"Ebn Ishak says that the characters of Mecca are the most ancient Arabian letters; next to them are those of Medina; and lastly, those of Koofa. In the characters of Mecca and Medina, the Eliph is strongly inclined to the right, and the figures of the letters are somewhat horizontal. Kendi says, 'I know of no writing in which the figures of the letters can be more readily enlarged or diminished, or written with a greater rapidity than the Arabic.' "

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which were invented by an Arab named Moramer, not long before Mahomet. Before that time, the Arabs had no peculiar character which could be called national. These Koofic characters are supposed to be entirely different from the beforementioned Hemearitan or Homeritan letters, called Mosnad, which were in writing joined together. The Arabian literati date their invention at a very early period, and say that at the time they were in use, no profane subjects were permitted to be written in them; and, that moreover, they were not publicly taught. This assertion or tradition confirms the suggestion, that in those early ages few were initiated in the sciences.

The twenty-eight Arabian letters consist only of seventeen figures. Points called diaritical, which are placed in different numbers, from one to three, above or below some letters, and which must not be confounded with the vowel points, characterize different letters—although they retain the same figure. Thus one and the same figure with one or more points above or below it, may be *b* or *t*, *n* or *i*, &c. By this means the reading of the Arabian characters is rendered more difficult than the Hebrew, all of which have figures absolutely different. The Turks and Persians have adopted the Arabic alphabet; these two languages, however, differ from each other as well as from the Arabic; even their grammars have no analogical connexion with the Arabic, and the principal stocks of their words are foreign. The Turkish language is derived from the Tartarian dialects; the Persian is original, but has been enriched with Median, Greek, Latin and even German words.

The Syrians, like the Arabians, have also two alphabets; the ancient called *Strangelo* is now in use only for ornament on title pages. The modern, now in general use, is more round than the former. All the figures of the Syrian letters are differently formed, with the exception of the *v* and *d*, a simple point above or below the figure is the only mark of the difference between these two letters. According to Assemani, a Syriac priest, by the name of Paul of Antioch, had an intention of adding some letters to the Syriac alphabet, and commissioned Jacob of Edessa to execute this task, but the latter refused, for fear lest the works which were written in the ancient characters, might, by means of this innovation, be neglected and lost; still he himself invented seven vowel figures which he sent to Paul of Antioch.

The Phœnician characters have been known to us only since the beginning of the last century. Rheinfordius made some attempts to read and explain different monuments and medals,

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but as he was only groping about the value of the letters, his explanations are conjectural, uncertain, forced, and very often contrary to the genius of the Oriental languages. His successors, as for instance, the Abbé Fourmont, Swinton, and some others, have succeeded no better; all that they have proved by their explanations is, that antiquarians are not always acquainted with the genius and idioms of the Oriental languages.

The Phœnician alphabet has the same number of letters as the Hebrew. Their form is rude, but at the same time sufficiently plain to shew the conformity that existed between them and those of the ancient Greek inscriptions. The Phœnician characters were in the different countries where they were in use differently modelled in their outlines. The Palmyræan characters approach more to the Hebrew; the Carthaginian, or Punic, as well as the Sicilian or Spanish have a common origin, and resemble more the ancient Phœnician, but notwithstanding the identity of the figures, the reading of them is rendered difficult by the many shadowings, and alterations of their figure. Every province and every age has a peculiar taste in the style of writing; and in order to be able to read all the ancient monuments, we must have a collection of a great number of alphabets.

Those characters which were common to the Phœnicians, Hebrews, Arabians, &c. have the honour of being the origin of the characters of all the nations of Western Asia. They also passed to Africa by the Carthaginians, and were in use in Sicily and Spain before the invasion of the Romans. Cadmus is supposed to have introduced them into Greece. They were also adopted by the Etruscans. They were, however, constantly undergoing changes in their various migrations, but they finally came into use among all the European nations. In the East also, as in Persia, they were for a long time familiar, so that we may consider them, with great probability as the origin, either directly or indirectly of all existing writings.

The Grecian alphabet which was originally formed after the Phœnician, repassed to Asia where it became in turn the parent of many different alphabets. If we had a sufficient collection of ancient inscriptions, we should then, perhaps, clearly see that all the existing alphabets have been directly or indirectly formed after an Oriental one. But as we now want nearly all the gradual alterations which have been successively made, and are in possession only of the primitive, or at least, the more ancient characters and their very remote descendants, it is consequently impossible for us to perceive or point out the chain of connexion and communication.

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If we take a scrutinizing view of general history, we shall perceive that the nations which had no commercial intercourse with the Oriental countries of which we are now speaking, were destitute of the art of writing. In the whole of America at the period of its discovery, the Mexicans alone had a rude and imperfect mode of painting down their ideas; a species of hieroglyphics, such as an ignorant people can imagine, but which has never yet been brought to any perfection. The Tartars have been acquainted with letters, only since the introduction of Christianity among them by the Nestorians. Their letters are either borrowed, or formed from the Syriac. In Africa, only those nations who had a political communication either with the Egyptians and Phœnicians, or with the Greeks, are found to possess letters. The people of the interior of that continent have no characters at all. The Gauls received the Greek alphabet from the Phoceans. We are informed by the Oriental historian, Aboolfaradge, that after the reign of Alexander, when the dominion of the Greeks had been extended to the shores of the Indus, their philosophy and dialectics passed over to India from the Arabs, and were speedily adopted. This fact teaches us, that nations are sometimes indebted for certain branches of science to very distant people, and that we sometimes, for want of historical information, ascribe the origin of some art or science to the people among whom we first meet it, although it may have been derived from one of whom we are ignorant. The extensive intercourse which the Greeks, the Phœnicians and the Egyptians, while a conquering people maintained, might have excited the Indians also to invent letters, or at least, to borrow them from foreign patterns. At present they are in possession of letters, but we do not know whether these letters belong to the primitive stock where they were first formed, or are of a later period. The probability, upon the whole, we think, is, that writing had its origin in one country either Egypt or Assyria, and that all other nations received it either by commercial intercourse, or by conquest or occasional warfare, and adopted it either wholly or partially, according to the constitution of their organs, or even by inventing new figures to give them the appearance of originality.

The Eastern nations use their letters also for cyphers or quantities. The *Aleph* has the quantity of 1, the *Beth* of 2, &c. until *Yodh*=10; from this letter the number increases by tens, so that *Kaph*=20, *Lamedh*=30, &c. until *Qoph*=100, and then the number increases by hundreds. This process is common to all the Eastern nations, so that the Arabs, although they have more

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letters in their alphabet, and arrange them in a different order, still observe the abovementioned Hebrew principle with regard to cyphers or numbers.

The Egyptians, according to the ancients,* wrote both in hieroglyphics and with letters. The latter they used in their common occupations. The characters which are now in use among the Copts are Greek, with the exception of some letters that probably belong to the ancient Egyptian alphabet. According to Herodotus,† the Egyptians, like all the Eastern nations, wrote from the right to the left, while the present Copts write like the Greeks, from the left to the right.

One of the most remarkable and singular peculiarities of the Oriental languages, is, that not only they do not rank and place the vowels among the letters, but that originally these languages had no vowels at all. It was left to the reader to substitute them by memory—a process which cannot be applied to our languages. The regularity with which derivatives are formed from every root, generally instruct the reader what vowels to substitute, as soon as he knows all the different forms of which every root is susceptible. As this is uniform in all of them, it then becomes very easy to point out the vowels which belong to such or such a form, rules for which are given in every grammar. Moreover, the reading without vowels, which may appear to many impossible, or, at least, very difficult, may be compared to quantity in Greek or Latin, which is ascertained by fixed rules, without our being obliged to have the long and short syllables marked down.

The figures of the Oriental vowels, such as we have them now, are supposed to be a modern invention. In fact, all the Phœnician inscriptions which time has spared, bear no trace of vowels. The Samaritan Pentateuch which was, for the first time, printed in the Polyglot of Le Jay, as well as all the Phœnician and Samaritan medals, are equally destitute of them. Can it really be the case that the ancients had no figures to express their vowels? It is, in fact, hard to conceive how writing, which was intended to express sounds, should have been invented without any notice having been taken of the sounds of the vowels. Many modern grammarians call the *Aleph*, *Vav*, *Yodh*, &c. *matres lectionis*, which shews that they consider these letters as vowels, but there is not the least proof that the ancients considered them as such. St. Jerome speaks in many places of the ancient vowels, but in such an obscure manner, that we cannot make out his meaning. Some

* Peut. de Isid. and Osir.—Herod. lib. ii. c. 36. † Ibid.

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pretend that he actually speaks of the vowel points, and others suppose that he refers to the letters *Aleph*, *Vav* and *Yodh*, or to the abovementioned *matres lectionis*.

In reflecting upon the spirit and system of the Oriental grammars, in which the structure and arrangement of these languages are planned more for memory than according to logic or sound criticism, we are almost tempted to believe that the words, like the hieroglyphics, were read by dint of memory and study. We suspect this the more because the sciences were anciently confined to a very few persons who were not anxious to admit many into their caste, that they might retain by their rare acquirements and limited numbers, the veneration of the common people. They, therefore, rendered the access to the sciences as arduous as possible. Thus the difficulty of reading they considered as the first obstacle to discourage novices; it was the veil which concealed from the public eye the entrance of the sanctuary; and the small number of the initiated, who, by patience and perseverance, surmounted the obstructions placed in their paths, enjoyed public respect and veneration. It was for this reason that every thing which had relation to the sciences, was left in the hands of the priests. The Phœnicians had also their hierophants, to whom was left the cultivation of the sciences, while the common people were occupied with their economical and commercial pursuits. The Eastern nations have always been jealous of their knowledge and learning; they are naturally mysterious, not communicative, and have a fondness for all that is abstract and obscure.

This plan of writing only with consonants, proves, in a most striking manner, the antiquity of these languages. We may consider it as a reformed system, a transition from the hieroglyphical mode of communicating our ideas. In the latter, the idea was represented to the eyes by figures which were neither consonants nor vowels, and when a discourse was to be formed from these figures, each of them became an invariable word or syllable—we mean that it always represented one and the same word or syllable, and conveyed the same idea. In the same manner, the consonants were the base and groundwork of these ancient writings, which were animated and made intelligible by the vowels. After some of these languages, however, ceased to be living dialects, it became necessary to have recourse to vowels in order to preserve the sounds which were familiarly and readily applied to the consonants at a time when the language was vernacular, and every one spoke it from his cradle. The Eastern nations are generally attached to ancient customs. It is probable that when they first attempted to form

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their alphabetical characters from their hieroglyphical figures, they adopted the most simple and common hieroglyphics as their consonant letters, or the principal parts of a word by which the vowels are supported, for the latter can only be considered as the motion of the machinery of the consonants. For this very reason, the Eastern nations call the vowels *motions*, and the consonants *things to be moved*. Upon the whole, we consider hieroglyphics, in which neither consonants nor vowels existed, as the primitive effort, the first attempt at writing; the ancient Oriental system in which consonants were invented as the second and improved step; after which, the European mode in which vowels were invented and introduced, was brought to perfection.

The Greeks when they first heard the aspirated consonants of the Oriental alphabets pronounced, which sounded to their ears almost like vowels, introduced them into their alphabets, either by mistake or on purpose, as real vowels. Without entirely altering their guttural pronunciation, they gave them a middle sound almost like our *h*, the *Vav* which we generally express by our *u*, was represented by the Eolians and the Italian nations by the consonant *f*, or by the digamma. The *Hheth* was taken by the Greeks and Romans for *h*, so that they could by no means have been considered as vowels, but as aspirated consonants.* In short, if all these guttural letters had been anciently considered as vowels, how does it happen that the Eastern nations, who, since the invention of the vowels, have differed widely in the spirit and idioms of their language, should, without an exception, agree to rank all these guttural letters *in exact number* among the consonants, so as to be obliged to have recourse to entirely new figures to express the modern vowels of the other nations? How is it possible that no one of the many Eastern tribes should have retained something of their ancient forms? We think it, therefore, beyond all doubt, that anciently there existed in the Oriental alphabets no vowels whatever, and that the vowel points are a modern invention. And for this reason, the Arabian grammarians consider the letters *a*, *u*, *i*, in their language, neither as vowels nor even as *matres lectionis*, but as actual consonants.

We will add only one observation more to confirm our suggestion concerning the three letters *Aleph*, *Vav*, *Yodh*, and the

* The letter *Vav* (u) was not given by Cadmus to the Greeks who had adopted the Greek alphabet. The same may be said of the *Hheth*, which is rendered in Greek by η, because long after Cadmus, they used to express the long ε by two epsilons εε, which proves that the Greek vowels were gradually increased.

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gutturals *Hheth*, *He*, and *Ayin*, all of which have been made vowels by the Greeks.

All the Oriental grammarians subdivide their alphabetical letters into gutturals, labials, palatials, dentals and linguals. The gutturals are *Aleph*, *He*, *Hheth*, and *Ayin*, of which the Greeks have made α, ε, η, ο; among the labials, the Orientals also place the *Vav*, *(u)* which the moderns consider as belonging to the *matres lectionis;* the *Yodh (i)* they rank among the palatials. We now ask, if these classes are not all solely arranged for the consonants—and whence does it happen that vowels like *u* and *i*, are mixed among them? It almost necessarily follows that the *Yodh* had anciently a pronunciation different from our *i;* in the same manner, it may be supposed of the *Vav*, that its pronunciation was not similar to that of our *u*, but rather approached to the sound of *f* or *v*, from its being numbered among the labials. In the Arabic, the *He* can by no means be considered as a vowel, and, besides, is not subjected to any of the changes which the Hebrew *He* undergoes. It would really be singular that one and the same letter should be in one dialect a vowel, and in another a consonant. Besides, the *He* in all the Oriental languages, is very frequently not only pronounced, but sometimes even changed into *t*, which is against its quality as a vowel. Martellotto who has examined very carefully the pronunciation of the Arabic letters, says, "Differt igitur *Eliph* ab omnibus Latinorum consonantibus quoniam nullius earum imitatur sonum. Differt vero a vocalibus earundem, quoniam Eliph, consonans cum sit, penes motiones (ut aiunt) varias superadditas, cujusque Latinorum vocali æmulatur sonum atque proinde valorem earum omnium continere veluti virtualiter dici patent, nisi quod sono paululum vehementer extat." The same Martelotto places the *Vav* and *Yodh* among the consonants.

The Oriental letters undergo the same change of pronunciation as our letters, and are also subjected to the same influence from circumstances which alter their sounds. Thus the *t* and *c*, in most of the modern languages, pass through a series of softening sounds, until they are sometimes even pronounced as *s*. The *h* in hero, is strongly aspirated; again in other words, the letter is entirely lost, as in heir, &c. The same occurs with the letters in the Oriental languages, which vary in their aspiration and pronunciation in certain words, by the caprice of usage and the influence of circumstances.

Tho. Erpenius says "Arabum literæ consonantes sunt 28." In which *Aleph*, *Vav*, and *Yodh* are included—"Aleph" he says, "spiritus lenis Græcorum—*Vav*, *(w)* nostrum Germanicum, Anglicum, &c. The celebrated Oriental Sionita and Hesro-

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nita equally place, in their Arabic grammar, these letters among the consonants, viz. the *Aleph* among the gutturals, the *Vav* among the labials, and the *Yodh* among the palatials, they also mention another division which the Arabs make in their alphabet, viz. into hard letters, soft ones, and those which keep a middle place between these two classes. They place the *Eliph*, *Vav* and *Yod* among the soft ones, for these in comparison to the other letters, as they say, "habent sonum valde tenuem, imo vero frequenter carent omni prorsus sono."

It would really embrace more space than can be allotted to these observations to cite the authority of all the grammarians, to prove that these letters have never been considered as vowels, and those who consider them as breathings, must at least acknowledge that some of them are very material, hard and substantial; and we ask to what class should these breathings belong which they do not wish to rank among letters in the Greek. As they are susceptible of almost every sound where a vowel is joined to them, would it not be better to place them among the consonants as the Eastern grammarians do? And since we are obliged to add to them vowels, they, as vowels, would not only have destroyed the Oriental alphabetical system, but would at the same time have introduced confusion into the uniform structure of the roots, and injured their symmetry, as many words would then have been entirely destitute of vowels, while others would have had more than were necessary. We conclude from all these reflections that these letters have primitively been instituted in the alphabets, not as vowels like our *a*, *e*, *i*, *o* and *u*, but actually as consonants like all the other letters, with this only difference, that they more than any other letters, are susceptible of variation and modulation; and that no marks for vowels anciently existed, but they were always, in reading, supplied by memory according to grammatical rules. This deficiency in the Oriental writing has on the other hand been fully repaired by the fine order of the roots or radicals, and the regular relation that exists between the roots and their derivatives, so that the sight alone of the form of a word teaches us what vowels are to be supplied. It would seem that the Eastern nations became convinced of the facilities which written vowels render to the reader only after the Greeks had entered into Asia, and a great commercial intercourse had commenced between them. And although they became at length convinced of the great conveniences which might arise from written vowels, so that they actually invented new figures for them, they still disdained to place them in their writings at the side of their ancient letters, but put them above or below the conso-

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nants as if to show that they were a foreign body. The Hebrews carried this operation of the vowels to such minuteness, that we are convinced their vowels in the state they now are can only be a modern invention. The Greeks have, indeed, long and short vowels, but they have only two figures which always represent long vowels, the H and the Ω, while in the Hebrew there are five figures for long vowels, five for short, and three for very short ones. The Chaldean and Syriac languages do not possess these exact distinctions, they are limited to five vowels which are naturally short, but are sometimes rendered long by peculiar circumstances. A few grammarians have admitted into these two languages six vowels, and a still fewer have constituted seven, but we will follow the greater number who only allow five.

In the Syriac, there are moreover two kinds of figures to express the vowels, the most ancient are the Greek ones but slightly disfigured. This strengthens our suggestion that the vowels in these languages were adopted only after the Syrians had some intercourse with the Greek. The modern vowels are but points, both the position and number determine their sounds. The Oriental critics, particularly Aboolfaradge, suppose that these vowels were invented towards the end of the eighth century, by a certain Theophilus of Edessa, astronomer of the Kaliph Mahadi.

The Arabs who were less acquainted with the Greeks, and were never conquered by them, have, in adopting the vowels, reduced their practice to the most simple arrangement.—They have imagined but two figures—the first is *aa* (ā) when above a letter, and *ee* (ē) when below. The second figure is always placed above the letters and has the sound of our *oo* (ū), but the pronunciation varies in the different cantons. Thus the *a* is, in some cantons, pronounced *e*, (differing as the French *a* and the English *a*, and in the Doric dialect αιχε for εικε, or as the Latin *annus* from ενvος, &c.) and the *u*, *o*, (as the English *number* from the French *nombre*, or in the Aeol. dial. εμευ for εμεο, the Latin *us* from the Greek termination *os*, nox from νυξ, &c.) These alterations make many believe that there are different dialects in the Arabic, for vowels contribute a great deal to the difference of languages. The chief difference between the Chaldean and the Syriac, consists in changing *a* into *o*. Thus *ana* (I) is Chaldean, and *ano* is Syriac. In other languages, the same words undergo a similar change, thus *io* (I) is Italian, and *ia* is Russian. *Poked*, (the particip. of the first

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conjug.) is Hebrew; *paked*, is Arabic—and so on with many others.

Besides these figures, invented to express the vowels, they also invented others to express different parts of orthography, on account of which they are called orthographical points; we will here notice only the principal ones.

The first figure expresses the absence of a vowel (mute *e*.) The Arabs also have such a figure, but the Syrians have none. It is a curious peculiarity in the Hebrew, which though not frequent, is still more common than in the other Oriental languages, that the *n* when it is destitute of a vowel, (or accompanied by a *Sheva*) is sometimes retrenched, and the next consonant is then doubled—a process nearly similar occurs also in the Greek, thus συζυγος for συνζυγος (married) μειζοα for μειζονα. The Latins also made Plato from Πλατων from Σιμων, Simo, &c.—These and similar rules are worthy of our notice, as they facilitate the etymological researches into the origin of the Greek words that have been borrowed from the Oriental languages. Sometimes the *m*, *n* and *t*, which are *formative* letters (præfixes, &c.) of Oriental radical words, have become radicals in Greek words, even when derived from the Oriental. Thus Τυφλος (confused, neglectful) is in Arabic, *aphal*, Νοσος (disease, sickness) in Arabic, *assa*, Νηφω (I am sober) in the Arabic, *aph*, and many others.

The Eastern nations have paid more attention to orthography than any other people. They have, for instance, that they might repeat the same letter, invented a point or figure, called by the Hebrews, *Daghesh*, and by the Arab, *Tashdid*, which they join to the letter as a substitute for the second one which is required. In the Attic, a somewhat similar process is followed in poetry, or the letter, which if repeated, might be unpleasant to the ear, is dropped; thus εβλαστηκα for βεβλαστηκα. The Arabs have also another kind of *Daghesh*, which they call *madda*, and which is destined only for the *Eliph* to prolong its sound as if there were two of them. It has a similar sound to the Greek *spiritus lenis*, which is either really added or supposed to be placed over the initials of words commencing with vowels, and has actually the force of the Arabic *Aleph* or *madda*. All these little improvements, however, are modern inventions, and are not found on any of the ancient monuments.

As the quantity or measure depends altogether on the vowels, it will, therefore, be necessary to analyze their system, in order to clear up many irregularities which are met in the Oriental conjugations, by revealing their real sources.

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One part of these irregularities arises from the adopted principle of shortening their writings, or in other words, of suppressing any useless letter; we mean such letters as can be supplied by their equivalents. For instance, it is a rule in the Oriental prosody, that a consonant followed by a simple vowel forms a short syllable; but if such vowel is followed by the letters *Eliph*, *Vav*, or *Yodh*, the syllable is then long. Another rule is, that every syllable formed of two consonants, the last of which is destitute of a vowel, (or accompanied by a *Sheva*,) is also long. The syllable, *can*, for instance, is according to the last rule, a long one, and to put after the vowel *a* the letter *Eliph*, would be of no other use than to apply two rules for one prolongation; which is unnecessary, and therefore, the *Eliph*, *Vav* or *Yodh*, which occur under such circumstances after the vowels *a*, *i* and *u*, are entirely suppressed and omitted without in the least altering the pronunciation.

Euphony is the second cause or motive for irregularity.—Verbs are called irregular in which some of the radicals are sometimes wanting; and, as there are a great many verbs in which either *Eliph*, *Yodh*, *Vav* or *He* is one of the radicals, therefore when one of these letters is preceded by a vowel of a different sound, it is then changed into some letter which will agree in sound with the preceding vowel. Thus *Eliph* preceded by the vowel *i* is changed into *Yodh*, and so on with the others. In the Arabic, when the *Eliph* is one of the radicals, they put a small figure or mark upon the *Yodh* or *Vav* to vindicate the wanting *Eliph*. There are many more figures in the Oriental languages, but less essential, and they are given in all correct grammars. The Orientals in general, and the Arabs particularly, place no mark or stop to distinguish either the sentences or their different parts. A whole text is written without our finding any sign of a stop or rest, and yet this causes not the least mistake in reading. In some very carefully written works, figures are found at the end of the sentences. In works of select style, the sentences and their parts are very singularly marked; the prose of such works is rhymed, and the same rhyme is repeated at the end of every sentence, and besides the general or predominating rhyme there are others and different ones in the different parts of the sentence. We must, however, distinguish between such a poetical prose and verse. Thus, we find in the Psalms, rhymes, in passages which we are not able to reduce to the measure of verse.

We will now proceed to the analogical relation between the Oriental languages, and shew their close affinity in structure, grammar, and sound, as well as their connexion with the different Greek dialects.

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The Oriental grammarians divide their words into four classes, verb, noun, pronoun and indeclinable words or particles. The third person mascul. præter. tense is considered as the root of *all* verbs and nouns, and, in fact, it deserves this distinction on account of its very simple form, which, at the utmost, consists of only three radical consonants, without ever being subjected to any increase or the addition of any letter. In all these languages, the greater part of the roots are *triliteral*, and the letters which are joined to them to form the tenses, persons, nouns, participles, &c. are called servile letters. The roots in all the Oriental languages, generally have one and the same signification; and this peculiarity constitutes the identity of these languages. It would be useless to cite here the multitude of instances which prove this position, as the mere opening of dictionaries will show its truth. But there are many Arabic roots which cannot be found in the Hebrew dictionaries, because we know this language only in part, and by the words of a scanty number of books.

The question, whence—if all these tongues form but one and the same language—arise such differences between them as to require interpreters, is easily answered by examining the nature and form of the Oriental radicals and servile letters.

1st. It is true that all the servile letters which form the persons, tenses and derived nouns, are, as will be further explained, the same in all the Oriental languages; but these letters are, in the different tongues, accompanied by different vowels; even the roots are differently punctuated in every language, thus, *ano* (I,) in Syriac, is spelt in Arabic *ana*, in Hebrew *anee*, and in Chaldee *anah*. In all languages, the vowel sounds are the most striking to the ear, and words, accompanied by different vowels, sound in pronunciation, to an unaccustomed ear, also different; and as such differences occur equally in the conjugations, although they retain the same consonants, no one who has not studied the etymology of his language, can easily catch the sense of the terms.

2ly. The countries where these languages have been and are still spoken, every one knows to be exceedingly extensive, and to differ from each other not only in habits and customs, but also in peculiar words expressive of certain subjects. Thus *milhhama* is a very common expression in the Hebrew, for *war* or *combat*, and is derived from the root *lohham*, to combat, which verb equally exists in the Arabic; but when the Arabs speak of *war* or *combat*, they always make use of the derivation of the verb *catal*, (which is likewise Hebrew) while again the African Arabs make use of *milhhama*. The more numerous the syno-

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nimous words in a language, especially when accompanied by different vowels in different provinces, the more such a language must appear to vary in every province, and to form quite a distinct tongue, although these different words exist in all of these dialects. Usage sometimes renders certain words or roots familiar to one province, while another has substituted in their place, equivalent and synonimous terms. This variation in the use of words, especially when they are multiplied, occasions such a diversity in the dialects of one and the same language, that an unlearned listener finds them different languages.

3ly. Besides the various use of such synonimous words, there is a far more essential difference arising from the slight variations in signification of one and the same word, (which we may call *homonymous*) sufficient of itself alone, in any common language, to characterize a dialect. Thus *amar*, which in Hebrew signifies *to say*, is likewise Arabic; but in the latter language is always used in a sense of command, *to say with authority*, and the Arabs express *to say*, by the word, *cal*, which is also Hebrew; *haiah* in Hebrew *to be*, in Syriac *hooa*, is used in Arabic only in the sense *to respire, to breathe*, while *to be* is expressed in Arabic by *Kân*, which is likewise Hebrew.

4ly. The Oriental roots must, moreover, be considered in another point of view as connected with certain changes and alterations which arise from the difference of the organs among nations who live in distinct climates and countries. We know that every nation, nay, almost every province of one and the same nation, has its peculiar organs, which produce a difference in the pronunciation of the consonants, and which constitutes the peculiar accent of a canton. This is seen throughout Europe and in this country. The Eastern nations are subjected to the same local laws of pronunciation. Who does not know the story of the Ephraimites who betrayed their province by pronouncing *Sibboleth* instead of *Shibboleth*?

These kinds of accents, when they are a little more or less aspirated, cause changes in radical roots which are considerable enough to give even to the roots themselves an appearance of strangeness to those unacquainted with these respective dialects. The principal changes of letters in the Oriental roots which, for the most part, produce the differences in the various Oriental languages, may be reduced to the following system, and will throw some light upon the origin of the Greek dialects. The short space allotted to this article, does not permit us to exhibit many examples, and the reader must, therefore, be satisfied with some of them.

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1. Changes of *b* and *p*.—*Barzel* in Hebrew, iron, (brass may be derived from it) is in Syriac *parzelo;* here we see the analogical principles of the Syriac applied to the Attic dialect, which is also characterized by this change of letters, and by the frequent use of ω, especially in nouns of the second declension; *Naskeph* in Hebrew, (to blow) is in Syriac and Chaldee, *Nuskab.*

2. *G* and *k*.—*Sagar* in Hebrew, (to shut) is in Syriac *Skar.* Here we again see in the Syriac one of the Attic propensities—to make contractions—so that the contracted nouns chiefly belong to this dialect.

3. *Kaph (c)* and *Qoph (k.)*—*Cafal*, (to double) in Hebrew, (Lat. copulor: Eng. and Fr. couple, &c.) is *Kfal* in Chaldee; the Arabs use these two letters in two different roots.

4. *N* and *r* and *l*.—*Almanah* (widow) in Hebrew, is in Syriac *Armalto.* This word has puzzled all lexicographers and etymologians; we think that it is clearly derived from *Manah*, a portion, allowance, pittance, (especially of food) by which the widows were scantily supported out of the estates of their deceased husbands. Thus the Greek αρμαλιὰ, allowance, pittance, is undoubtedly derived from the Syriac *Armalto*, while the Latin *Alimentum* is taken from the Hebrew *Almanah. Natan* (to give) in Hebrew, is in Syriac *Ntal;* also in the Attic dialect, λ is put for ν, thus λιτρον for νιτρον; also the Latins have made *lympha* from νυμφη, &c.

5. *M* and *n* chiefly in the grammatical finals; *im* plur. nouns in Hebrew, and . . . *in* in Syriac and Arabic; these two letters, moreover, are apt to be exchanged in one and the same root.

6. *Ts* or *ds* and *t*.—*Hhapats* in Hebrew, (to desire) in Arabic, (to incline) is in Syriac *Hhapet.* Thus the Greek μαζα, a kind of cake, the same as the Hebrew *Matsa*, was pronounced by the Bœotians and Lacedemonians μαδδα. In Arabic, the letters *sad*, *shad*, *tha* and *sha*, are very often changed with one another.

7. *Sh* or *s* and *t*.—*Shalesh* or *Sales* in Hebrew *three*, is in Syriac *telat*, and in Arabic *thalith*; thus in the Attic θαλαττα for θαλασσα (the sea) τετταρα for τεσσαρα (four); in the same way, the Latins have formed *tu* from the Greek συ.

8. *S* and *g*.—*Sahhak* in Hebrew, (to laugh) is in Syriac *Ghhak*, and so in many other instances.

9. *Aleph*, *He*, *Vav* and *Yodh*.—As these letters cause nearly all the irregularities in the words, and change with each other more than any others, they are well known to the grammarians. Almost all the Hebrew words, whose first radical letter is a *Yodh*, commence in the Arabic with *Vav*, and those Hebrew

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words, whose first radical letter is a *He*, commence in Arabic with *Yodh*. Again: these two letters, *Yodh* and *He*, change in the Syriac into *Tav*. To these changes we must also refer certain letters, additional to the *radicals*, which also, in their turn, have become radicals. Thus *Mala* signifies in all Oriental languages, *fall*, of which the Syrians have made (in the same sense) *samla;* also in Greek is found σφαζω for φαζω, σμεργω for μεργω, σμιχγος for μιχγος; the same practice also held among the old Latins, for they used *stilites* for *lites*, *stlocum* for *locum*, *scoruscatio* from *corusco*, *stegetes* for *tegetes*, &c.

The above enumerated mutations of letters are by no means arbitrary, they are given by all the grammarians like other settled rules, and are as invariable as the changes of vowels from one to the other Grecian dialects. In the Grecian dialects, the changes of the consonants are less multiplied, because the Greeks occupied a less extensive territory than the Eastern nations, their organs of pronunciation were subjected, consequently, to less variety.

Although the Egyptian language is very little known, we may judge from the little which has been preserved to us, that the words of this language could be traced to the Oriental roots. The Coptic language, in which there ought to be many ancient Egyptian words, has the same pronouns as the other Oriental languages, as this part of speech is less liable to be lost on account of its frequent use; but we cannot disguise the fact, judging from the little store of words which we now possess of the Coptic, that the grammatical structure, or all the circumstances to which the Oriental roots are subjected, are entirely different in this language; this reformation must have been effected by the Greeks who made its grammar. There are in the Egyptian as in the Greek language, *articles*, *compound words*, &c. yet this does not prevent us from supposing that the Egyptian were the same as the other Oriental roots, and that this language has a common origin with the other Oriental tongues. And, indeed, how is it possible to think otherwise, when we know that the Egyptians were surrounded by the Arabs, Phœnicians, Ethiopians, were actually intermixed with some Arabian tribes who had settled in Egypt, had the Phœnicians as their commercial agents, and must have stood in a peculiar relation to the Ethiopians, who equally wrote in hieroglyphics?

The Arabs were the nearest neighbours to the Jews, and their languages consequently bore to each other very great affinity. The Ethiopians who lived the farthest from those nations, have still a language approaching very closely to the

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Oriental; their writing only is different. The territory of these people borders on Egypt, into which they have sometimes made incursions. They have at times subdued Arabia, and have in their turn been subjected to the children of the desert, and thus their language follows the same direction as the Arabic, Hebrew, &c. For these same reasons, the Egyptian language should have had intimate relation with the other Oriental languages. St. Jerome* says, "lingua quoque punica quæ de Hebræorum emanavit fontibus;" and in the same chapter, "hunc Hebræi et Syri propter linguæ inter se vicinium Cephan nuncupent;" concerning the Egyptian language, he says,† "quando in Ægypto sumus * * * * non possumus loqui lingua Hebræa sed lingua chamnitide, quæ inter Ægyptiam et Hebræam media est et Hebrææ magna ex parte confinis." The Syriac has been greatly corrupted since the invasion of the Seleucidæ, and subsequently of the Romans; it is full of particles, which seem to approximate it to the Greek; a great number of words have been united and compounded like the Greek words, and many are pure Greek or Latin words. Had this language continued to be spoken, it would undoubtedly have become like the Egyptian, which was turned into Coptic, entirely corrupted. Notwithstanding these alterations, all of the Syriac roots, with the exception of some foreign words, exist either in the Hebrew or Arabic. The Syriac was spoken in Syria, Mesopotamia and Chaldea;‡ it has three dialects, the Aramean, accounted the most elegant of them, spoken in Mesopotamia, and Roha; the Palestine, spoken at Damas, Mount Liban, and Syria; and the Chaldean, spoken in Assyria and Babylonia. The Arabic which never ceased to be spoken, has been less liable to these alterations, because the Arabs have not been exposed to so many revolutions, nor the country to so many foreign settlements, it therefore remained conformable to the Hebrew principles, and has preserved its purity, more strictly, however, in the country and deserts, than in the towns, which is the reverse of the European languages, for they are generally spoken with more exactness and purity in towns and cities than in the country and villages. This language was anciently divided into two principal dialects, that of the Omeritan, or Hemiaritan, who supposed themselves to be descended from Jaetan, and approximating rather to the Syriac; the other is the pure Arabic dialect of the descendant of Ismahel, and that of Mahomet.

It is supposed that this latter dialect greatly resembled the Hebrew, but since the time of Mahomet these two dialects have

* Lib. iii. c. 7. † Lib. viii. c. 19. ‡ Bib. Orient. p. 467.

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been confounded together, and in fact, when we examine closely the Arabic as it now is, we meet therein terms, some of which resemble the Syriac and some the Hebrew. One of the principal reasons why the Hebrew and the Arabic have been preserved more purely than the other Oriental languages, is, that the fundamental books of the religion of these people—the Scriptures to the Jews, and the Alcoran to the Arabs, have been looked upon as models of style and language, and have been imitated, as to expression, thus preserving their diction almost free from modern innovation and alteration. The Egyptian religion suffered first from the Persians, then from the Greeks and Romans, and was finally destroyed by the Christians, so that there remained no religious books for study and imitation. This is likewise true of the Phœnician religion, which was also destroyed, not leaving one religious book behind. The consequence of which is, that the Egyptian language is entirely lost, and the Phœnician much altered; and this is the reason why the European languages are subject to such frequent changes, because the fundamental book of their religion, was written originally in no European language, but in all of them is a mere translation, so that no one of these languages is considered as a sacred text with regard to style and words. The Arabs have preserved some specimens of verses written many centuries anterior to Mahomet—both the style and the expressions of the Koran are the same as we meet with on the ancient Arabic monuments, and even now-a-days, their good writers strive to imitate the style of the Koran—thus the Arabic language remains always the same. Another reason for the preservation of the Arabic may be found in the singular attachment of the Eastern nations to their ancient usages, and the Arabs live yet with the same manners and customs as they did in the time of Abraham.

Moreover, the regular constitution of these languages has greatly contributed to their preservation. A fixed root of three consonants and consisting of two syllables, is surely less susceptible of any alteration than the Greek and Latin words which have no limited or determinate number of letters; in the Oriental languages every root is like a *given quantity;* all the additions necessary to form the tenses, persons, and other inflections, which are equally determined, are attached to these roots, and any other letter which should be inserted would disfigure the symmetrical composition and shock the ear; every thing, both in the roots and derivatives are, if we may so speak,

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almost numbered and calculated, and thus every thing is less subjected to variation.

The actual language of the *Abyssinians* or Ethiopians, is called *Amharic* after the country *Amhara*;* it is common to the whole country, and is still called the royal language; besides this, there are in the provinces different languages and dialects. The Amharic began to be common only after the extinction of the family *Zaguen*, reigning in the province Tigra; until that time, the Tigran or Axumitic dialect had the precedence; this dialect is now called the Ethiopic, and is no longer spoken, but used only in books and religion. These two languages or dialects deviate a little more from the other Oriental dialects, for there are words which are peculiar to the Ethiopic, and are met with neither in the Arabic nor in the Hebrew. The variety of nations who live in Ethiopia may have caused this alteration; they have even changed the signification of some roots which they have in common with the Oriental languages; thus *gabar*, in Ethiopic signified *to do, to act*, while in the other Oriental languages it has the meaning of *to be strong, powerful*—upon the whole, the Ethiopic greatly resembles the Hebrew and Syriac, but still more the Arabic.

We have already observed that almost all the Oriental roots consist of three consonant letters, which are called radicals, and those letters which are added to the roots to designate the tenses and persons, are called servile letters; all the consonants may be radicals, but not all of them servile letters. The Arabic grammarians call the servile letters by the technical appellation *yata sa manoo*, which signifies *to make fat*, because these letters *ya, ta, sin*, &c. serve to form all the accidents of which a verb is susceptible. The Hebrew grammarians call the servile letters *haymantic*, this is also a technical word, and contains all the servile letters.

There are in all languages regular and irregular verbs; in Latin and Greek, the irregularities of the verbs consist either in some contraction, or in a deviation from the regular conjugation by different finals, or in their tenses being borrowed from other verbs, or their signification being at the same time active and passive, or in some other of the numerous ways which distinguish these languages, and especially the Latin, where a great part of the verbs are irregular in their *præterite* and *supines;* but in the Oriental languages the different tenses have always the same form, and the irregularity proceeds only from the contraction of one or two radical consonants. This con-

* Ludolf. Gram. Ling. Amhar.

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traction takes place, either when two radical consonants are one and the same letter, or when one of the radicals is the same as one of the serviles. In the first case, one of the consonants is suppressed and the other doubled, which is designated by a mark, and the verb is then called defective. Another class of irregular verbs is called *quiescent*, when one, two, and sometimes the three radicals are *Eliph*, *Vav* and *Yodh*, in the Arabic and *Aleph*, *Yodh* and *He* in the Hebrew, Syriac and Chaldean languages; in that case these letters change with each other according to the preceding vowel; sometimes such a vowel is even retrenched when the syllable is long without it; all other verbs are regular.

All the roots are formed of three consonants, and each root constitutes a word which is the third person mascul. præter. tense; from this root, as a foundation, the derivatives are formed by the position of the servile letters. The Oriental conjugations differ entirely from the Latin and Greek, or any other European language, for these latter languages express their conjugations by the difference of a vowel at the termination joined to the end of a root, while, in the Oriental languages, this addition is made at the beginning, either before or after the first radical. The four Latin conjugations express but one and the same action—active, passive, or neuter, according to the signification of the verb; but in the Oriental languages, the conjugations express all the modifications of which the signification is susceptible and answer to the derivatives in Latin; thus, *duco*, which is a root, would be the first conjugation, *adduco*, the second, *conduco*, the third, and so on with the rest, but with this difference, that the formatives of the Oriental conjugations are not prepositions, as in Latin, where they have their particular significations. The Hebrew, Chaldean, and Syriac grammarians reckon seven or eight conjugations, and the Arabs fourteen. The first, for instance, *pakad* is the root, the second *niphkad* is its passive; then come *hiphkid* and *lophkad*, *piked* and *pookad*, and finally the reciprocal *Hithpael*. The fourteen Arabic conjugations have all of them their respective passives, and herein is the difference between it and the Oriental languages, for, in general, they are formed after the same manner; and the Hebrew conjugations, which are to be found among the fourteen Arabic, have likewise the same modifications of signification. The Ethiopians have likewise a great number of conjugations, which approach to the Arabic, and are modified in the same manner; thus the word *to love*, which is the root, becomes in the other conjugations, *to cause to love*, *to love one another*, *to desire to be beloved*, &c. As all verbs are

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not susceptible of these various modifications, so all cannot be used in these various conjugations, as a Latin root cannot be compounded with all the prepositions—thus we can form from *duco*, *transduco*, but not from *amo*, *transamo*. The Oriental conjugations rather deserved the appellation of *modifications of signification*. By examining closely the Latin and Greek languages, we find there but *one* conjugation, because in all the conjugations the formatives are the same, and the difference in Latin, for instance, is established on the vowel which precedes the formative.

Although a multitude of tenses and moods gives great clearness to discourse, yet it renders the use of a language very difficult, and we could, perhaps, speak and write with equal facility under a more simple arrangement, for in many cases the train of the discourse indicates, for itself, the tense required. In fact, the Orientals have dispensed with the subjunctive mood, and we think that most languages could do without it. The indicative and imperative are their only moods—their infinitive and participles are merely nouns, the one a substantive and the other an adjective. They have also reduced the tenses to two, the past and future; the present tense only indicates an action which contains both the other tenses. By adding the pronouns after this action, they form the past tense: thus *pakad-atta* signifies *thou recollectest*, but by contracting these two words, they form the præter. *pakad-ta;* again, by putting a part of this pronoun before the action, they form the future *tip-kad*. With the progressive cultivation and refinement of these languages, the pronouns have been contracted and made to form, in conjunction with the roots, but one word. The Orientals, moreover, make a distinction as to the gender of the agent, which the Greeks and Latins have neglected; thus *pakad* means *he recollected*, and *pakdah* in Hebrew, *pakadat* in Arabic, and *pecdat* in Syriac, signifies *she recollected*.

The Ethiopians, in some persons, apply the affixed pronouns instead of the separated, which system resembles the ancient Egyptian, for the Copts make use of the pronouns in a similar manner. It is but natural that the Ethiopians, a neighbouring nation to the Egyptian, and like them, making use of hieroglyphics, should have the most striking connexion with them, and that we should perceive in their language, traces of the highest antiquity.

In all the Oriental languages, the prefixed letters *y*, *t*, *a* and *n*, are the characteristics of the future. The Syrians have the first three, and use the *n* instead of the *y*, which appears to have

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arisen from ignorance, and from their confounding these two letters, whose resemblance in the Syriac alphabet is very striking. This peculiarity seems to be of comparatively recent origin, for in the old Phœnician inscriptions, the future is expressed by *y*, as in the other Oriental languages. The Arabs have the *dual* as another distinction in their verbs, and they express it by placing an *Aleph* at the end. The Ethiopians have the same initials as the other Oriental languages.

The imperative mood is the root itself, with only one syllable, and as it may be considered, in pronunciation, the shortest word, many grammarians have thought of making it the root. The imperative, strictly, consists only of the second person, the others are expressed by the future with an additional particle. The Arabs differ a little in this mood from the other nations of the East.

All the conjugations of the regular and irregular, active and passive verbs, have the same initials and finals which we have enumerated. The Arabs, who have formed passives for all their fourteen conjugations, only change the vowels of these conjugations, and notwithstanding their number, they are more easily acquired than one Latin or Greek conjugation.

The present, imperfect and pluperfect tenses are formed from the præter. or the future by the addition of a particle. In Syriac, the participle with the third person præter. of the auxiliary verb *to be*, forms the imperfect; thus *shobek huo, relinquens fuit* for *relinquebat*, the present and past tenses forming the imperfect. Two præterites make the pluperfect; thus *shbak huo, reliquit fuit* for *reliquerat*. The Romans seem to have retained some traces of a similar formation; their pluperfect appears to be compounded of an imperfect and a præterite, thus, *amaveram* of *amavi* and *eram*, *amavissem* of *amavi* and *essem*, *fueram* of *fui* and *eram*, &c. The participle has likewise its formative letters. The infinitive, as we before mentioned, is a simple noun: as *nsar*, *to help*, also, *the help*, which form has been adopted in the Greek language, and after it in many European tongues. From all the usual conjugations in these languages, as many substantives, adjectives or participles are derived. But there are still other peculiar forms arising from the addition of some of the servile letters to the radicals; thus, for instance, in Arabic an *m* with the vowel *a*, *(ma)* when added to a root, designates the place or the time of an action, as *daras* (to study) and *madras* (a college or place of studying.) Again: the same letter with the vowel *i*, points out the instrument of an action, as *patahh* (to open) and *miptahh* (a key,) &c.

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The derivatives which can be formed from a root are infinite, and produce a wonderful copiousness in these languages; we can judge of the ancient richness of the other Oriental languages by the present Arabic.

The Oriental nations have no neuter gender, and the two genders, masculine and feminine, are subject to the same irregularities as in other languages, that is, there are words of a masculine form, which, nevertheless, are of the feminine gender. The most usual form of the feminine consists in the addition of an *h* or *t*, at the end of a word; this may be looked upon as the origin of the Greek article ὁ, ἡ, τὸ. The plural number is distinguished from the singular by two finals, one for each of the genders; and as there are no cases in these languages, these terminations are liable to no change in their absolute state. The Arabic forms the only exception to this rule; it has *three* cases, expressed by the vowels *u*, *i*, *a*, but as these final vowels are not pronounced in conversation, the Arabic then follows the same course as the other Oriental languages. Thus we see, that there are, properly speaking, no declensions in these languages, and that the Arabic has but *one*. Particles or prepositions are made use of to indicate the *cases*, and in the Arabic these are used in addition to the cases. These particles answer to the Latin *ad*, *de* or *ex*. Although the Syrians have a plural in . . . . *in*, they yet frequently use the singular, and in writing, annex to the word two dots, to show that it should be considered as in the plural. Besides these plurals, the Arabs have some others which have no marked terminations, but are formed from the singular by some addition in the middle of the root; they rather resemble singular nouns, and are, properly, *collectives*. The Arabs have also the dual number in the verbs, the Hebrew only in the *nouns*. The Syriac resembles the Spanish very much in respect of their emphatic pronunciation, from the frequent repetition of the *o;* they have imagined two forms for every word, an emphatic and a simple one.

The Arabs have an article *al* for both genders, instead of which the other Oriental nations add the letter *h* to the noun; the Egyptians also had articles, *pi* for the masculine gender, and *ni* or *t* for the feminine. The Hebrews, morever, have a particle *et*, by which they generally indicate the accusative case.

The pronouns are the same in all the Oriental languages, which is the surest proof that they all come from one and the same original source; for *I*, *thou*, *he*, &c. are the first and most common words among even savage nations, and when we find two nations using the same pronouns, we may readily con-

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clude that there is an affinity between their languages. The Latins and Greeks have borrowed the greater part of their pronouns from the Orientals, but have disfigured them by their new grammatical systems.*

Having thus developed, as fully as circumstances would permit, the first grammatical and etymological principles of the primitive languages (of the Shemitic stock) and their relation to the Latin and Greek, we will now endeavour to trace the other primitive languages, (of the Japhetic stock) the Celtic and its related languages, and see what influence they had on the modern European languages, and how these latter have been derived from them. Thus, instead of ascending the etymological stream to the two primitive sources, the *Shemitic* and *Japhetic* fountains, we will rather embark at the sources and descend the streams to our modern languages, and see whether we cannot meet our author on his voyage up, and point out to him the right course according to our views.

Many authors, as Appianus Alexandrinus, and Ph. Cluverius,† include, under the name *Celts*, the Gauls, Germans, Spaniards, Britons, Illyrians, &c. but it is certain that Polybius, Diodorus, Plutarch, Ptolemy, Strabo, Athenæus and Josephus, call those nations who occupied Gaul, *Celts;* it may be that the other nations derived their origin from the Gallic Celts, so that this name became a *collective noun*, or that this general name had become peculiar to the Gauls. The ancient language of the Gauls was, consequently, the Celtic, the different revolutions of which we shall now examine.

The changes which have occurred to a language, now dead, are proved by comparing the terms and expressions, and by fixing the epochas of its remaining works, whence we may gather and form a kind of *consequential* history, such, for example, as results from a comparison of different monuments and medals.

As we are totally destitute of all kinds of monuments which can throw any light upon the Celtic language, we are compelled

* There is reason to believe that all the countries in which Latin and Greek were the current languages, had not the same forms of verbs and nouns, but that every district had its peculiar forms, and that, in the course of time, these small societies united themselves together, and established general forms out of all the variant dialects—thus these languages, which were undoubtedly fashioned after the Oriental model, insensibly deviated from them, and we should not judge, from their present state, of their formation, much less of the language in general; we must go back to the Oriental tongues, after which the first grammatical principles were formed. The finals, for example, now used in Latin, are not the same which anciently existed, as upon the column of Duilius, *pugnandod, navebos, marid, altod, prædaœ,* for *pugnando, navibus, mari, alto, præda,* &c.

† In Germ. Antiq. lib. i. c. 5. 6. 7.

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to have recourse to the historians, and although they afford us but little and inefficient assistance, to use them as blind guides through dark ages, until we can reach a period at which remaining monuments will direct our researches with more certainty.

Although Gaul was anciently divided into several states, (civitates) and these states again into districts, (pagi) all of which were governed by peculiar laws, they yet, together, formed but one great republic or empire, having an united interest in the general affairs; in assemblies, they consulted about the common interest in war and peace, and these assemblies were either civil or military. The latter, which were called *comitia armata*, resembled very much our modern *arriere-ban*, (assembly of free-holders);* and as we see it mentioned no where in Cæsar, or any other author, that they made use of interpreters, there must have been in Gaul some common language in which the deputies could confer, deliberate and resolve, and communicate their resolutions to all the various auxiliaries.

We are, moreover, informed that the Druids who performed at the same time the functions of priests and judges, were accustomed to assemble once a year near the prisons, in order to distribute justice to the citizens, who, from all quarters, flocked to consult them.† It again follows, that there must have existed a general language, and that the language of the Druids must have been familiar to all the Gauls. What appears to confirm this opinion is, that the proper names of the Lords *of all the countries* of Gaul, as well as many *names of places*, had the same termination; thus, Cingetorix among the Treves; Dumnorix among the Bourguignons; Ambiorix in the county of Liége, (Eburonum) Eporedorix among the Helvetians; Vercingetorix, Auvergnat, &c. Now-a-days, we do not see similar terminations common to different people; the reason may be, that the provinces subject to one prince, really have not that connexion and political correspondence among themselves, which, under a free government, is kept up between even the most remote provinces. The conclusion then seems to be, that throughout Gaul, there existed a common and general language, and such a language ought to have been preserved there, without alteration, longer than with any other nation, on account of the intimate correspondence between all parties, and because there was no country less liable to the invasion of strangers. So far from strangers daring

* Hoc more Gallorum initium est belli; qua lege omnes puberes armati convenire coguntur.—*Cæsar*, lib. v.

† Huc omnes undique controversias qui habent, conveniunt, eorumque judiciis decretisque parent.—*Cæsar*, lib. vi.

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to attack the Gauls, we even see that numerous bodies of this people were forced to quit their own country and seek for another; thus we find the migration of Sigovèse over the Rhine into the Hercynian forest and Bohemia, which took its name from the Boyens who composed a great part of his troops. Three hundred and fifty years afterwards, the Gauls migrated and founded Gallo-Greece. Bellovèse migrated at the same time with his brother Sigovèse, and crossed the Alps, settled himself and his followers, and built Verona, Padua, Milan, and many other places which still exist. This was the country that the Romans called *Gallia Cisalpina;* consequently, instead of the Gallic or Celtic tongue being corrupted by the intermixture of foreigners, it was natural that the Gauls should alter the languages of the people over whom they gained the mastery; and, indeed, there were several nations whose languages ought to have had and did have great affinity with the Gallic. The Germans, who bordered the Gauls on the whole length of the Rhine, ought not to have differed materially in their language—for, besides, that these two nations originally descended from the Celts, many Germans had passed over into Gaul and settled themselves, and, in their turn, the Gauls passed the Rhine into Germany, where they occupied vast territories.* However, the Gallic and German languages were, by no means, so similar as to enable the people easily to understand each other. We may also presume that the people of the meridional part of the island of Great-Britain, which borders on the sea, and of which the Belgians had become the masters, should have possessed a language very similar to the Gallic. For this reason, says Cæsar, the towns of this part of Britain have, generally, the names of towns or places of Belgium whence their conquerors came.† Ptolemeus assures us that the Celts had established colonies in the same island, and that they, consequently, had carried their language with them.

Besides the German and British languages, many learned men are of opinion that the Phœnician language bore great resemblance to the Gallic. They, undoubtedly, founded their opinion upon the sentiment of Timagenes the Syrian, who pretends that the Phœnician or Tyrian Hercules carried to Gaul a colony of Dorians, not of Greece, but of the Phœnician town Dora, and that the Celts or Gauls were partly descended from these Phœnicians or Dorians. The reason, according to Vossius,

* Cæsar, lib. vi.

† Bello illato, ibi remanserunt, atquea gros colere cæperunt.—Ibid. lib. v.

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why Timagenes considers the Phœnician Hercules much older than the Theban, and even the Egyptian, is, that the name Hercules signifies in the Phœnician language, a leader, deliverer, which signification does not suit the profession and labours of those persons whom the Grecians and Egyptians have honoured with this name. It is not less true that the Phœnicians carried on much commerce with the Celts or Gauls, and Sam. Bochart has shown that the Gauls borrowed from the Phœnicians the greatest part of their words to designate their divinities, princes, magistrates, arms, clothing, animals, plants, and many other similar objects. We also read in Cæsar, that the special God of the Gauls was Mercury,* whom they called *Thot* or *Teutates*, a name which seems like the Greek θεος, or the Latin *Deus*, to be derived from the Hebrew *Thon* or *Thom*, (abyss or chaos) a frequent emblem for divinities; thus, Hesiod calls Chaos the first of all the Gods: χαος πρωτιστα Θεων.

We must also observe that a great number of the most famous cities of ancient Gaul had their names terminating in *magus* or *magum*, as Rothomagum, Cæsaromagum, Noviomagum, Drusomagum, Argentomagum, &c. and *magum* seems to be derived from the Phœnician *mahun* (a dwelling house.)

We may suppose that the Gauls had received from the Phœnicians, the characters which they used in their writings, as these characters, according to Cæsar,† were the same which the Greeks employed; for he says in speaking of the discipline of the Druids: "Neque fas existimant, ea literis mandare, cum in reliquis fere rebus, publicis privatisque rationibus, Græcis literis utantur." He also tells us, that after the defeat of the Helvetians, near the the *Langres*, there was found in their camp a list written in Greek characters. Indeed many are of opinion that a colony which emigrated from the city of *Phocis* in Ionia, (a province in Asia Minor) and passed over into Gaul and founded Marseilles, carried with them the Greek characters; but this hypothesis appears very improbable for the following reasons.

1st. Strabo, who wrote in the time of Augustus, remarks,‡ that the Celts had not, before their conquests by the Romans, begun to visit the Marseillois, and to study in their schools.

2dly. If the Gauls had received their characters by the way of Marseilles, the language of that city should have made, at least, some little progress among them, but no author mentions that the Gauls understood Greek; on the contrary, we know

* Deûm maxime Mercurium colunt, post hunc Apollinem, et Martem, et Minervam.—Lib. vi. † Ibid. ‡ Strabo, lib. *i.*

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that when Cæsar wished to inform Cicero that the Gauls were encamped near Treves, he wrote him in Greek for fear lest his intercepted letter might disclose his designs to the enemy.*— "Hanc epistolam Græcis conscriptam literis mittit, ne intercepta epistola, nostra ab hostibus consilia cognoscantur." It is certain that by *literis* here, Cæsar meant the language and not the character, for on more than one occasion he says, that the characters which the Gauls made use of, were Greek. It is, therefore, more probable, that the Gauls had received their characters from the Phœnicians, who had followed the Tyrian Hercules, or from those who traded along the coast, and that instead of taking them at second hand through the Greeks, they had derived them from the same original source.

Such was the state of the Celtic or Gallic language at the time when Cæsar undertook the conquest of Gaul. We know that then it was divided into four parts (although only three are mentioned by Cæsar,) viz. Belgium, included between the Seine, Marne, Rhine and ocean; Aquitania, between the Garonne, the ocean, and the Pyrennees; "tertiam incolunt, qui ipsorum linguâ Celtæ, nostrâ Galli appellautur,"† between the Garonne, the ocean and the Seine. The reason why Cæsar does not include in his division the Narbonic Gaul which lay between the Alps, the Sea and the Rhine, and a little over the river in the ancient Septimania, now called Languedoc, is that it had already submitted to the Romans some sixty years before, in the year of Rome 635, and that it had become a Roman Province at the time whenn Cæsar entered Gaul.

We may easily conceive how a language common to such an extensive country must necessarily be divided into several particular dialects, each of which would have its words peculiar and distinct, at least in their inflections. The different districts of Gaul, which held commercial relations with various foreigners, always exchanged with them some terms. Strabo‡ remarks, for example, that the Aquitanians differed very much from the other Gauls in manners and language, and at the same time conformed a good deal with their neighbours, the Spaniards along the Pyrenees. The inhabitants of Narbonic Gaul had already lost much of the purity of their mother tongue by their intermixture with the Romans. We moreover know that it only requires a living language to be extensive for it to be broken into many dialects; even in the same province there is a difference between the language of educated and

* Cæsar, lib. v. † Lib. i. ‡ Lib. iv.

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ignorant men, and we may say with propriety, that there are different dialects of rank and condition; but, however distinct the language spoken in the various parts of Gaul may have been, it was at the root the same, and Cæsar's expression, *lingua* in the sentence*—"Hi omnes lingua * * * * inter se differunt," can signify nothing but *dialect* when we look at what Strabo says,† "Eadem non usquequaque lingua utuntur sed paululum variata." It is only by collating and comparing the various passages of authors that we can succeed in fixing their true meaning.

Thus, until the time when Cæsar entered Gaul, the Celtic language had been tolerably well preserved; it had suffered no other alterations than those to which living languages are exposed either from the influence of foreign commerce, or from insensible changes to which language is always liable. We know that it takes a long time for a language to be entirely changed; sometimes a word, which has been for a great while in vogue, becomes old, and is replaced by another merely from inconstancy or caprice; but this slight alteration was not the change the Celtic language underwent after the conquest of Gaul by the Romans; its revolution was sudden and total. The Romans employed towards it the same policy as they had done to other conquered countries, they carried thither their laws, and as they believed that a national language was the strongest tie to unite people together, they neglected nothing to introduce the Latin tongue. The Greeks were the only people towards whom the Romans pursued a different policy, because the Grecians were known to be the most polished people on the earth, and the Romans strove to imitate rather than degrade them, and indeed, there were very few Romans of distinction to whom the Greek language was not familiar, and who did not send their children to the Athenian schools. They always professed great respect for the Greeks, but they looked upon other nations as barbarians, and thought they added to their civilization and refinement, by introducing among them their manners and language. Who does not know, that when the Romans intended to reduce a conquered country to the form of a province, they sent their governors to provide troops, to raise tribute, and to establish magistracies for the purpose of dispensing justice according to the Roman laws, without caring at all for the established laws of the conquered people? All public transactions were carried on in Latin. In the armies and the tribunals of justice, the officers expressed themselves in Latin. This was the

* Lib. ii. † Lib. iv.

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usage of Narbonic Gaul, even at the time of Cæsar.*—"Quod si ea, quæ in longinquis nationibus geruntur, ignoratis, respicite finitimam Galliam, quæ in provinciam redacta, jure et legibus commutatis securibus subjecta, perpetua premitur servitute." It is true, there existed an order of the Senate, granting to some Gallic provinces their ancient privileges, but as soon as the whole of Gaul was subjected, the Romans seemed to care very little about their promises. Caligula, in order to fix the Latin language in Gaul, established schools at Lyons and Besançon, and instituted there rewards for eloquence. Such schools were, in the course of time, multiplied, and those under the conduct of the Rhetorician Eumenius are frequently spoken of. Moreover, many of the most illustrious Gauls, when they had given up all hope of recovering the liberty of their country, attached themselves to Rome as to a new country; they strove to gain seats in the Senate, and learned the language of their conquerors, that they might not be confounded with the conquered. Thus the art and policy of the Roman government conspired with the ambition of the Gauls to ruin the Celtic language.

By these means the Latin language made great progress in Gaul; but independently of the schemes which operated to build it upon the ruins of the Celtic, this latter language had within itself the principles of decay.

Nothing is better calculated to preserve a language than books, but the Gauls wrote neither laws, nor histories, nor the mysteries of their religion, nor even whatever of natural and moral sciences they learned in their schools. The Druids did not wish to write down what they taught their disciples, "Nonnulli annos vicenos in disciplina permanent, neque fas esse existimant ea literis mandare;† they made them commit to memory a great number of verses which contained the principles of their religion and philosophy; their object was to keep these mysteries concealed from the common people, and to accustom their disciples to cultivate their memory as the guard of mental treasures‡—Quòd neque in vulgus disciplinam efferri velint; neque eos, qui discunt, literis confisos, minùs memoriæ studere: quod ferè plerisque accidit, ut, præsidio litterarum, diligentiam in perdiscendo, ac memoriam remittant." We do not find it mentioned in Cæsar or any other writer of antiquity, that the Gauls had any work written in prose or verse.

Herodotus‖ praises the prudence of the Egyptians who kept the mysteries of religion and science concealed from the vulgar

* Lib. vii. † Cæsar, lib. vi. ‡ Ibid. ‖ Lib. ii.

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people. Josephus* reproaches the Grecians for permitting any person, whom it pleased, to write history, which was the reason that so many fables and shameful contradictions were produced by their historians, whilst among the Hebrews, the function of writing history was confided to the most illustrious persons of the nation. But while the Egyptians concealed from the vulgar eye the knowledge of the mysteries of religion and the sciences, they, at least, published the history of their kings and great men, and, as for the Grecians, we can only blame their license and abuses in this respect. However, nothing but the multitude of their writers have preserved their language; never did science, belles-lettres, and the arts make greater efforts among the Grecians for immortality, than at the time when the Romans had subjugated them. It was at that epocha that Greece produced Plutarch, Pausanias, Ptolemeus, Galen, that she struck medals engraved on every side with her language, that she perpetuated it in inscriptions, that she raised palaces and temples, instructed her conquerors, and compelled them to acknowledge the subdued Greeks their masters in all literature and learning, that she added to the admiration which the Romans expressed for the talents of her offspring, the conviction that it was impossibe for them to eradicate a language so intermingled with every thing great and beautiful. But be this as it may, it is certain that writings are the safe depositories of a language; by these means alone have the Greek and Hebrew tongues come down to us in spite of the astonishing revolutions which these two nations have experienced. By this process also, the Romans, who were unable to destroy these languages, transmitted to us their own, which even now is, perhaps, more in use than any living language.

The Celtic language had none of these resources to save it from oblivion, and it is astonishing that the Gauls, with all their taste for eloquence and fine language, which Varro and St. Jerome affirm of them, published no work whatever; it is still more astonishing, that with all their military talents, which rendered them so distinguished in these countries, they have not preserved the history of their military expeditions in written records.

It is clear that the Celtic language could not exist long in Gaul after its submission to the Romans. At first, a mixed jargon of Celtic and Latin was formed, and it is probable that those who lived in cities and held some rank there, instead of endeavouring to polish this jargon, strove to get rid of the little Celtic

* Lib. i. de Antiq. Jud.

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that yet adhered to them, in order that they might become more perfect in the Latin; however, these retained for some time a considerable number of the words and idioms of their mother tongue, but gradually lost them by commerce with the Romans.

And, however desirous the Romans were to preserve and extend their language, they saw it every day more and more corrupted, and the Latin lost as much of its purity by the Roman victories over barbarians, as by the subsequent subjection of the Romans to these lords.

The Gauls who lived in villages and in the country, besides the causes which operated upon them in common with their masters and the inhabitants of the towns, attached to the language a rudeness and grossness which corrupted even their natural tongue, and there must have been in Gaul an infinity of different jargons. Such was the state of the language in the country when the Franconians appeared there.

That part of Gaul, formerly called Armorica, (now Bretagne) had preserved the Celtic language with fewer alterations than the other parts of Gaul, because the Romans stayed there but a little while, and a great number of Gauls who feared the Roman domination, took refuge there. Cæsar* says, that Dumnacus retreated to the extremity of Armorica, and many learned† men have affirmed, that if we wish to find vestiges of the Celtic, we ought to seek them in that province, without recollecting that the very reason which would induce them to suppose that the Celtic would be preserved in that province especially, would operate to produce the belief that it must even there have undergone great alterations; for although Armorica was a place of refuge to the Gauls from the conquering Romans, it was equally, after the invasion of the Franconians, an asylum for the flying Romans. They must have brought with them their language, then becoming corrupt, and, by intermixture with that of Armorica, instead of the Celtic having been preserved, both of these languages must have undergone great changes.

The Franconians, however descended, whether they partly sprang from the bosom of Gaul, or whether they came from the German hive, were certainly descended from the ancient Celts, and if their language was not a dialect of the Celtic, it must, at least, have had very great connexion with it. These new conquerors made no efforts to introduce their language

* Lib. viii.

† Beatus Rhenanus: Gesn: Hottieman: P. D. Picart: Cambd. in Britannia sua: S. Bochart.

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among the vanquished; on the contrary, they themselves partly adopted the Gallic laws, and permitted every nation to follow its own. The common and country people, then continued to make use of a language which was composed of the Celtic and Latin, and was called the *Roman* (afterwards the rustic) language. Consequently at the time when the Franconians entered Gaul there existed three living languages: the Celtic, Latin, and Roman, and to this latter Sulpicius Severus (who wrote at the beginning of the fifth century) probably alludes when he says "Tu vero vel Celtice, vel si mavis, Gallice loquere." This Gallican language must be the same as that afterwards styled the Roman, or we must suppose that there existed in Gaul four languages, without our being able to determine the fourth, unless by supposing, that it was some dialect of the Celtic which was not corrupted by the Romans, and was spoken somewhere in Gaul before the arrival of the Romans.

Sometime after the establishment of the Franconians, no other languages are mentioned to have been in use but the Roman and the *Tudesc.* This latter was the court language, and was called also *Frankteuch*, *Theotist* or *Theotic.* It gradually began to borrow from the Roman and the Latin, which the former in turn did from it. Afterwards the Kings of the countries undertook to polish it and enriched it with new terms and expressions; Prince Shilperic even added to their alphabet four Greek letters.* These two languages, the Roman and Tudesc, were the only ones in use until the time of Charlemagne.—From Charlemagne, we are guided by the clear lights of historical records, and can find plainly sketched and represented in many valuable works the progress of the European languages in their respective countries.

It remains for us to make only one observation more, that the Franconian language was so nearly connected with the Anglo-Saxon, and this again with the Scandinavian, that St. Augustin when wishing to diffuse and promote Christianity among the Saxons in England, took with him Franconian interpreters;† and again he sent Anglo-Saxon priests to Sweden without any interpreters to teach the Christian doctrines. Moreover the most ancient monuments and translations of the Bible, sufficiently prove that the Anglo-Saxon and the Franconian were but two different dialects. Canute the Great, who at the same time, was ruler over the Britons and the Danes, (1015–1036) perceived that his Danes were as yet very barbarous in comparison with his Anglo-

* Greg. Tur. lib. v. c. 44. † Eckhard: Franc. Orient. tom. i. p. 272

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Saxons, and therefore, sent Anglo-Saxon clergy to Denmark to humanize the people by Christianity, which office they performed without interpreters.* The Scandinavian North, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, all of them spoke German dialects.

It follows then from our preceding remarks, that

I. The Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Chaldean and Egyptian languages are but dialects from one primitive, unknown language.

II. The Greek, and consequently the Latin, are formed and derived from these Oriental tongues.

III. The ancient Gallic was the Celtic.

IV. The Roman or rustic language, was a mixture of Latin and Celtic.

V. The Franconian was the Tudesc (German.)

VI. The present French was formed from the Roman or rustic language.

VII. The Franconian, Anglo-Saxon, Swedish, Danish and Norwegian languages were but dialects from the German.

In deducing the English language, which is composed of the Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French languages, from its sources, we must follow three distinct streams—the one commencing with the Oriental languages, passing through the Greek and Latin to the Roman or rustic tongue of Gaul, then to the French, and finally to the English—the second springing from the Celtic, and descending to the English, also through the Roman or rustic language—the third coming from the Teutonic, and dividing into the various dialects of Franconian or Tudesc, Anglo-Saxon, Swedish, Danish and Norwegian, and thence to the English. The two first streams meet and unite in the lingua Romana rustica, and the third flows from the Teutonic source uninterruptedly to the English.

There is no direct communication between the Oriental, Celtic and Teutonic tongues; the two first meet in the Roman or rustic language, and the third is connected to them only through the English. This is the mode, according to our view, after which the English language should be traced backwards, but not, as our author does, trace an English word to the Teutonic, thence to the Oriental or Celtic, and contrariwise; nor will it be correct to trace it to the Celtic, thence to the Teutonic or Oriental languages, for, as we have shown, there is no direct historical communication between them.

* Bartholinus in Ant. Dan. lib. i. c. 10.

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And now it is time to discuss with our author the verbal affinities, connexions and analogies, by which he is guided in settling the derivatives in his dictionary, and determine their correctness.

"There is one instance, in the modern languages of Teutonic origin, in which we find the Arabic nunnation: this is the German and Dutch *binnen*, the Saxon *binnan* or *binnon*, signifying *within*, Hebrew and Chaldee *beyn*, Arabic, *bayn*, without the mark of *nunnation*, when it signifies *within;* but when it signifies separation, space, interval, the original sense, it is written *baynan* and pronounced with the nunnation, like the Teutonic word."—*Affinity of languages.*

Bayn, it is true, in Arabic as well as in Hebrew and Chaldee, signifies *between*, *among*, but these words in German are represented by *qwischen*, *unter*, and in Dutch *tusschen*, *onder;* the word *binnen* signifies in German *within* (in time); but *baynan*, in Arabic, signifies, *distinctly*, *clearly*, *evidently*, and nothing else, and is derived from quite a different root *ayin* (eye); *within* is rendered in Arabic by *andar* or *dahhil* or *dahhla* from the root *dahhal* (to enter) and in Hebrew, by *tohh* from the root *tauhh* (middle); the Germans use *binnen* (within) only in relation to time, but for space they use *innerhalb* composed of two words *inne* (in) and *halb* (half) *half-in; binnen* seems to be composed of two prepositions *bei* (by) and *in* (in); the English *within* of the prepositions *with* and *in;* the French *dedans* of the prepositions *de* and *dans*, so the Italian *indentro*, and the Latin *intra* of *in* and *trans.* Now is there any resemblance between the Teutonic *binnen* and the Arab *dahhla?* Any resemblance between the Arabic *baynan* (clear, evident) and the German *klar*, *offenbar?*

"But as many words, in all the languages of Europe and Asia, are formed with prepositions, perhaps it may be found on examination, that some of these prefixes may be common to the families of both stocks, the Japhetic and the Shemitic. We find in German, *gemüth*, in Dutch, *gemoed*, from *muth*, *moed*, mind, *mood.* We find *mad* in Saxon is *gemaad; polish* the Latin, *polio*, is in Welsh, *caboli; mail*, in Italian, is both *maglia* and *camaglia; belief*, in Saxon is *geleaf*, and in German, *glaube.* We find that in the Shemitic languages *mala* signifies *to fill or be full*, and we find in the Arabic *kamal* has the same signification.—*Ibid.*

Ge is no preposition is German, and has by itself no signification at all, but is a particle forming by prefixture collective nouns; thus, *stern* (star) and *gestirn* (constellation, a collection of stars); *wolke* (cloud), and *gewolke* (a collection of clouds) &c. So with *muth* (courage, disposition) and *gemuth* (mind, the seat of affections of the soul.) *Maglia*, it is true, is a *mail* in

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Italian, but *camaglio* (not as the author spells *camaglia*) is the *neck-piece* of a mail, and is probably an abbreviation of *coll* and *maglia;* that it is not the same word, is apparent from their different genders, *maglia* being feminine and *camaglio* masculine. In the word *glaube* the *g* belongs to the root, for *laube* alone, is in the German *a bower*, which can have no connexion with *belief*, consequently the *g* is no preformative particle, but a letter belonging to the root. The German *glaube* is the same as the Saxon *geleaf*, except that the *f* is changed into *b;* also *mala* in the Arabic is *full*, (Latin multum); but *kamal* is in Arabic, *perfectly*, *exactly*, and may be derived either from *Kam* (excellent, precious) or from *Kamm* (quantity); thus the Arabic *kim*, (many, much) All these words seem to be compounds, contracted of *ka* and *ma* (how much?) which is the same in the Hebrew.

"The Greek παρα is doubtless from the root of the English *fare*, Saxon *faran* to go, to pass. It signifies *from*, that is departure—also *at*, *to* Lat. *ad;* near with, *beyond* and *against*.

"To understand the cause of the different and apparently contrary significations, we are to attend to the primary sense. The effect of passing to a place is nearness at, *presso*, *près*, and this may be expressed by the participle, or, in a contracted form, by the verb. The act of passing or moving towards a place, readily gives the sense of such prepositions as *to* and the Latin *ad*, and this advance may be in favour of or for the benefit of a person or thing, the primary sense of which may perhaps, be best expressed by *towards* "a present or a measure is *towards* him." But when the advance of one thing towards another, is in enmity or opposition, we express the sense by *against*, and this sense is especially expressed when the motion or approach is in front of a person, or intended to meet or counteract another motion. Hence the same word is often used to express both senses; the context determining which signification is intended. Thus, *for* in English, in the sentence, "he that is not *for* us is against us," denotes *in favour of*. But in the phrase "*for* all that," it denotes opposition. "It rains, but *for* all that, we will take a ride," that is, "in opposition to that, or notwithstanding the rain, we will ride."—*Ibid.*

The Latin *ad* (English *at*) is undoubtedly derived from the Hebrew or Arabic *ad*, a preposition of extensive meaning; we should be rather inclined to derive the Greek παρα from the Persian *par*, (a wing) also used as a participle (flying) as well as a preposition, *again*, *opposite*, *over-against*, *above*, *upon*, and thence the meaning *through*, *beyond*, *over;* we have also in Arabic, *par*, (flight); in this meaning, the French *aller* (to go) may come from the Latin *ala*, (a wing) and again, the Latin *ala* from the Hebrew *halahh* (to go); also in Hebrew is *ayber*, (wing) and from this may also come the Hebrew word *abar*, (to pass.)

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"*And*, Sax. and Goth, signifies *against*, *opposite*. This is the Greek αντι, and Latin *ante*, not borrowed from the Greek or Latin, but a native word. Examples, *andstandan*, to *stand against*, to *resist; andswarian*, *answarian*, to *answer;* that is, to speak again, against, or in return."—*Ibid.*

We should never confound a preposition with a mere particle, however similar they may appear; for example, the German particle *ver*, which has no meaning at all, except when prefixed to a verb, ought not to be confounded with the preposition *vor*, which has a distinct meaning of its own, and does not, as our author imagines, stand in any etymological connexion with the particle *ver* just mentioned; for *ver*, as a particle, indicates an *end*, *perfection*, *completion*, as *arbeiten* (to work) and *ver arbeiten* (to digest, destroy by working); *arm* (poor) *ver armen* (to become quite poor) &c.; but the preposition *vor* denotes a preference or advance in time or place, and answers, in some measure, to the English *before*. Just so is it with the Saxon *and;* when a preposition, it answers to the English *and*, the German *und*, the Latin *et*, *etiam*, *quoque;* but when it is a particle, it answers to the Latin *contra;* the proof that they do not belong to one and the same root, is, that the Germans make a distinction between the preposition and the particle, for, as a preposition, the Germans spell it *und*, and as a particle, it is spelt *ent;* thus, the German *kommen*, (to come) and *entkommen*, (to escape) *sagen*, (to say) *entsagen* (to renounce, refuse) &c. Also, the Greek αντι indicates no opposition or contrariety when used as a preposition; it has this meaning only when used as a particle in composition. This word, we think, is derived from the Arabic *ànta*, (thou) because it is natural that the first idea of opposition should be personified, by ignorant men, by a person standing opposite one's self; hence, *anah*, (to answer, to agree) may be derived from *ano*, (I) and hence, we think, that the derivatives in the Arabic *anti*, (retiring, remaining behind) and in the Latin *ante*, (before) only denote that the persons or subjects in question, are not in parallel, or that they do not agree.

"*Nach*, properly nigh, as in *nachbar*, neighbour; but its most common signification in composition is, *after;* as in *nachgehen*, to go after. This sense is easily deducible from its primary sense, which is close, near, from urging, pressing or following. In Dutch, this word is contracted to *na*, as in *nabuur*, neighbour; *nagaar*, to follow. The Russ has *na* also, a prefix of extensive use, and, probably, the same word. This fact suggests the question, whether the ancestors of these great families of men had not their residence in the same or an adjoining territory. It deserves also to be considered, whether this *na* is not the Shemitic נ. occurring as a prefix to verbs."—*Ibid.*

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Here, again, our author has confounded the German adverb *nahe* (nigh, near) with the preposition *nach*, (after) which meaning it has not only in composition, but as a preposition, in itself. The word *nachbar*, was, perhaps, originally spelled *nahbar*, and thence the literal English translation *neighbour*. The Russian *na* is a preposition, and signifies *upon*, *above*, but the preposition *after*, is expresssed in Russian by the prepositions *poslee* and *za*.

The *n*, in the Shemitic language, has no other signification when prefixed (as in the future tense) or suffixed (as in the præterite tense) to verbs, but *we*, and is nothing but an abbreviation of the pronoun *anu*, (we.)

Really, to review the whole Introduction of our author in detail, would take a great many more pages than could be appropriated to this article. We are, moreover, afraid of tiring the patience of our readers, especially as our own gave out some time since. We, therefore, think it time to pause, and we may enter more into detail at some future opportunity.

ART. V.—*Rationale of Judicial Evidence specially applied to English Practice.* From the Manuscripts of JEREMY BENTHAM, Esq. Bencher of Lincoln's-Inn. In 5 vols. 8vo. London. 1828.

THIS is an extension of the *Traité des preuves judiciaires*, compiled by M. Dumont in 1823, from the notes of Mr. Bentham. M. Dumont, with great propriety, left out of his book all Mr. Bentham's applications to the English system of Law and of Practice. In the present edition, those applications and illustrations have been preserved and enlarged.

We could have wished the present editor had translated the work out of the obscure, involuted, Benthamee dialect in which it is written. A book, more disgustingly affected, and so nearly unintelligible, it is not possible to produce in the English language, with the exception of some of Mr. Bentham's former works, which equally exhibit specimens of what may, by the courtesy due to Mr. Bentham, be called English, but on no other score. Frequently, we have hunted with great care for some new and profound thought involved in a page of this mysterious dialect, and found only common-place notions arranged

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with pompous, needless accuracy.* Frequently, we have laboured on with tedious expectation that has, at length, been well rewarded, by the truth, the novelty, and the importance of Mr.

* Take the following as a specimen of Mr. Bentham's language and mode of treating a subject:—"Facts at large, whether considered as principal or as evidentiary, may be divided into classes, according to several different modes of division.

"If, on the occasion of judicial procedure in general, and the evidence elicited for the purpose of it, no practical benefit were derivable from the considering facts in this point of view, and under these distinctions, the mention of them would not have found its place in this work. But the conception entertained respecting the nature of the facts, in relation to which evidence will come to be elicited, and the nature of the evidence so applied, and the application made of it, would, without close attention to these distinctions, be inadequate, and, in practice, delusive.

"Applying, as they will be seen to do, to every part of the field of thought and action, including that of art and science, the instruction, if any, which may be found derivable from them, will not be the less useful in practice.

"Applying, as they will be seen to do, to judicial procedure, sometimes directly, sometimes through the medium of the correspondent substantive branch of law; the utility of the mention here made of them, will not be diminished by any application which may be capable of being made of it to any other portion of the field of art and science.

"I. *Distinction the first.*—Facts physical, facts psychological.

"The source of the division here is, the sort of beings in which the fact is considered as having its seat.

"A physical fact is a fact considered to have its seat in some inanimate being; or, if in an animate being, by virtue not of the qualities by which it is constituted animate, but of those which it has in common with the class of inanimate beings.

"A psychological fact is a fact considered to have its seat in some animate being; and that, by virtue of the qualities by which it is constituted animate.

"Thus, motion, considered simply as such, when predicated of any being, is a physical fact; true, it is an attribute of animate beings, but not in virtue of those qualities which constitute them animate, since it is equally an attribute of inanimate ones.

"But if, to the word motion, we add the word voluntary, we then introduce, over and above the physical fact of the motion, another fact, viz. an exertion of the *will*, considered as preceding and causing the motion. This last fact is a psychological fact; since it is not capable of having its seat in any other than animate beings; nor in them, by virtue of any other qualities, than those by which they are considered animate.

"Of these two simple facts—one a physical, the other a psychological fact—is composed the complex fact, *voluntary motion;* a fact of a mixed character, partly physical, partly psychological.

"The classification and arrangement of physical facts must be left to natural philosophers. The classification and arrangement of psychological facts must, in like manner, be left to metaphysicians. It may not be improper, however, to give in this place, a short indication of some of the principal classes of psychological facts.

"1. Sensations.—Feelings having their seat in some one or more of the five senses; sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch.

"Sensations again may be subdivided into those which are pleasurable, those which are painful, and those which, not being attended with any considerable degree of pleasure or pain, may be called indifferent.

"2. Recollections: the recollections or remembrances of past sensations.

"3. Judgments: that sort of psychological fact which has place when we are said to assent to, or dissent from a proposition.

"4. Desires: which, when to a certain degree strong, are termed passions.

"5. Volitions, or acts of the will, &c.

"II *Distinction the second.*—Events and states of things. Source of the division in this case, the distinction between a state of motion and a state of rest.

"By a fact is meant the existence of a portion of matter inanimate or animate, either in a state of motion, or in a state of rest.

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Bentham's positions. Indeed, we have toiled through the five volumes, with frequent lamentations at the labour they required; but having so done, we can safely aver, that no book has so

"Take any two objects whatever, consider them at any two successive points of time; they have, during these two portions of time, been either at rest with relation to each other, or one of them has, with relation to the other, been in motion; has, in the course of that length of time, changed its place.

"The truth is, that as far as we are able to judge, all portions of matter, great and small together, are at all times in motion; for in this case is the orb on which we exist, and as far as we can judge, all others which come under the cognizance of our senses. When, therefore, in speaking of any portion of matter, rest is attributed to it, the rest ascribed to it, cannot be understood in any other sense than a relative one.

"Whether they or one of them, be in motion, or whether both of them be at rest, any two portions of matter may be considered, and spoken of, in relation to one another; and in this case, the most obvious and simple relation, is the relation of distance.

"Thus it is then, that considered in the most simple state in which it can be a subject or object of consideration, a fact may be either a state of things or a motion, and under one or other of these descriptions it cannot but come.

"By an event is meant some motion, considered as having actually come about, in the course of nature. Thus, whatever be the occasion, the ordinary subjects of consideration and discourse come under the general denomination of states of things, or events, or both.

"The fall of a tree is an event, the existence of the tree is a state of things; both are alike facts.

"An act or action is a name given to an event in so far as it comes to be considered as having had the human will for the immediate cause of it.

"A fact then, or a matter of fact, is either the existence of two or more beings, considered in relation to one another, as being in a state of rest during successive portions of time, or an event; in the idea of which event is uniformly included that of motion on the part of some portion of matter, *i. e.* a change in its relative position to, and distance from, some other portion of matter.

"An act or action, a human act, a human action, is either external or purely internal. In the instance of an external act, there must of necessity be something of complication; for to the external action of the body, or some part of it, must have been added an antecedent act of the will; an internal act, but for which it would have been on the footing of those motions which are exhibited by the unanimated, and even by the unorganized ingredients in the composition of such parts of the world as are perceptible to us.

"An internal act may, on the other hand, be of the simplest kind, unattended by any motion on the part of any portion of matter exterior to the individual whose act it is.

"It being understood that it is to the mind that it is ascribed and attributed, the term motion may still be employed in the designation of it, although in what happens in the mind upon the occasion in question, no change of place can be observed: for, in speaking of what passes in the mind, we must be content, for the most part, to employ the same language as that which we employ in speaking of what passes in and about the body, or we could not in any way make it the subject of discourse.

"III. *Distinction the third.*—Facts positive and negative.

"In this may be seen a distinction which belongs not, as in the former case, to the nature of the facts themselves, but to that of the discourse which we are under the necessity of employing in speaking of them.

"In the existence of this or that state of things, designated by a certain denomination, we have a positive, or say, an affirmative fact; in the non-existence of it, a negative fact.

But the non-existence of a negative fact is equivalent to the existence of the correspondent and opposite positive fact, and unless this sort of relation be well noted and remembered, great is the confusion that may be the consequence.

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often unsettled our long-cherished opinions, or convinced us more thoroughly than this, that the author understood his subject much better than we did on our first sitting down to the perusal. To an Englishman, it is, indeed, a most important publication: exhibiting in strong light, the manifold abuses of the principles and practice of English jurisprudence, and the dreadful curse the whole system of English law really is, in a national point of view. It proves this position with the most unsparing vituperation—in language of abuse unmeasured indeed, but, in our opinion, too often deserved: it attacks, and with a harshness that we cannot approve, the motives of men whom we have been accustomed to think of with high respect; nor will it be easy to justify all the sweeping, indiscriminate accusation he has employed, notwithstanding his concession that the blame attaches to the system rather than to the persons: but we have risen from the perusal of the work, with a perfect conviction that the English system of Common Law and of Equity, is not the "perfection of reason," but needs the most radical, thoroughgoing reform. That it is a system of fraud, falsehood, absurdity, pretension, and deception, impossible to be defended honestly; and utterly undeserving the usual style of common-place panegyric applied to it by its ignorant or interested admirers. A thoroughbred common-law lawyer, whose maxim is, *neminem oportet esse legibus sapientiorem*, may abuse reform, may sneer at codification, may deny the possibility of converting judicial

"The only really existing facts are positive facts; a negative fact is the non-existence of a positive one, and nothing more; though, in many instances, according to the mode of expression commonly employed in the speaking of it, the real nature of it is disguised. Thus, by *health*, is meant nothing more than the absence, the non-existence of disease; by *minority*, the individual's non-arrival at a certain age; by *darkness*, the absence of light; and so on.

"For satisfying himself whether in the case of a certain fact, it is the existence or the non-existence, the presence or the absence of it, the course a man may take, is to figure to himself the corresponding image; he will then perceive whether, by the expression in question it is the presence or the absence of that same image, that is indicated, and brought to view."

This is, indeed, following to a letter the advice of the Frenchman: Enfin mon ami, il faut tonjours commencer par le commencement.

One other passage of mystification and we have done.—V. 4. p. 256. "Idea of a system of pleading adapted to the ends of justice."

"He who has a right to any subject of property—immoveable or moveable, sum of money to be paid him by some one else, service of any other sort to be rendered by a determinate individual—is he in whose favour some one in the list of *events* or *states of things*, having, with reference to that right, the effect of *collative* (or say *investitive*) events or states of things, has taken place: no article in the list of those to which with reference to the same right, the law has given the effect of *ablative* (or say *divestitive*) events or states of things, having subsequently taken place in his case."

Mr. Bentham complains with equal justice and severity of the language of the English law, the system of jargonizing, as he calls it. If such specimens as we have presented, do not fall under the head of mystification or jargonizing, we are wonderfully mistaken.

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into statutory law: we attempt no impossibilities; we deem it hopeless to make any attack on such impracticable understandings: we hold up Bentham's volumes in our hands, and we appeal to the PUBLIC, in full confidence of the result.

Much light has been thrown on the defects of this system, by Mr. Ensor, Sir S. Romilly, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Peele, by the Parliamentary commissioners, and, more than all, by Mr. Humphreys, and Mr. Parkes, the editor of the Jurist. But their proposals, well-meant as they are, extend so partially—their reforms are so inadequate to the abuses of the system—their dread of the influence of the profession, of popular prejudice, of the imputation of rashness and radicalism—the cant terms of reproach applied to all proposals of effectual amendment—the fashionable demand for *gradual* reformation and moderation; all together, convert their expositions, however well-meant, into the blows of imbecility; *tela imbella sine ictu:* to be convinced how applicable to the system are the epithets we have applied to it, this work of Mr. Bentham's must be read, or rather studied; for without close attention, it will not be understood: and for this purpose, in particular, we recommend the fourth volume *in toto.* The design of the book is, to show much at length, and much in detail.

1. That in judiciary investigations, no kind of evidence whatever, capable of throwing light on the question agitated, ought to be rejected, unless its exclusion can be justified by avoiding vexation, expense or delay; amounting, if incurred, to a preponderant evil.

2. To point out the best means of securing the truth of evidence.

3. To point out the best means of judging of the value of evidence.

Hence it appears, that Mr. Bentham would annihilate at once, all objections to the competence or admissibility of a witness, and class them under objections to credibility: varying according to the circumstances under which the objectionable testimony is delivered.

As to the first point, he observes—

1. That the rules of evidence, under the legal system of England, are repugnant to the ends of justice.

2. That they are inconsistent with themselves: not a rule but what is violated by a multitude of exceptions or counter rules; which are observed in cases in which the reason of the rule so violated, applies with as much force, as the cases where it is observed.

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3. That this inconsistency has place, not only as between rule and rule, but as between period and period: between the system observed in former periods, and the system observed in later periods: to which he might have added, as between judge and judge.

4. That, consequently, the objections drawn from the topics of innovation, subversion, &c. do not bear in the present case against the introduction of a rational and consistent system; inasmuch as it would suffice, in very many cases, for the purposes of reform, to adopt the exception in lieu of the rule.

5. That the proposed improvements would be better introduced by legislative provision, than in any other way.

6. But rather than to omit these improvements, they might be introduced by judicial authority; inasmuch as they form not the substantial part of law, but the adjective part—to wit, the means employed to carry into effect the substantive part. At present, these technical rules of evidence tend chiefly to frustrate the substantive part of the law itself, by causing decisions to depend, not on this substantive part of the law—not on the real merits of the question—but on the adjective, accessory, and minor parts; not on the end, but on the means technically adopted to arrive at that end—means, constituting a system known only to the profession, and unintelligible to the mass of the people.

Hitherto, the astuteness of the English Bench has been employed, in excluding, as far as possible, all the natural and obvious means of arriving at truth, and of doing justice between the parties, by excluding evidence instead of allowing for bias. This has been attended with the concomitant, so prolific of honour and of profit—*mystery*. Mystery, arising from conflicting doctrines, conflicting decisions, fluctuation and inconsistency of opinion, and uncertainty as to the state of the law on a given subject. All tending to mystification: all productive of business and of fees: all leaving open the doors of inquiry, and furnishing temptation to law-suits, and the materiel of subtle and plausible argument. For the profession, a delightful state of things—for the people, a most miserable servitude. Exemplifying Cicero's exclamation—*misera est servitus, ubi jus est vagum aut indiscriminatum*. But Greenleaf's volume of cases doubted and denied, forms but one item of the system.

Bentham's work may be divided substantially into five parts. Evidence available in a court of justice, is oral evidence or the testimony of witnesses; or it is written evidence. This latter is matter of record, or depositions and other pre-appointed writings meant to bear upon any part of a cause during its progress.

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The FIRST division we make of his work then, considers oral testimony or witnesses; what is the actual state of their admissibility; and the defects of system in this respect.

The SECOND division comprehends his observations on written evidence.

The THIRD division may be regarded as comprehending his grave but most bitter complaints of the management of the Judges during all times past in England, and connived at by every member of the present judicial corps of that country, to make the whole course of judicial proceedings subservient to their own emolument, and the emolument of the profession. This general accusation pervades the whole work: it occurs in places out of number, in the third volume, and the fourth volume is chiefly dedicated to its detail. We assert, without hesitation, that he has proved his point; and we shall be much surprised to find that any English lawyer of reputation has risked it on a reply to Bentham's charges.

A FOURTH division will comprehend his remarks on Courts of Equity.

And a FIFTH his proposals for altering throughout the principles on which oral testimony is rejected in a court of law; and a proposal for substituting what he calls the *natural* proceeding in judicial investigations, in lieu of the modern *technical* method of conducting a law-suit. Proposals in which, with few exceptions, we coincide.

Mr. Bentham's work now under review, consists of five thick octavo volumes, containing near 3500 pages. It is manifest, therefore, that the space usually allotted to a review, will permit us a very limited survey of the field he has traversed. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a brief notice of the spirit and substance of the first, the fourth and the fifth of the divisions we have precedently marked out. So many of his bitter objections to the fee-gathering system of England, being totally inapplicable in this country, where salaries are almost universally substituted for fees, we can only refer to his work for the piquant observations he has indulged in under the *third* division: rejoicing that the good sense of our own citizens has forestalled so many of his proposed alterations and improvements. One part of it only we shall take occasion to touch upon, the adoption of legal *fictions.*

First then, of oral testimony or witnesses. To be of value, it must be

Correct in point of truth.

Accurate in its particulars.

Full and complete as to all its essential parts.

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It must be given by a witness of competent faculties to observe.

By one who has had sufficient opportunities of observing.

And who has used them.

Who has no personal interest to serve by his testimony, either as to the event of the cause before the court, or the determination of the question involved in the cause.

Who has no bias from family interest.

Or from any *esprit de corps* of a political, a religious, or any other character.

It must be delivered orally and visibly, that hesitation or decision in the mode of the delivery may be observed.

In public. Publicity being the great friend and pledge of truth and justice.

As much as possible unpremeditatedly.

On examination by one party, and cross-examination by the other: and, finally, by the Judge, whose duty it is to elicit truth equally on both sides. The bar would doubt this right of the Judge; the public will require it.

The testimony given, should, as to all essential points, be taken down in writing.

The witness should be liable to the questions suggested by each party to his own advocate; and by the jury, to be put by the Judge.

The object being—

By the examination in chief by the party through his advocate, to obtain all the truth that it is the interest of that party to bring out.

By the cross-examination to obtain all the truth which it is the interest of the other and opposite party to bring out.

By the suggestions of the jury and the impartial examination of the Judge when the advocates have closed, to obtain all the truth on both sides which the just decision of the cause requires.

These rules hold good, whether in a civil or a criminal case. The Judge is not the advocate of the prisoner but of the public: and the public interest requires that the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, with equal impartiality, whether for or against a party, should be brought out.

Whenever circumstances appear to render it expedient, the witnesses should be examined out of the presence and hearing of each other.

A deficiency in any of these qualifications, will be a reasonable ground of defalcation from the credibility of a witness. In the English system of judicial regulation respecting evidence, many of these grounds of deficiency are held sufficient to exclude the testimony of the witness altogether; that is to go to

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his *competency:* in other cases they furnish (as they ought) objections to his *credibility*. Bentham's remarks on excluded testimony are contained chiefly in his fifth volume.

a. Danger of deception and misdecision not a proper ground of exclusion.
b. Of exclusion on the ground of interest.
c. Of exclusion on the ground of improbity.
d. Of exclusion on the ground of religious opinions.
e. Of exclusion on the ground of mental imbecility.
f. Of restoratives of competency under the English system.
g. Of testimony excluded on the ground of self-crimination.
h. Of testimony excluded on the ground of self-oneration.
i. Of testimony excluded on the ground of self-disgrace.
j. Of testimony excluded on the ground of self-discredit.
k. Of testimony excluded on the ground of prejudging a confidential trust.
l. Of testimony excluded on the ground of preserving family peace.
m. Of excluding the testimony of the plaintiff and defendant.
n. Of excluding testimony that does not apply directly to the points at issue.

Instructions for estimating the force of bias.

This division of the grounds of exclusion, with an analysis of Mr. Bentham's reasoning upon each, will afford the reader, a tolerable view of this part of his work, occupying upwards of 600 pages. If our analysis be brief and therefore imperfect, the reader will easily perceive that it is an offence pardonable, if we cannot succeed in condensing six hundred pages into a dozen; we shall endeavour to do our duty, whether we fail in it or not, and present the reader with the substance of Mr. Bentham's arguments, referring to the work itself for the able statement of them which the author has presented. Not always, indeed, in the pleasantest and easiest style that the English language admits of, but well worth the deliberate perusal and consideration of those who interest themselves in the improvement of our legal system. Much, indeed, most of his objections, will apply equally to American as to English law; so servilely have we trodden in the steps of the judges of that country: a class of men, by no means deserving the respect either for talent or integrity, which the comity of the profession, among ourselves, has been inclined to pay them.

a. Of exclusion of testimony, through fear of deception.

This chapter of Bentham's work (vol. v. c. 1 and 2) should be read through. We shall endeavour to state the general turn of his argument.

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The only real question is, has the witness, whoever he be, or whatever he may have been, a present motive to induce him to swear falsely? No man acts but by the impulse of some motive inciting him; and if a bad man has no reason to be a bad man on the present occasion, what has his past conduct to do with the present?

For what purpose does the Judge occupy the Bench? To decide rightly the cause before him. What then is the evil to be guarded against? Misdecision, produced by false testimony: for if the falsehood, however it may be a proper object of punishment, does not produce misdecision, it is of little moment, as to the subject-matter, it has no effect on the cause: while misdecision is an evil of the same magnitude, whether produced by falsehood and deception, or by any other cause.

The testimony offered and rejected, is either *necessary* to the party producing it, or it is *less* than necessary. Let it be necessary: then, for fear of possible misdecision from false testimony, you produce misdecision to a certainty by excluding it. As a panic-struck bird flies into the serpent's mouth; as a man jumps overboard for fear of being drowned. If the testimony be admitted, you may be on your guard, and correct the evil: if rejected, you have no alternative. Misdecision is inevitable if testimony, without which just decision cannot be had, be rejected.

You borrowed £20: you paid it in the presence of A. B. A. B. is convicted of perjury or other offence destroying his testimonial competency: his testimony is rejected. You *certainly* lose your cause. Could more injustice be done if he were admitted?

Not a day in any court of *nisi prius*, but false testimony is given in some cause or other. Is misdecision the certain consequence? No: every lawyer knows, that in nine cases out of ten, cross-examination or counter testimony correct it. The opposite party, the counsel, the judge, the jury are all on their guard: it is nearly impossible for perjury suspected before hand to succeed. But let the evidence excluded be *not absolutely necessary*, because the party offering it, has other testimony. Then, if the decision be given on that other testimony, the exclusion can produce, on the side of justice, no beneficial effect. It only puts the party to expense otherwise unnecessary, to procure evidence of a different description.

Again. A witness who *by law* ought to be rejected at once by the Judge, happens to be admitted on his credibility. The parties, the counsel, the judge, the jury, are all on the alert to detect his violation of truth. Nothing of the kind can be fix-

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ed upon him: after the cause is fully argued, the judge and the jury believe him. A very possible, not to say, a common case. Here then, the judge and the jury, after due investigation, believe a witness who the law says, ought not to be heard at all! Such is law: common sense would teach us, that a witness knowing the suspicions concerning him, and how much every one was on the alert to convict him of falsehood, would not commit perjury gratuitously; this is not in nature. If he have any specific motive for false swearing, then it is some motive extraneous to the legal reason for excluding him.

Even from a witness desirous of deceiving, examination and cross-examination will generally elicit useful truths.

Suppose you wish to examine a child, or a servant in your own family, who you know has been heretofore guilty of lying: do you therefore refuse to ask him any questions whatever?—No, indeed: you know the propensity, and judge whether it applies in the case before you, and allow for it.

This exclusionary system is not legislative law, but Bench-made law. Justice is said to be blind: is it necessary she should be deaf also? What is a judge placed on the bench for, if it be not that he has been all his life experienced in discriminating truth from falsehood?

But we shall see as we go on, that many of the legal reasons for excluding testimony, have no bearing whatever on the temptation to a witness, to utter either truth or falsehood.

b. *Of exclusion on the ground of interest.*

Interest is objected to as giving origin to motives of mendacity. Many persons, no doubt, are liable to the operation of such motives; of which, positive gain, or the avoidance of loss or inconvenience, constitute the chief feature. This motive, however, is of very different force in different persons: a difference of force, dependent on the quantum of interest in question, the rank, station and society, the fortune, the education, the sensibility, and a variety of other circumstances belonging to, or connected with the witness. But the exclusion excludes all notice of these varieties. Of William Pitt or Charles Fox, would the loss or gain of £5, affect the testimony? Suppose, on the other hand, a working labourer, ill-educated, with a wife and children on the point of starving—is there any analogy between the cases? All men, whatever, are restrained from aberrations of veracity by, first, the difficulty of devising a falsehood that will pass examination in a court of justice; secondly, by fear of legal punishment; thirdly, by fear of disgrace, loss of station and character; fourthly, in most cases, the dread of future retribution. Whatever may be the amount of interest

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prompting to mendacity, before it be admitted as a ground of exclusion, it should be shown to preponderate on the minds of men in general, over the very powerful restraining motives enumerated. But the exclusion excludes also all such investigation.

By the English law, every man is presumed to be innocent until he be proved guilty: here we have a presumption of guilt perfectly gratuitous.

Who is the person suffering? the innocent suitor. Suppose the excluded testimony necessary to save the character or the life of the party offering it: one man is presumed to be a perjurer, and, therefore, another man is disgraced for life, or punished with death.

Where will you draw the line of pecuniary interest? Will you let it be one cent, one hundred, one thousand, one million, ten million? You cannot draw the line: hence, the manifest absurdity of the rule. We were present in a court in Pennsylvania, when a Judge refused to sit on an insurance cause, because he had three cents at hazard. All ratio between the sum in question and the pecuniary circumstances of the witness, is neglected under this wise rule of law which makes pecuniary interest a ground of exclusion. There are many secret and very strong motives that may operate to produce mendacity: friendship, *esprit de corps*, &c.; but who can be ignorant that money is a motive? Every one, therefore, who hears the witness, is on his guard where this temptation appears. Yet by the law of exclusion for pecuniary interest, a cent may render the President of the United States, a witness too suspicious to be credited on his oath! and this is law! The manifest inconveniences of this rule, in cases of forgery, are well known to the profession.

The exceptions partake of the character of the rule. Thus, a *certain* interest, to the amount of a dollar, excludes: a *contingent* interest, to the amount of a million, is unnoticed. A party, rich, keeping on high salary a concubine; the concubine is a good witness in his favour. A rich woman, on the point of being married; day fixed: all her property at stake: her betrothed lover a good witness.

We give the next exception in the words of Bentham, and the technical jargon of the case alluded to.

"Suppose a duke's daughter seduced; wanting a day of being of age. *Pier, porte action versus seducer.* Case: trespass *per quod servitium amisit.* Stockings remaining unmended, which *Fille* should have mended while in child-bed. Damages laid at £10,000. *Fille* good witness: why? Because she has no interest! What matters it to her, whether she be thought to have been defiled without consent, or to have

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delivered herself as Potiphar's wife would have done to Joseph? *Seeus*, the day past, and *Fille* of age. *Action per Pier negist;* quia nul droit: because no right *pour faire Fille* mend stockings: *issuit* no damages *al Pier. Action per fille negist, quia nul seduction; fille ne esteant dans age: et encore fille* bad evidence; *quia nemo debet esse testis en son cause demesne.*"

For the other most absurd exceptions to this most absurd rule, we are reluctantly compelled to refer to vol. v. p. 66, 77.

c. *Of exclusion on the ground of Improbity.*

Take the strongest case—Perjury. A man has been guilty of falsehood when upon his oath, on a point material to the issue between the parties. With an absurdity that has many parallels in law, we do not punish his offence against society, viz. the falsehood; but we let that alone and punish his offence against religon.

Perjury admits many, very many degrees of delinquency: from that which puts it on a level with murder, to the falsehood under oath committed by the jury in half the trials that take place: a falsehood under oath, habitually practised by jurymen under the legal compulsion of unanimity, countenanced, approved, recommended, ordered by the grave judges on the bench: and complied with by the jury, because they are told to do so. Is there no scale of gradation in these different cases of guilt? Exclusion knows none.

Suppose a man once convicted of judicial mendacity, is it a fair conclusion that notwithstanding its consequences in the past case, he will be for ever after a sworn enemy to truth? Even when no motive can by possibility be alleged for his falsehood? Is a man to be abandoned for a single act of delinquency?

In this exclusion no account is taken of the motives and temptations that might in degree extenuate past delinquency: kindness, and honour may have intermingled with them. N'importe: the law imputes habitual delinquency from a single act: that may also have happened half a century ago, in the folly-tide of youth, and imputed in advanced years.

How can the law be so severe on perjury, when it supposes that interest to the amount of a dollar will induce any man whatever to perjure himself?

Suppose an attesting witness to title deeds: afterwards he becomes perjured: am I to lose my estate on that account?—All exclusions are punishments not on the persons excluded, but on the parties who need their testimony.

A perjured person may not be a witness in behalf of another, but he may in behalf of himself: for instance he may make an affidavit in his own cause.

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As to exclusions on account of infamy attached to the judgment rendered in cases of treason, felony, &c. where an informer, a *particeps criminis*, is admitted and rewarded, provided the other party be convicted—of all this and the horrible absurdities connected with it, we must refer to the book for want of room.

Bentham proceeds (vol. v. p. 108.) to show that if habitual mendacity furnishes sufficient reason for exclusion, advocates and judges in England ought to be excluded as witnesses. We refer to the work for his reasons in support of the following conclusion of the chapter in his own words.

"No: it is not for the purpose of advocating but of reprobating exclusion of testimony, that these remarkable cases are spread upon the carpet; it is not for the purpose of proving that these ought to be excluded, but that none ought to be excluded: not only that the felon and the perjurer, nor even the mendacious advocate of any country, not even the constant arbiter, utterer, bespeaker, rewarder and compeller of mendacity, the English judge.

"No: let them not shut the door of the witness box against any human creature: but if nothing will satisfy them but that some body must be excluded—if the demon of exclusion must have victims—let judges and advocates be the first."

d. *Of exclusion on the ground of religious opinion.*

Heterodoxy always has been, and still is so unpopular, that a man must have no small portion of moral courage, and honesty, openly and publicly to profess it, rather than conceal it. Even in this country of religious freedom under the constitutions of the several States, but we cannot honestly say in this country of religious toleration, a man is sure to encounter much obloquy, and great practical inconvenience who has the courage to run counter to the religious persuasions of his fellow citizens.

Suppose a man produced as a witness in court: well known as a man of respectable station and character—of unimpeachable moral conduct in society: the advocate on the adverse side, says, "Sir, I ask you, do you believe in the existence of a God and a future state?" and the judge decides that such a question may be put, as in England, most undoubtedly it may. Let us suppose that by some strange aberration of judgment, the witness should in these respects be an unbeliever, and acknowledge in open court what no one before knew or reasonably suspected, that he is, in this case, an unbeliever: can a stronger proof of devotion to the cause of truth, to veracity in public as well as in private, be exhibited? Can more decided evidence of undoubted honesty be imagined? Yet in this case,

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his attachment to truth at all hazards, is the very reason assigned by the law, for regarding him as an habitual, determined liar! Language does not admit of expressing a case of more detestable absurdity.

We have put this case, because we know that in many States of the Union where the court and bar are bigoted to the English code, such a question to a witness would be allowed. In South-Carolina, the constitution says, "that the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination and preference, shall for ever be allowed to all mankind." Now, this free exercise and enjoyment cannot take place, if every pert lawyer may convert a court of justice into a court of inquisition, and compel a witness to confess in public his religious creed, for the gratification of impertinent curiosity. To the witness, "James Malony, did you see John Nokes pay 500 dollars to Thomas Stiles, on the 4th day of March, at 10 o'clock in the morning, at Thomas Stiles' store?" "Stop Sir," says the opposite counsel, "before you answer that question, answer mine: do you believe in the Divine Inspiration of the Old and New Testaments?" In the name of common sense, is John Nokes to be cheated out of 500 dollars, because James Malony, the witness, may have doubts about Divine Inspiration? Is this the boasted common law? Is this the perfection of reason? Is this *Summa Ratio?* Truly *nemi nem oportet esse legibus sapientiorem!* is a most convenient maxim! However, let us proceed to Bentham's arguments.

The witness declares himself an Atheist, what should prevent him from affirming the contrary, and escaping the stigma which this confession will brand him with? What but a regard for his own character in society—his character in his own family—the habitual reverence for truth which exhibiting himself, he gives an example of to others. Are these sufficient grounds for disbelieving him? Doubtless they are, says the law.

A man is indicted for a crime: a witness, A. B. has been heard to declare he was present at the time, and knows all the circumstances. He is summoned: he wishes to screen the culprit. He suggests to the counsel for the prisoner, ask me if I am not an Atheist. The objection is taken: the witness dismissed: the culprit is set free. In this way any man whatever may get rid of the inconvenience of giving testimony: any knot of criminals may combine and secure impunity.

But an Atheist is not to be believed: indeed! How do you know an Atheist? What ear-mark has he? If he cannot be believed, then, when a man in open court professes himself

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an Atheist, he is by law a liar: then he is so in this instance: then he is not an Atheist.

In June, 1806, in England, the statute against Blasphemy (heterodoxy) was repealed. Yet did Lord Eldon persist in declaring that to deny the Trinity was still an offence at common law. That infamous falsehood and forgery of the English bench grounded on priests' supposed dictum, that Christianity is part and parcel of the common law, so decidedly, so irrefutably exposed by Mr. Jefferson, whose statement we have examined with the year-book before us, and know to be accurate, is still unblushingly advocated by judges even in this country!

Let us not be misunderstood: we are no advocates for Atheism, or any other kind of ism: we respect every man's honest convictions whatever they may be: we leave every reader to the free exercise of his own conscience. All we mean to say is, that the law ought to do so too: and when it refuses so to do, absurdities, inconsistencies, and inconveniences, are the necessary result of such intolerance. Whatever a man's theological creed may be, he will tell the truth between two of his neighbours, when he has no motive whatever to do otherwise.

Cacotheology an exclusion.—The law tolerates the God of the Jews, of the Hindoos, of the Chinese, of the Mohammedans: yet until recently, a Papist recusant was excluded: at this day, in England, a Quaker is so. Is it not so in this country too in criminal cases? Suppose a set of tipsy soldiers, were to enter a Quaker-meeting, bind the men and violate the women, how are the offenders to be convicted? not a witness present admissible in a court (of justice?—no, let us not be guilty of such misnomer) of law! Atheist, Papist, Cacotheist, all are good and legal witnesses, provided they have no scruples about swearing falsely. It is only when they show their uncompromising sense of their duty to society, and their obligation to tell the truth, that the law excludes them as untrustworthy witnesses! In Massachusetts, we presume a Socinian would be an admissible witness. We should doubt upon this point in New-York or Pennsylvania, where Christianity is part and parcel of the common law: by Christianity always meaning the faith, *fides carbonaria*, the convenient creed, of the presiding judge: orthodox of course.

e. *Of exclusion on the ground of mental Imbecility.*

In this as in all other cases, it is not suspicion, it is not caution we argue against: we allow all due objections to credibility. The question is competency—exclusion.

Infancy, superannuation, idiocy, lunacy, furnish reasonable ground for caution: but they are of such various degrees, that

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until the witness be examined, it is impossible to know whether and how far he may be trusted. Indeed, among these defects, infancy is the only legal ground of exclusion. Even here, a child of seven years of age has been examined, (2 Leach, 482, White's case.) In this case, a man who had committed violence of the last enormity on an infant of that age, was set free, because an oath had not been administered. In another case, (17th Sept. 1803) it was determined as to a girl of twelve years of age, that the witness must understand the nature of an oath, and what would be the religious consequences of telling a falsehood. Can any child answer these theological inquiries understandingly? Otherwise than as a parrot, by rote? The questions that common sense would put, are, what did you hear, or see, or feel? Not as it appears the case was, can you say your catechism? This puts the fate of the accused in the power of the parents or instructors of the child. Does the parent wish the testimony of the child to prevail, the catechism is taught with parental explanations, and the child goes up to the box an orthodox theologian. Does the parent wish the culprit to escape? The child has not been taught his catechism! Suppose the parents of Mary Ann Carney, in the last case, had been Universalists, the recorder at the Old Bailey would have set the culprit free. In one case, Mr. Justice Rooke, (Gwillim's Bacon, v. ii. p. 577) committed a young witness to the care of a clergyman of the established Church to be theologically drilled, before he would admit the infant (*i. e.* under adult age) as a witness. He was right: the duty of a judge is not to do justice, but to maintain law; and wofully ignorant must he be who confounds these two very different things.

The cases on Scotch marriages, are all in point in confirmance of the absurdity of this sweeping exclusion.

f. *Of the restoratives for Competency.*

Treason, felony, (except petit larceny) forgery, piracy, swindling and cheating, barratry, conspiracy, præmunire, bribing a witness, judgment on attaint for false verdict, winning money at unlawful games—render the offender incompetent as a witness in England; how far in this country is dubious from contrariant decisions. (See 2 Starkie, 716, and note by the American Editor.) Competency may be restored, by clerical purgation, so deemed at common law, (2 Starkie, 717) by proof of pardon, by reversal of the judgment.

Let us take Bentham's enumeration of specifics for this disease.

1. *The burning iron.*—Let the offender hold up his hand in open court, to which must be applied a red hot iron: let there

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be hissing and outcry on the part of the sufferer; the outcry to be performed by the sufferer or his deputy; the hissing by a piece of bacon applied to the hand; then will the virus of incompetency be burnt out by actual cautery, and the prisoner will then, and not before, be deemed a truth-teller, and trust-worthy ever after. Of late years, the judges have preferred sending the delinquent on his travels to Botany Bay. Whipping is not a restorative; burning is.

2. *The Great Seal* authenticating a pardon. The Privy Seal is held not to be a legal remedy in such case. Whether it be a pardon on the merits, or granted in consequence of some legal objection to the proceeding, no one inquires.

3. *A statute* pardoning several criminals comprehended in it.

4. *A record* containing some legal flaw in the process of conviction, or any subsequent part embraced by the record. But if there be no legal errors actually contained in it, what is to be done then? Never mind, the remedy is easy. Mr. Attorney-General comes into court with the record in his hand, and says, "I confess errors in this record;" whereupon, the errors are taken for granted, the record quashed, and incompetency cured. But here the toils are forcibly torn: cannot the captive beast be let out by the gnawing of the mouse? May not a copying-clerk commit real errors in writing out the record? Moreover, the judges have the absolute control over the record: they may allow it or not to be withdrawn; they may grant or not a copy of it; as when intended to found an action for malicious prosecution. How well may all this discretionary power serve the purposes of political expediency!

g. *Of testimony excluded on the ground of self-crimination, or self-disserving—Nemo tenetur seipsum accusare.*—This is one of the wise saws of the profession. Doubtless, a man is not bound to go before a magistrate voluntarily, and accuse himself of highway robbery. The real question is, whether a witness, in a case in which the good of society requires the truth to be told, shall say to a judge, "I will not speak the truth, for it may criminate me. What is the good of society to me; my business is to take care of myself." We would hereon remark—

1. The best of all evidence is the acknowledgement of the party. *Habes consistentem reum.* What good reason is there that guilt should be privileged and exonerated?

2. It renders inferior evidence necessary: such as hearsay confessions; circumstantial evidence: written papers; common fame (by statute.)

3. All substitutes are dubious, difficult to procure, and expensive. The man is before you, why not put a question, which,

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if not put, enables him to set public justice at defiance? Is his interest, convenience and security every thing, and the public safety nothing?

4. Upon this principle it is (that no man shall be compelled to injure himself) that a plaintiff or defendant may not be asked questions of the highest moment to the justice of the cause in which they are litigants. A practice of the most outrageous absurdity, and which nothing but the pecuniary interests of the profession have sanctioned. In Chancery, indeed, the principle is broken in upon, but in a very imperfect manner. The parties may be put on their oaths, but not in the presence of each other, not with mutual power of examination and cross-examination. So in motions upon affidavit, a party is admitted as a witness in his own cause under the very worst possible circumstances; an affidavit, drawn up by his lawyer, and heard without cross-examination. Such are the very exceptionable exceptions, to this very exceptionable rule.

5. The rule of exclusion now under consideration, is not only calculated to screen guilt, to give impunity to crime, to cherish fraud, and counteract, in the most effectual way, the real ends of public justice, but it contravenes the great principle of legal evidence, that the best evidence the nature of the case can afford, should be adduced—for it rejects the best, and substitutes, in all cases, inferior evidence; at the certainty often, at the hazard always, of great delay, vexation and expense; while the party exonerated laughs in his sleeve at the voluntary imbecility of rules of law! In no other civilized country but Great Britain and the United States, is this mischievous absurdity adopted and practised. The law has a right to say to a witness—"The public demands the truth: if it can do you no disservice to speak truth, speak it at once: if it be against your interest to speak truth, who has made it so but yourself?"

6. This rule is an infamous premium bestowed upon mendacity, by authority of law; which, indeed, as we shall soon see, deals in falsehoods by wholesale, either compelled, protected, or connived at by the court. "They have a letter of mine in their hands," says a party to his lawyer. "What then," says the lawyer, "you may deny it, or refuse to answer; let them prove it if they can; if not, we gain a victory."

Two young lawyers, members of a volunteer corps, were summoned to pay a fine of 17*s.* 6*d.* each: they were shown their names on the muster-roll in their own handwriting. "There are your own signatures, gentlemen: Is not this your own handwriting?" "That is your business to prove," said the delinquents: the proof was not ready; the fine was renounced, and

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the young lawyers saved 17*s.* 6*d.** Is it a civilized and moral community that can permit this?

7. To save one malefactor from justice, the law bribes another malefactor to give evidence, by promising impunity for the crime. The one is hanged, the other goes off a whitewashed, trust-worthy member of society. *Ille Crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic Diadema.*

But it is very hard upon a man to force him to criminate himself: it is so: it is very hard upon society too, that a man should be at liberty to play the rogue with impunity: it is very hard upon the rogue that he should be punished for his roguery. This is his opinion no doubt. What does the good of the community require? Why, that punishment should be inflicted, and roguery suppressed. The sympathy of honest men is with honesty—the sympathy of the law is in favour of all kinds of dishonesty: hence, whether in criminal or civil cases, law and lawyers protect it as far as they dare. The quibbles of the bench in favour of dishonesty, make honest men regard Judges upon the bench as enemies to the well-being of society: often, too often, indeed, they are so. Villains are let loose upon the public, by the pick-lock of legal quibble. Never mind, he is a bag-fox; he will return, and we shall have our sport. Impunity of this kind creates business.

Oh, but this is inquisition-practice and star-chamber practice. What then? Amid many bad, they had also some good practices. The question is, which practice best serves the interest of the public—that which detects crime, or that which conceals and rewards it. It does not follow because a man is compelled to tell truth, he is to be tortured into a falsehood against himself.

Judge to the witness: "You do not choose to answer that question; very well, we shall be compelled to take your delinquency as confessed. There is no other reason but conscious guilt that can prevent you. If there be any other give it: tell us the truth whatever it may be, but at your peril."

h. i. j. The other branches, self-onerating, self-disgracing, self-disserving testimony, being cases of inferior consequence, will follow the higher case of self-criminating testimony. No court will (ought to) permit a question to be put to a witness that does not tend to elicit necessary truth; and, in such case, the public interest is or ought to be the interest paramount. Suppose a man by telling truth, will, by collateral effect, render himself liable to the payment of a sum of money, what then? Is mendacity to be screened, or veracity to be thrown into the

* Morning Post and Morning Chronicle, Nov. 18, 1803.

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back ground, for fear a debtor may, in consequence, be compelled to pay a just debt, or become liable to an honest contract? It is the duty of justice to enforce truth, and in so doing, to afford no protection to any plan for avoiding the burthen which truth honestly imposes. This, I say, is the business of justice; unfortunately, not of law.

k. *Of testimony excluded on the ground of prejudicing a confidential trust.*—If the good of society requires that every witness in a court of justice should answer truly whatever question the Court thinks proper to be put, whether it criminates himself or not, *à fortiori*, he ought to be compelled to answer when it happens to affect another person.

Lawyer and Client.—The lawyer cannot be compelled to disclose the secrets confidentially intrusted to him by the client. (Bull. N. P. 284.) This is the privilege not of the lawyer, but the client.

If the client be not guilty of any offence, what is there to conceal?

If the client be guilty of any offence, the public good requires that he should be punished. Whether his guilt be discovered by himself, his lawyer, or by any other third person, is of little consequence: society requires that guilt be punished, in order that guilt be suppressed. This is of much more consequence, than protecting a lawyer who becomes the confidant of a guilty client.

If this be permitted, (it is said) no client will repose confidence in his lawyer. Well; what then? If the client retain the information, there is no danger of the lawyer revealing it. But suppose it necessary to the client's defence to reveal it. It then becomes the duty of the lawyer to say to the client, "Remember, if I am asked in court, I must tell all I know; conduct yourself with me accordingly." The only mischief will be, that the client will not derive so much aid in conducting his defence of a bad cause, as otherwise he might have done. At present, the lawyer and client join to cheat public justice. If the exclusion in question be abrogated, this worthy partnership may be in many cases broken up; and, surely, this will be a prodigious misfortune to the public! A contract between a rogue and his lawyer, to avoid the punishment of roguery, is not such a contract as need be treated with much respect. Is not the misprision of a crime, a crime? No wonder the exclusion is defended by the legal profession; it is a fruitful source of causes and fees. The true question is, not what does the interest of the profession, but what does the interest of the public require?

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Trustee and cestui que trust.—Upon the principles before laid down, if the supposed damage fell upon the trustee himself, he ought to bear the consequences of telling that truth which the public justice of the country (the public good) requires to be told: *à fortiori*, there ought to be no indulgence of scruples in relation to another person, if he has no right to have them indulged in favour of himself.

1. *Of exclusion on the ground of family-peace.*

Husband and wife.—Let us suppose they love each other as well as they love themselves: but when the public good requires truth to be divulged, we have shown that it ought to be so, even though the consequences be self-crimination.

The objections against admitting husband and wife are—

The hardship upon the feelings of persons standing in this relation.

The implacable dissensions likely to be produced.

The danger of perjury.

As to the hardship upon their feelings, is that to be put in competition with the demands of public justice? Is that a reason why criminality or dishonesty should be concealed, and rewarded with impunity? Is there nothing due to the feelings of honest people who are delivered over to plunder? Let it be remembered, that the rational rule—the only rule—is *salus populi*—the public good. To that rule every other consideration should give way; it is the basis of civil society. The contract of baron and feme, being voluntary on their part, they must submit patiently to all the evils attendant on it.

Implacable dissension consequent upon these disclosures. Is there any reason why the party affected by testimony compelled, should bear animosity against the other party for disclosing what he or she could not avoid disclosing? Had it been voluntary, there might be some reason for anger; not where the disclosure is compulsive. Is the public good to be sacrificed to a base, an unjust and unreasonable animosity? If the party-witness in this case be exposed to reproach, let it be, as it ought to be, set down as among the misfortunes of that connexion, so liable to concomitant evils. If the witness be the wife of a rogue, is that a reason why his roguery against me should be concealed and protected?

The danger of perjury. We acknowledge there may be temptations to that crime arising from the prejudices in favour of each other, so natural to the matrimonial connexion. Being foreseen, let the counsel, the judge and the jury be on their guard, and not much danger of deception need be apprehended. It is, like any other known bias, to be guarded against and al-

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lowed for, not excluded. If a substitute cannot be found, misdecision is the certain consequence of exclusion; while, if the evidence be admitted, it is a consequence of remote probability only.

None of these objections, however, are deemed of sufficient weight to support the exclusion, when a personal injury is inflicted by the husband on the wife, or by the wife on the husband; for this would destroy business. And yet, with a cruel absurdity, the exclusion is enjoined by law, in that case, of all others, where the testimony ought to be admitted, viz. bigamy. Not one reason, supported by a scintilla of common sense, can be assigned for prohibiting the first wife to prove the fact of her marriage; a fact, which is neither disgraceful to the one or the other. The disgrace is not in the first, but in the second marriage. Yet, with an inconsistency no where found but in English bench-enacted law, the testimony of the first wife has lately (1817) been admitted to prove this fact in a collateral suit between third persons! Any body but the party injured—any body but the public, may be allowed the benefit of this testimony. Such is the pleasure of the learned judges.

A little further respecting family dissension. A man shall spend his wife's property, neglect her person, cheat her, beat her, behave morosely and cruelly to her. This does not preclude forgiveness; these are every day cases. So, on the other side, how much misbehaviour on the part of the wife do we see, that produces dissension indeed, but temporary dissension only. Shall we then say that irreconcilable hatred is to be the inevitable consequence of an act where legal compulsion takes away all blame? Where there is no injury but what could not be avoided? Where the will was repugnant to the voluntary act?

Let us view this case in another light. The more obstacles can be thrown in the way of criminality or dishonesty, the better. What greater obstacle to misdeed than a witness, that the misdoer cannot escape—a witness who, willingly or unwillingly, may be compelled to disclose the truth?

Again: It may be for the interest of the profession—is it for the interest of the public, that an evil-doer shall have a perpetual confidant and accomplice in the bosom of his family, from whom no law can wring the secret of his delinquency?

Suppose two married men guilty of a highway robbery. The one can be convicted by testimony without calling in the evidence of his wife. He is convicted, and suffers capitally. The other can be convicted, if his wife be compelled to give testimony, but not otherwise. The wife is excluded. He escapes

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with impunity. What kind of justice is this? I do not inquire what kind of law it is: we know that: it is English bench-made law; by the false courtesy of that country, called common law.

Husband and wife are privileged: they cannot be compelled to give evidence to the disservice of each other. Here then is every family converted into a nursery (so far as the law can effect it) of unpunishable crime. A constant temptation to criminality from impunity:—a means and opportunity of debauching the morals of the innocent gradually, by the bold and secure criminality of the guilty. It intermingles hostility to the public with the marriage tie, and inculcates concealment and protection of crime and dishonesty, as a marriage duty. And who authorized this? The legislator? No: the judge, whose voluntary business it is, to manufacture new principles of decision, and dub them common law.

Suppose a man meditating a crime, to know and be aware that his wife, the friend of his bosom, however reluctant, will be compelled, in a court of justice, to disclose his delinquency—would it not be a powerful obstacle to his becoming guilty? Why, then, should we throw away such safeguard?

But how hard, say the lawyers, is this compulsion, considering that the converse and communication between man and wife, may be considered as one unreserved confession. What then? This only renders the evidence more trust-worthy and unexceptionable: it furnishes a stronger reason why it should not be rejected. It should seem that law has no sympathy but for rogues and roguery. What is gained to the cause of morality, by laying it down as an axiom, that however wicked and hateful in his conduct a man may be, it is still the duty of his wife to love, honour, cherish, obey, and protect him even in all his infamy? Surely, the proper ethics of the marriage contract are, that love, respect, confidence and attachment are due only where those qualities exist, which reasonably call for them. Is it for the benefit of society, that villainy, dishonesty, fraud and vice of all kinds shall be considered as equally entitled to affection and obedience, as every virtue under heaven? Enough of this.

m. *Of excluding the testimony of the parties in a civil cause.*

This question is discussed by Bentham in volume v. from pp. 350 to 463, with a detail of the numerous inconsistencies of the English practice, defensible upon no common principle, but that of multiplying suits, and producing delays, vexation, expense and injustice. This is an exclusion not adopted by the civil law, not adopted by chancery, not adopted in the

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ecclesiastical courts, not countenanced by the practice of foreign nations, not productive of good to society, but of emolument to the profession, and impunity to roguery. It is an exclusion of those witnesses who know most about the matter.

The pretences are—1. The temptation to commit perjury. 2. Deception toward the judge and jury, producing misdecision. 3. The hardship and vexation to the party of compelling him to give evidence against himself.

As to perjury: the bias is known, foreseen, and all the correctives ready to be put in force against it. Cross-examination, counter-evidence of the opposite party, and other witnesses. There is not much danger. It can be believed so far as it is consistent with itself and other evidence, and no further.

As to deception from the bias in his own favour, the preceding remarks apply. Forewarned, forearmed; the skill of counsel, the experience of the Judge, the counter evidence, all are brought into play.

As to the hardship. We have no sympathy in favour of dishonesty or deception. Either the party has something sinister to conceal, or he has not. If not, he can have no objection to subject his testimony to examination. If he have, the truth ought to be elicited. The public good ought not to be sacrificed for the sake of the sympathy of the law with all kind of fraud.

The testimony of the party is admitted and without cross-examination, in the affidavit to hold to bail: in all motions by affidavit before the court: it is admitted in the justifying of bail: it is admitted in the worst possible form in all chancery proceedings; in the bill, the answer, the cross-bill and answer; in the various affidavits used in the progress of the cause; all without open cross-examination. It is admitted when a party is denominated prosecutor in a criminal proceeding; it is rejected when the same party is called plaintiff as to the same subject-matter in a civil proceeding: it is rejected in one criminal suit, but if an indictment for perjury be brought, it is then admitted. The rules of law, "nemo debet esse testis in propriâ causâ," and "nemo tenetur seipsum accusare," are practised only when injustice can be screened by the practice; but the exceptions (nearly all of them exceptions in defiance of common sense and justice) are so numerous, that the rules themselves serve only the purposes of deception, and are not true in fact. Nor is it true in fact, what the law takes for granted, that all men are liars, if there be the smallest pecuniary interest to tempt them.

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When we come to propose a natural mode of proceeding in conducting lawsuits for the benefit of the public, instead of the unnatural, technical mode adopted by the law for the benefit of the profession, we shall say more in favour of admitting, or rather of compelling the evidence of the parties in all cases.

We omit the numerous objections that stare us in the face, as to the admission of subscribing, and the exclusion of all non-subscribing witnesses, as well as of the party himself: the construction of wills, by which the power of making a will is absolutely denied to every testator, who is doomed to have his own intentions perpetually frustrated by the technical rules of legal construction, which the lawyer himself employed to draw the will is never sure of, a nuisance in society most provoking and revolting: the exclusion of single witnesses where more than one is technically required, and the postponement of trustworthiness to number: the disgraceful quibbles on the omission or alteration of a letter, where no doubt about the real fact exists: the negative exclusions of testimony, really satisfactory to men of common understanding: the most wicked and absurd protection of a party, who is known to have a document in his pocket or his hand, absolutely necessary to the right decision of the cause, setting the court at defiance, sure of their protection in refusing to answer a single question concerning it. These, and very many other objections noticed in this laborious and important work, for want of space, we must omit. We repeat, however, for the sake of the public, that no man can be aware of the gross absurdity and manifest iniquity of the English code of law, common and chancery, without a careful perusal of this book. No Englishman can approach with proper feelings and proper information the question of a reform in the law, till he becomes aware of the tyranny which the people are compelled to submit to, and the worse than folly of the class of men who have gradually built up this system of injustice, extortion, vexation, quibble, and protraction. Legislators and judges may, as they too often have done, deceive themselves from the prejudices of legal education and long habit of thinking and acting in a legal routine; they may, as they too often have done, consider law as synonimous with right, and confound the interest of the profession with that of the public. It is high time for the people to say, we will suffer these abuses no more. In this country, and in our own State of South-Carolina, many glaring evils have been remedied or avoided; much has been well, because honestly done; and the violent vituperations of Bentham do not apply with any thing like the force here, that they do in his own country. But look at the present state of the law and

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its practice in New-York, and who will say that reform is not required? Earnestly do we wish to impress upon our fellow-citizens that the bond and basis of all civil communities, the criterion of the propriety of every public law and every public measure is, the good of society—public utility.

To this rule and criterion, embracing as it does, whatever is honest and just, all human regulations ought to be brought. Whatever will not bear this test, is faulty, and ought to be rejected.

Having thus given a brief specimen of the mode of reasoning adopted by Bentham in one portion of his work, we proceed to another character of the English law; that stares on us on this side of the Atlantic also, with its hideous features: features the delight of the profession, who profess themselves enamoured of their beauty, and exclaim with incomprehensible flattery *in fictione juris consistit equitas:* a phrase which may be translated, *in fictione, juris consistit equitas,* the justice of the law is nothing but fiction.

n. *Of legal fictions.*

When we talk of fiction and falsehood, we apply the former expression to tales, stories, romances, to poetry, to works of imagination like Sir Walter Scott's novels, or Neale's Romance of History. When an untruth is thus used for the purpose of instruction or amusement, and is known to be so used, it carries with it no reprehensible idea; no notion of fraud or circumvention; no one is deceived, no one is injured, no one complains.

But when falsehood is gravely used, where truth is naturally expected—when legal transactions are carried on by fraudulent and false circumlocution, which might have been conducted briefly, honestly and truly—when it is employed to produce expenses, vexation, or delay in serious business—to pick the pocket of one man, in the form of fees improperly exacted, and paid over to another—when it appears as the handmaid and companion of mystery throwing her veil over extortion—this is a culpable use of untruth; it is a fraud and a crime most disgraceful to all concerned in it. But such is the practice, not merely connived at, not sanctioned only, but enjoined and directed by grave and reverend judges on the bench, who sit there under the false and fraudulent pretence of enforcing the precepts of morality by means of the rules of law. Fiction, as useful to justice as swindling is to trade, is the practice of every day in every cause in every court of English law; and I fear, though not to the same extent, perhaps, in most of the courts of the United States. Fiction, invented originally from motives not

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very justifiable by the judges of that country; and obstinately continued and connived at to the present day, without one justifiable or excusable end in view. In this country we are too apt to adopt without sufficient reflection or discrimination, the whole mass of English authorities good, bad, and indifferent.

To enumerate all the absurd and pocket-picking falsehoods of the English system, in full detail, would fill a volume. A few of them may suffice.

The first process in a civil action in the Court of the King's Bench; "in the custody of the marshal of the Marshalsea of the said court now being." A falsehood invented by the judges of that court to steal business from the others.

The *quo minus* clause in an exchequer writ, a falsehood of the same kind invented by the judges for the like purpose. King's Bench, (says Bentham) stole business from Common Pleas: Common Pleas stole it back from King's Bench. Avowed falsehood the common instrument. B. R. let off one lie: C. B. answered it by another: (exchequer, he might have added, another.) The battle is in all the books. Blacks. Comm: Sellon's Crompton: North's Life of Ld. Keeper Guilford. To the present day, these fraudulent falsehoods are at the very basis of the practice.

Sham bail, and pledges to prosecute John Doe and Richard Roe. Falsehoods. The teste in common writs; a falsehood. So is the day of issuing the writ. "You are hereby required personally to be and appear before us on such a day at our court, at &c." The man summoned appears, and stays during every day of the court's session. Judgment goes against him by default for non-appearance. Why so? Because personal appearance does not mean personal appearance. It means that you shall employ an attorney to write a few words in the docket for you; your personal appearance so far from being required, is never noticed even if you are in court from morn till night.

The returns save the last in cases of *latitat:* falsehoods.

The *latitat* assertion never founded on ascertained fact, but assumed.

Fi. fa. frequently, knowingly, falsely returned *nulla bona.*

The nihils in case of *sci. fa.* against bail, falsehoods of regular practice.

The *non est inventus* return of the writ in that process; a regular falsehood.

The common *capias* of C. B. in England, a falsehood.

Declaration filed *de bene esse:* founded on falsehood.

Writ of *nisi prius*, a falsehood.

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Record sent under close seal from the superior court to the *nisi prius* court, a swindling deception to enhance fees, as it is always made up, not by the clerk in court under the inspection of the judges, but by plaintiff's attorney.

Writ of trover, a falsehood. Declaration in trover, the same.

Suggestion of bailiff and receiver in account render, generally a fiction.

Declaration of eight courts in *assumpsit*, seven falsehoods.

Declaration in *quare clausum fregit*, laying the quantum of damage, alleged at *libitum*, a falsehood of indefinite exaggeration.

Action *per quod consortium amisit*, often a falsehood, always a mere form.

Action *per quod servitium amisit*, a falsehood.

Common ejectment, a congeries of the queerest and most laughable falsehoods.

Common recoveries and fines the same. To get rid of the statute *de donis* and cheat the legislature,

"The judges formed a plan for making business by enabling the proprietors of entailed estates to cheat their heirs. The King, as it is said, through policy, or perhaps through negligence, gave them their own way. A sham action was brought against the proprietor: the proprietor by direction of the judges, named a creature of theirs, the crier of the court, a man worth nothing, as the man of whom he had bought the land, and who stood bound to prove the title to it a good one, or on failure to give him another estate of equal value. The father lost the land; that is, obtained the power of doing with it what he pleased: but no injury was done to the children, because the father, and through him, they, his children, got the crier's land instead of it. This, the judges, receiving their fees, never failed to testify: it is entered upon the record. A record is the very tabernacle of truth: there is no such thing as averring against a record: let it say what it will, no man is permitted to dispute the truth of it or any part of it.

"Sham equivalent, as above to heirs: sham security to defendants: sham security to plaintiffs: sham notices to both, especially to defendants: sham pretences to one another for cheating one another of business. To give a list and explanation of all these shams, with the consequences drawn from them, would be to heap volume upon volume.—*Benth.* vol. iv. p. 300.

All this is detailed historically by Blackstone, as quite regular and right. Here then, the reverend judges enter into a combination to cheat the legislature; to supersede an act of Parliament; to cheat the heirs of the party praying their aid in this holy design; to cheat his creditors; and derange the policy of the government—why? to obtain for themselves and

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the profession down to the common crier, business, too complicated and mysterious to be understood out of the profession; too abominable to be suspected by the public; too lucrative not to be cherished; founded on a series of strange and out of the way falsehoods, to which the tales of Munchausen are gospels.

The process of conveyance by way of fine, *hæc est finalis concordia*, is a fictitious and fraudulent invention of the same kind for the same purposes.

Luckily in this country, the abolition of primogeniture has, in most States, rendered acts of assembly necessary to bar entails: and these have mowed down as with a scythe all these swindling contrivances of the English bench. In Carolina, indeed, conditional fees are yet recognized at common law.

Writs of error, are not always, but generally false pretences to gain time, sold by the judges who know them to be so, and, who, for the sake of the fees and the business attendant on them, connive at and openly sell these fraudulent writs. For instance: The number of causes delayed by appeals on writs of error in two courts, viz. to the King's Bench from the Common Pleas, and from the King's Bench to the Exchequer Chamber, in three years ending in 1797, were 1809. Of these, 550 were brought to the King's Bench, and seven of them argued. To the Exchequer Chamber, 1259, of which twelve were argued. Of course 1790 writs out of 1809, were brought for the mere purpose of delay, without any further proceedings on them. The profit to the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, on the allowance of these writs of error in his court, £1434. The average delay gained by the debtor in fraud of the creditor about twelve months. The Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and the Barons of the Exchequer Chamber, being the contrivers of and the connivers at this base scheme of swindling the debtor out of his money, and delaying the creditor of his just demand.

In the same class of falsehoods, connived at, may be reckoned all dilatory pleas. So, also, all dilatory returns to executions.

The process of outlawry abounds with fiction and absurdity.*

* At the late governor M'Kean's table, we heard his son-in-law, the Marquis D'Yrujo relate this story.

"About the time when the excitement in London occasioned by John Wilkes and the Middlesex election took place, that gentleman having left the kingdom, a writ of outlawry was issued and pursued to the extent of outlawry. His friends thought it best that he should return and endeavour to get the proceedings reversed. He did so. The question of the validity of the proceedings came on in the Court of King's Bench, on a day appointed, and Mr. Serjeant Glynn argued the case as counsel for Mr. Wilkes, who sat by his side. The bench was crowded with nobility, and distinguished foreigners, among whom was our ambassador from the court of Spain, who, on his return to his house wrote to the Spanish Government an account of this transaction. "I was in court (says he): I sat near Lord Mansfield, the chief judge of the kingdom: the whole Court was crowded by characters of

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It is useless to extend this list: any lawyer can do it for himself. Clients may well view it with dismay: but old members of the profession cling to it as to pearls above all price. The wonder and contempt with which they regard the ignorant men called radicals and reformers—their horror at the modern insane proposals of codification—are all very natural and may be forgiven. They shew, however, that the people need not look to the profession to reform itself: whatever lawyers do, they will do it with such caution and deliberation, that a century will elapse before the effect be apparent: their motto is "festina lentè." To the people must the people look for effectual reform: whenever it shall be attempted, we may afford in this country to proceed with far more moderation than in England. But neither here nor there, ought reform to stop at the cheeseparings and the candle ends.

We omit the barefaced recommendations of the bench to the jury, to commit wilful and deliberate perjury in cases of larceny, to favour criminals, and to supersede and vacate the law of the land instead of recommending its alteration. We omit their offensive and disgraceful quibbles to save notorious and dangerous offenders: we omit the continual perjuries necessary to produce unanimity in the jury box: we refer to Humphreys, to Watkins, and to Parkes for the fruitful topics of frauds, delays, vexations and expenses in Chancery suits and conveyancing, hardly more than just noticed by Bentham; for of legal abuses in that country one may almost literally say, there is no end. Want of space also, compels us to leave untouched many other prolific sources of judicial misconduct; the deciding on the mistakes of technical procedure committed, not by the innocent parties, but by their attornies, the officers of the court, instead of deciding on the merits—the confusion and confliction of courts and jurisdictions—the chicaneries about notice—the jargon of special pleading—the total absence of intelligible simplicity throughout the system—the general mystery and obscurity of the language of the law for the common purpose of all mystery and obscurity, extortion upon the people—the habitual contempt shown to legislative law—the incessant changes made by the judges of laws and of principles by construction and exceptions, till the

rank and eminence. Mr. Wilkes was in court: he sat by his counsel opposite to Lord Mansfield. When Mr. Wilkes' counsel had finished his argument, Mr. Wilkes stood up with a design of addressing the judges. Lord Mansfield said to him, Mr. Wilkes, sit down: Mr. Wilkes, however, persisted, when the chief judge told him, Mr Wilkes, you ought to know better, Sir, you are not in court."

No wonder, said the Ambassador, in his despatches, that these people are heretics, and deny the holy mystery of the real presence, when the chief justice of England can say to a man standing before him, Sir, you are not here!

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law and the principle are overwhelmed in the confusion, as in the statute of frauds, the statute of limitations, &c.—their innumerable conflicting decisions, cases overruled, doubted, denied, explained, ignota per ignotiora, until all is resolved into the glorious uncertainty of the law. Every good and honest lawyer will read this with inward acknowledgement of its truth, with lamentation for the existence of these evils, and peradventure with doubts whether the secrets of the craft ought to be thus exposed. Reform must come: but whenever it comes it will defalcate chiefly from the practice and the gains of ignorance and pettifogging; it will leave real knowledge and talent in full permanency of fame and profit.

The parliamentary commission of inquiry into legal actions and proceedings, appointed the 16th day of May, 1829, (9th of Geo. 4.) made a first report 1829, full of good sense so far as it goes, and suggesting some useful alterations. But it is a puny effort; telum imbelle sine ictu. It is the blow of a child against the body of a giant.

Speaking of legal fictions.

"They (the commissioners) take this early opportunity of expressing their opinions upon the general subject of legal *fictions;* to which in the progress of their inquiries, their attention has been much directed. Considered in its origin, it may be thus accounted for. Our ancient institutions having been adapted to a rude and simple state of society, the courts in later times gradually became sensible of defects of jurisdiction, and other inconveniences, to which the altered circumstances of the nation naturally gave rise. In some cases the remedy was applied by legislative regulation; but where this was wanting the judges were *apt to resort to fiction as an expedient for effecting indirectly, that which they had no authority to establish as law.* But to whatever causes the invention or encouragement of legal fiction may be assignable, there is no doubt but they have an injurious effect in the administration of justice, because they tend to bring the law itself into suspicion with the public, as an unsound and delusive system: while an impression of the ridiculous is occasionally excited by them, which must in some measure tend to degrade the science in popular estimation."

All this is very truly, and very leniently said. But what respect are those men entitled to, whose poverty of invention, and habitual propensity to falsehood, render them apt *on every occasion to resort to fiction as an expedient?* "for effecting indirectly that which they had no authority to establish by law." In the name of all that is veracious in legal history, when did these judges ever scruple to assume an authority of establishing by law, even in defiance of the legislature? Are not four parts out of five of the whole mass of the law, bench-made law? Is not all Chancery law of this description? The language employed by

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the commissioners befits the relative situation of themselves and the judges; but we do not hold it to be for the interests of society, that a system of falsehood built up for purposes of fraud, should be treated with the most circumspect mildness of expression, because the delinquents are or have been men in high station, from whom better things might reasonably have been expected. To us it seems a most degrading state of public institutions, when a court of law can be deliberately converted by its presiding officers into a Lyceum of mendacity.

Indeed these figments are far worse than useless, because they serve, and, indeed, (we are sorry to say) appear intended to put fees into the pockets of judges or their protegeés, barristers, attornies, solicitors, clerks in court, prothonotaries, sheriffs, and law officers of all grades and descriptions; to take them out of the pockets of the suitors already harassed and worn down by expenses, delays and vexations, which make them often wish most unfeignedly for a summary proceeding and a Turkish Cadi, as far preferable in point of convenience, dispatch, and cheapness, to their present system. Fortunate, indeed, it is that these evils have given rise to courts of conscience in England: and courts of summary process here in South-Carolina; doors that open to a natural system.

In these United States, where our system is every where far preferable to the British, much yet remains to be reformed. The more our judges keep at a distance from the British code, and the British practice, in our opinion the better. We do not profess to know much of the detail of foreign codes. The Tuscan, the Belgic, the French, are pretty well understood among jurists. We strongly suspect the British is by very many degrees the worst in Europe. No man can read the preliminary debate (in 6 vols.) to the French code Napoleon, or the code itself, or the works of Pothier, without being wiser in the science of law. An English lawyer, does not study law as a branch of national ethics: it is an artificial technical system, to be taught and learnt as a trade, as a shoe-maker learns to make shoes: it has no tendency to enlarge the mind: hence of parliamentary debaters in England, the lawyers hold and ever have held but an inferior rank; and Mr. Brougham is an acknowledged exception. If they are better in our own country, it is because every lawyer here is, *par metier*, also a politician, but he is not the better politician for being a lawyer: he is apt to look at great questions through a microscope.

In the United States, the judges, lawyers, prothonotaries, recorders, clerks of court, marshals, sheriffs, coroners, magistrates, constables, and juries forming the army of the law, do

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not amount to less than six thousand, and the expense of the system to not less than six millions of dollars annually, actually paid to these officers in one form or other, and another million is expended in loss of time and expenses to witnesses. The simplification of the law itself—the simplification of its forms of procedure, the saving of salaries, of fees, of time, might in our opinion amount to three millions of dollars annually. A saving, which added to the far more important saving of vexation of every kind suffered by a suitor, is an object not to be set at naught.

o. *Of the certainty of the English law.*

A division of the subject that will of course embrace the American law; for the servility of our adherence to the British precedents, is a feature among our judges and lawyers too well known to be controverted.

Sir Walter Scott, in his Life of Napoleon, speaking of the code of Napoleon, with "that humble prostration of the intellect" so well becoming a courtly writer, with that convenient time-serving deference to the superior wisdom of men in high station, and that profound ignorance of his subject which enables him coolly to state opinions, which his better informed readers cast their eyes on with astonishment—has entered into a laboured panegyric of the British system of law compared with the French code, from p. 54–60. We do not copy the passages. They will be found with most of the authorities we are about to cite in No. 3 of Parkes Jurist, p. 405. Little, indeed, can that man know of the subject in question, who, like Sir Walter Scott, considers English law and jurisprudence as synonimous, who deems a reported decision binding upon future judges *pari casu et in pari delictu*, and thinks it "stamps certainty upon legal principles, and stifles law suits in their birth." "The English law on the other hand (says Sir Walter,) is guarded as appears from Roper's Index, by no less than a thousand decided cases or precedents, each of which affords ground to rule any other case in similar circumstances. In this view, the certainty of the law of England, compared to that of France *bears the proportion of ten to one.*—pp. 58–69. Eng. edit.

Roper's thousand cases of precedents! Why, Greenleaf's collection of cases overruled, doubted or limited, amounted to very near a thousand nine years ago! So little did Sir Walter Scott know about the matter. But all the virtues under heaven may safely be taken for granted, when the object is convenient panegyric. All the lawyers in England profess the same opinion with Sir Walter, and, for centuries past, have persuaded the people of the same thing. What a lazy, creeping, terrapin-footed creature is truth! In the like time-serving, "*booing*,"

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praise-bestowing spirit of disgusting flattery, utterly regardless of historical fact, has a late writer in Pennsylvania, on constitutional law, declared that *party spirit* NEVER *contaminates the judicial bench!* The grave Judges hung down their heads, and glanced at each other in silent confusion, on reading this outrageous specimen of satirical praise! while the gentlemen of the bar actually blushed at the unexpected, unexampled hardihood of assertion of their meek and modest brother!

Two hundred years ago, Lord Bacon declared that the laws were subject to great uncertainties, varieties of opinion, delays and evasions: that the multiplicity and length of suits is increased: that contentious persons are armed, and the honest subject wearied and oppressed: that the Judge is more absolute, who, in doubtful cases, hath a greater stroke and liberty: that the chancery court is more filled, the remedy of law being often obscured and doubtful: that doubts are so frequent and so many, that the ignorant lawyer can shroud his ignorance: that mens' assurances of their lands and estates by patents, deeds and wills, are often subject to question, and hollow.

If such was the case two hundred years ago, has any alteration for the better, taken place since that time?

"The author," says Mr. Watkins, in his late treatise on *Copyholds*, "has been brief: and where the subject permitted him, he has endeavoured to extract consistency. This he found, however, not always even to be hoped for. He found reporter against reporter, and case against case. He found consequences continue when their causes had ceased. He found conclusions which justly followed from premises which once existed, applied to instances in which those premises could not exist. He found arbitrary assertion adopted by servility, cherished by prejudice, and at length matured into doctrines whose law could not be questioned, but whose absurdity was too apparent to be denied. It must not, therefore, be wondered at, if, when so situated, he has left the law in all its *glorious uncertainty*. To such uncertainty must it always be subject, while we consider common sense as subservient to precedent, and suffer the blunders of one age to be the criterion of right in another."

If this be true of the small, and purely technical branch of the law relating to copyholds—a division taken at random—how manifestly does Sir Walter betray his profound ignorance in thus panegyrizing the law *en masse?* But let us proceed with the aid of Mr. Parke. We vouch to warranty this gentleman to show that our author, Mr. Bentham, is not singular. Indeed, writers of this description may now say, our name is Legion, for we are many.

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"The cases are so contradictory," says Mr. Serjeant Peake, (Law of Evid. p. 146) "that it is impossible to reconcile them."

"I have arranged all the cases, says Lord Mansfield, (Pugh *vs.* D. of Leeds, Cowp. 718) that have been determined in Westminster Hall, in order of time; and when I come to state them, you will be surprised to see how little they stand in the way as binding authorities against justice, reason and common sense. All they show is, the *great uncertainty of the meaning*, and the impossibility of putting an absolute sense to hold good in all cases: they are themselves so many *contradictions backwards and forwards*." After marshalling the conflicting cases, he says, "thus stood all the authorities down to the year 1743, a period of two hundred years; not much to the honour of Westminster Hall, to embarrass a point which *a plain man of common sense and understanding would have had no difficulty in construing*." (Pugh *vs.* D. of Leeds, Cowp. 718.) Yet does Mr. Powel, in his treatise on Powers, controvert this very decision of Lord Mansfield, through a hundred pages. It turned on the meaning to be given to the word "from."

"*There is so great contradiction in decisions* respecting the boundaries of evidence," says Mr. Justice Ashurst, in Bent *vs.* Baker, 3 T. R. 34.

"It seems to me," says Lord Eyre, in Barnes *vs.* Crowe, 1 Vez. jun. 495, that these two cases are in direct opposition to each other.

"These two decisions are in direct opposition to each other in principle," says Lord Ellenborough, Keen *vs.* Dormay, 15 East, 168. Again, the same Judge, in Leicester *vs.* Lockwood, 1 M. & S. 533, speaking of the Annuity Act, says, "We have not to struggle with the Act of Parliament, *but with decisions.* They are so many and so potent, that I feel it my duty to look into them, *in order to guide myself through the quicksands which they have opposed to the attainment of justice.*" On another occasion he remarks, (Ranger *vs.* E. of Chesterfield, 5 M. & S. 5,) "so much ingenuity has been expended upon the construction of the act, that *doubts have been raised where otherwise they could not have arisen.*" (For "quicksands," read "bulwarks," *meo periculo*, says Sir W. Scott.)

"But, surely, (continues the Jurist,) it cannot be necessary to multiply authorities: (we say so too; if they be necessary, take up Greenleaf, and proceed, case by case, through his eighty-eight pages of about ten cases to the page, all bearing upon the point now before us.) How could it fall out otherwise? How is it possible that decisions should be uniform and consistent, when

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the very persons who pronounce them, are not agreed as to the nature and sources of the *Common Law*, upon which the greater part of the decisions profess to be founded? One declares the principles of private justice, moral fitness, and public convenience make *Common Law* without a precedent; another, that it is drawn from natural and moral philosophy, from the civil and canon law, from logic, from the use of custom and conversation among men, collected out of the general disposition, nature and condition of human kind: a third says, that immemorial usage alone constitutes it; a fourth, that it is what is agreeable to the principles of right and wrong, the fitness of things, convenience and policy." Millar *vs.* Taylor, 4 Burr. Rep. 2303, by the four judges, Willis, Aston, Yates, and Lord Mansfield. A fifth declares it is what is to be found in the opinions of lawyers, delivered as axioms, or to be collected from universal and immemorial usage; per Lord Kenyon, in Ball *vs.* Herbert, 3 T. R. 261. Blundell *vs.* Catterall, 5 B. and Ald. 268. A sixth says, that common error is its source; *communis error facit jus;* Holt, C. J. India Co. *vs.* Skinner. Comberbach, 342. Did not Lord Mansfield say, in derision of ancient common law decisions, "we do not sit here to take our law from Siderfin and Kebler?" Did he not also proscribe every case in Bernardiston? 2 Burr. Rep. 1142, note. We pray now, Mr. Jurist, do permit us to add another source of the common law; it is throughout bench-made, bench-enacted law. *Quod judicibus placuit, legis habeat vigorem;* and to this assigned source of that camelion, the common-law, we challenge denial.

"The practiques or adjudged cases, (says Sir Walter Scott, pp. 59, 60) in fact, form a breakwater, as it were, to protect the more formal bulwark of the statute law; and although they cannot be regularly jointed or dove-tailed together, (does he mean codified?) each independent decision fills its space in the mound, and offers a degree of resistance to innovation, and protection to the law, in proportion to its own weight and importance." What a pity it is, that this elegant collection of jointed and dove-tailed metaphors, should be so profound as to be unintelligible! How happy would Martinus Scriblerus have been to have dove-tailed this passage into his treatise περι βαθους! These *bulwarks* of Sir Walter, Lord Ellenborough, as we have seen, terms *quicksands.*

"But we regard (says Sir Walter) the multitude of precedents in English law, as eminently favourable, not only to the certainty of the law, but to the liberty of the subject; and especially as a check upon any judge who might be disposed to

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innovate." See the rest of the passage to the same purpose, pp. 60–62. So then, all past judges are learned and wise; and checks upon the unlearned, unwise, and unconscientious judges of modern days! This may be true; but every sound lawyer, by the courtesy of the profession, takes for granted that all living judges are learned, wise, and upright, although he knows full well, with melancholy certainty, that this cannot truly be said of any given batch of past judges.

We shall borrow no more from this number (3) of the Jurist, but refer to it (p. 415) for instances of the contemptuous disregard shown to acts of the legislature, as well as to former decisions of their predecessors, by judges on the bench. To the list there given, we add all the changes made in the statute *de donis*, the statute of frauds, the statute of limitations, the annuity act, *cum multis aliis*. Let any lawyer examine the history of the rule in Shelley's case, the rule in Twines' case, the rule in Walton and Shelley, the infinite contrariety of decisions on the construction of wills, the admission of parol testimony in cases of written evidence, the history of the doctrine of notice, &c. &c. and he will be compelled to acknowledge, that decisions, *a parte ante*, are as chaff before the wind, whenever it suits a judge to get rid of them. Sir Thomas More is said to have puzzled a continental disputant ready to take up any thesis, *de omni scibile et de quolibet ente*, by the question, *an averia carucæ capta in witherno sint irreplegiabilia?* We too have a strong inclination to offer a puzzle-peg to Sir Walter Scott, who seems desirous, like the German logician, of passing himself off for a man of all kind of knowledge, and to know far more of the law than any good lawyer will dare to adopt on his authority; it is this—whence comes the toast never omitted at a circuit feast, *the glorious uncertainty of the law?*

We do not put much faith in prophecy, but we would venture a small wager, that the next edition of Greenleaf's book, including all the English and all the American cases doubted, denied, limited or explained away, will comprehend not fewer than twelve hundred.

We will close this part of the subject, by an extract from the "Times" newspaper of July 25, 1827. Lord Eldon, in defence of his proverbial habits of procrastination, was fond of recording such instances as the following:—

"The late Lord Thurlow, he used to say, once sent a question for the opinion of the Court of King's Bench, to which Lord Kenyon, then Lord Chief Justice, returned an answer so little satisfactory to the Chancellor, that he sent it back with a request that it might be reconsidered. Lord Kenyon was somewhat surprised at such a proceeding, but he did re-

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consider the subject; and the result was, he did give an opinion directly opposite to the first. I, myself, (Lord Eldon would add) at another time requested the Court of King's Bench to certify me their opinion as to the estate which a person took in some lands. The Court was unanimously of opinion that he took an estate in fee-simple. I was not satisfied with that opinion, and sent the case to the Common Pleas, the Judges of which Court were unanimously of opinion that he took no estate at all in the lands in question. Now, I was impertinent enough to think they were all wrong. I made an order at variance with the opinions of both courts, and my decision satisfied all the parties concerned."

Lloyd *vs.* Johnes, 9 Vez. 37. Lord Redesdale's book, says Lord Eldon, is a wonderful effort to collect what is to be deduced from authorities speaking so little what is clear, that the surprise is not from the difficulty of understanding all he has said, but that so much can be understood.

We extract the following from the "New-York Evening Post," of March 30, 1830:

Glorious uncertainty of the Law.—A writer in the 'National Intelligencer,' has had the curiosity to examine the Reports of the Supreme Court of the United States, for the purpose of ascertaing what proportion of causes have been affirmed and what reversed. He has stated, in a tabular form, the results of his examination of the Reports of Dallas, Cranch, Wheaton, and the first and second volume of Peters; and from his statement, it appears, that the whole number of cases in which the Supreme Court has either affirmed or reversed the judgments of the Courts below, including the cases of 1829, is 754. Of these, 425 have been affirmed, and the rest, 329, reversed. This gives an average of affirmances equal to 56⅛ per cent. The two states, the decision of whose courts seem to have fared the best, are New-Jersey and Maryland, from each of which, four cases were carried up, and all affirmed. On the other hand, Indiana and Missouri carried up but two, and they were both reversed. Of thirty-two from Rhode-Island, sixteen were affirmed, and as many reversed; and of forty-five from Georgia, twenty-five decisions, or 55 5-9ths per ct. were reversed. These things go far to show how great is what is termed 'the glorious uncertainty of the law;' and when to this, the 'law's delay,' and the enormous expenses of litigation are added, it would really seem as if one might better decide a contested question by the turn of a copper, and learn the issue at once, than trust it to the tedious and uncertain ordeal of a trial before a court of law. There is one thing, however, to be taken into the account, which we should not omit to mention. The cases which are reversed or affirmed by the Supreme Court, are but a few of those on which judgments are pronounced by the Courts below; and as the parties, in a great majority of instances, concur in the decisions, it is to be presumed, that they are such as admit no hinge or loop to hang a doubt on. Though the expense and vexation attending appeals, may prevent litigation, and no doubt frequently does so."

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Of Chancery.—4 Benth. 324 et seq. Suits in Equity are in England commenced under one or other, generally, of two pretences: both of them in nine cases out of ten, notorious falsehoods.

And forasmuch as your orator is wholly without remedy at common law in respect to the premises, &c.

And forasmuch as your orator is unable to account with the receivers of our lord, the now king, by reason of the nonpayments and nonperformance aforesaid, &c.

After the king's courts of common law had been for some centuries in operation, the suitors began to find out that common law was one thing, and common justice a very different thing. The obstinacy of the common law judges refused to remedy this crying evil. Hence, gradually the Chancellor undertook the cognizance of causes, where in the courts of law, the suitors sowed money, and reaped nothing but feudal fictions, and Norman quibbles. By degrees the Court of Chancery proceeding on the same motives with the Courts of Law, namely, to institute modes of practice and procedure, having for their prime object extortion, vexation and delay, has become a far greater nuisance than any court of law whatever. No man who knows the history of Lord Eldon's administration as Chancellor, will venture to deny this.

Lord Thurlow alone, a very inefficient lawyer, and a most unprincipled politician, received from 1811 to 1826, as patentee of the bankrupt office, (one small department of chancery jurisdiction) £114,656 11*s.* 1½*d.* to his own share out of £164,066 12*s.* 11*d.* sterling received at that office during that period: bebesides £434 70*s.* 19*d.* and £23,298 on other pretences in that department, which we cannot explain.—*See* 2 *Jurist, p.* 320.

At this moment the property locked up in chancery belonging to suitors, may fairly be reckoned at forty millions of pounds sterling, or 170,600,000 dollars! According to Mr. Cooper's late account of the practice of the Court of Chancery (1828) a common suit by legatees or creditors cannot be terminated in less than five years, even supposing its duration be not prolonged by exceptions to the master's report, or appeals from interlocutory and final orders. But as generally happens, if these litigations take place, for five years, you may read fifteen or five and twenty. "Why Mr. Dramatist (says a reader of a manuscript tragedy) your hero and heroine are in such profound distress in the fourth act, that you have left no misery to inflict in the fifth." Pardon me, said the play writer, I will "throw them into Chancery."

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What is Chancery? a court where the complainant and defendant commence their litigation by bill and answer. For where the line of distinction between Chancery and Common Law is to be drawn who can tell?

The Chancellor claims, 1st, common law jurisdiction. 2nd, Equity jurisdiction. 3rd, Statutory jurisdiction. 4th, Especially delegated jurisdiction.

1st. Common Law Jurisdiction. For this, see Maddock's Treatise on the principles and practice of the High Court of Chancery, vol. i. ch. 1.

2nd. Equity Jurisdiction. Accident: account: fraud: infant: specific performance: trusts. In the three first of these, the Common Law courts claim jurisdiction also.

3rd. Statutory Jurisdiction. Bankruptcies: tythes: trusts, include public charities and corporations. Jews: infant trustees and mortgages. See several others enumerated in Parkes history of the Court of Chancery, 424.

4th. Specially Delegated Jurisdiction. Idiots and lunatics. Censor morum. Licenser of the press. (See the very acme of judicial folly in Lord Eldon's decision in the case of Lawrence's Lectures. Lawrence *v.* Smith, March 1822.)

The *Wellesley case*, and that of Blythe Shelley, establish the Chancellor's jurisdiction as censor morum, the arguments and sarcasms of the bar notwithstanding. As a sample of expense, Lord Wellesley before the termination of the cause relating to the abstraction of his children, had paid £5,500. To be sure this is nothing: the present Mr. Watt informed us that previous to the last decision of Watt *v.* Hornblower, and Hornblower *v.* Watt, for infringement of Mr. Watt's patent right in his steam engine, he had paid in fees and law expenses £11,000 sterling. The law is open to the rich and the poor said the judges: "so is the London Tavern, said Horne Tooke: but you must have gold in your pocket before you can venture in."

We have seen something of the glorious uncertainty of the law. How stands the Court of Chancery as to this point.

From 1 *Blackstone Comm, Intro.* § 2. & 3.

Equity thus depending essentially upon the particular circumstances of each individual case, there can be no established rules and fixed principles of Equity laid down, without destroying its very essence, and reducing it to positive law.

What equity is, and how impossible in its very essence to be reduced to stated rules hath been shown in the preceding section.

From 3 *Blackstone, Comm. ch.* 27.

Once more, it hath been said that a Court of Equity is not bound by rules and precedents, but acts from the opinion of the judge, founded on the circumstances of every particular case. Whereas the system of our Courts of Equity is a laboured connected system governed by established rules, and bound down by precedents, from which they do not depart, although the reason of some of them may perhaps be liable to objection.

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So far Blackstone. But what say other sages of Chancery law?

Per Lord Keeper Bridgeman. Parkes, 459. Certainly precedents are very necessary and useful to us, for in them we may find the reason of the equity to guide us: and besides, the authority of those that made them is much to be regarded: we should suppose they did it on great consideration and weighing of the matter: and it would be very strange and very ill if we should disturb and set aside what hath been the course for a long series of time and ages.

By Lord Chief Justice Vaughan.—Argument on the case in Chancery Term Pasch. 22. ch. 2. Parkes 459.

I wonder to hear of citing of precedents in matters of Equity: for if there be equity in a case, that equity is an universal truth, and there can be no Precedent in it: so that in any precedent that can be produced, if it be the same with this case, the reason and equity is the same in itself; and if the precedent be not the same case with this, it is not to be cited, as being nothing to the purpose.

In Bochm and De Tastet, 1 Vez. and Beames, 326, Lord Eldon admits that even the orders of the court may be nullified and reversed by long continued dissonant practice.

For the gross and manifold abuses that the Equity practice allows suitors to put in force against each other, (See Mr Vizard's letter to W. Courtenay, Esq. London, 1824.)

This bungling intermixture of common law jurisdiction and equity jurisdiction, of Saxon law, and feudal law, and Roman law, and anomalous bench-made law, and statutory law is a system of ignorance and incongruity unknown elsewhere in Europe. It is in part gotten rid of in some among the United States, as in Massachusetts, in Pennsylvania, and far better than all, put together in the simple and natural code and practice of Louisiana; thanks to Edward Livingston.

Why should we have one set of courts for quibbles, and another for common sense? Why should we try cases by jury in one set of courts, and without jury in another? Why should we have *viva voce* testimony in one court, and affidavit testimony in another? Why when a suit is nearly terminated in a court of law, shall a party be permitted to renew it for half a dozen years more in a court of equity? Why shall better testimony (by examination and cross-examination) in a court of law, be overthrown by worse testimony in a court of equity? Why shall the evidence of the parties be excluded in a court of law, and admitted in a court of equity? And if admitted, why admitted under circumstances that nullify its value, and give every temptation, and every latitude to mendacity and perjury? without *viva voce* inquiry, without cross-examination, or confrontation, and with leisure to suit the evidence to the interest of the party it is intended to serve.

If lawyers find reason to be enamoured of that incredible mass of contradiction and of barbarism called English law, and of a judiciary establishment, consisting, "of equity judges,

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common law judges, civil law judges, ecclesiastical judges, criminal judges, judges with juries, judges without juries, grand jurymen, common jurymen, special jurymen, sheriffs and sheriff's jurymen, coroners and their jurymen, justices of the peace for criminal matters, justices of the peace for civil matters, the peers in parliament who are a court of appeals, the court of exchequer a court of appeals, the court of the king's bench a court of appeal, courts of bankruptcy before commissioners, courts for insolvent debtors, courts of conscience, courts of requests, courts leet, courts baron, county courts," (No. 4, Jurist 36)—if lawyers are in love with this complication of remedies, almost all of them diseases of an intolerable character, there is no good reason why the public should be in love with it, even in England. In these United States, much has been remedied, curtailed and improved; much, very much remains to be so, existing at present a curse upon the community. But does it not work well, said a lawyer to us, with whom we were arguing the point—Yes; well enough for the profession, ill enough for the people.

Judge (Chancellor) Kent of New-York, a very good lawyer of the old school, says somewhere, that it will require the labour of a long life to qualify a man to become a common law judge: and the labour of a long life to qualify a man to become an equity judge. This, however, can be gotten over, on Cicero's definition of persona—*Ego unus gero tres personas.* So the barons of the Exchequer, are animals *bipartiti;* one half of each of them is an equity judge, the other half a common law judge. So in our Federal Courts, Judge Marshall, Judge Story, and their brethren, are of the same description: common law judges one morning, equity judges the next. Heaven knows how they contrive as to Chancellor Kent's objection. They become suddenly, we suppose, and intuitively, ex-officio vested with a long life's worth of knowledge, which they never spent an hour in acquiring before. There are some questions, however, relating neither to common law nor to equity, which they would fain get hold of if the people were idiots enough to permit them. But the sovereign people of each State, must reserve their own sovereignty to themselves, undegraded by this all-grasping tribunal.

Speculations on Reform.—Hints only, suggestions, and those very brief are alone in our power. But they are not suggestions hit off at random and on the spur of the occasion: they are the result with us of much observation, much conversation, and much reflection.

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The hateful word codification has been employed. It is a word taken from the civil law, expressing that what has been done with that law, may with like reason be done with our law. The French have adopted it: the code Napoleon, so much calumniated by the bigots of the profession, is considered in France as a blessing to the nation, and is the basis of the modern codes of the most enlightened portion of Europe. We say without hesitation, that the sneers and sarcasms with which it has been treated, the assertions and prophecies of its useless ness, are the offspring of gross and impudent ignorance, silenced in England, by more accurate information of Continental facts; and uttered here in hopes of finding abettors more ignorant than those who abuse that code: a discovery not easy to be made.

We have already the excellent digest of Comyns; we have already, half a hundred treatises on separate branches of the law, of which the pith and marrow might be comprized in one tenth of the compass, because the illustrative cases need not be copied. Why might not a committee divide the whole law into separate heads and branches, and collect under each the actual decisions of the courts, and no more? beginning with statute law. When this is done, why not enact this collection by legislative authority? Why is one law to consist chiefly of judge-made law—alterable according to the talents or the want of talents, the knowledge or the ignorance of a presiding judge? Oh! but doubts and decisions and cases upon cases will still arise in never ending profusion as heretofore. Will they? appoint then a decennial committee of revision, and you cure the evil. Let that committee suggest what alterations appear to them desirable.

But the great reform is that adopted in Louisiana. Substitute a national system in lieu of a technical system. Let the one sole bearing of the system be the search after the real merits of the question. Extend, therefore, the principle of the imperfect statutes of Jeofail, till nullification for a technical mistake shall be heard of no more.

Let the first process in every suit, be a distinct and accurate statement of the plaintiff's claim filed in the office as a ground for a summons, and a copy served on the defendant, requiring him in his own proper person to meet the plaintiff in court on a given day. Let each be heard and examined before the judge on his oath, and their respective admissions and denials put down in writing. Let the judge say, when they shall again appear to have their cause tried; before a jury if facts be denied, before himself if law be in question. Let the expense of

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proving a point denied, fall upon that party who is in the wrong. Let all costs be *real* costs, not *taxed* costs: this of itself would wring the truth out of the parties; and would be no more than justice. Let the parties, themselves, the very best of all witnesses, because they know most of the transaction, and all other witnesses who can throw light on the case, be admitted, under the observations of counsel and the charge of the judge as to the probable effect of bias. Let them be examined and cross-examined on oath.

I have said on oath. I recant. Punish mendacity committed in court, as you now punish perjury: not perjury. The crime against society, is not the offence against the Deity: who without our impious intermeddling, will punish or not punish as to his infinite justice and mercy may seem fit. The evil is, injustice from misdecision: the crime is, mendacity in open court, producing or meant to produce, misdecision and injustice. This is the only offence against society; let society punish it *eo nomine*, and leave perjury to the cognizance of that tribunal with which society has no right to interfere.

Abolish your Court of Chancery: give chancery powers to common law courts, and make a court of law what it ought to be, a court of justice. Why may not a court of law direct a bill of discovery, a bill to perpetuate testimony, specific performance of contracts, writs of estrepement of waste, ne exeats, and process to call parties into court, where, under the *viva voce* system we now propose, as many minutes would suffice in most instances to settle the justice of the case, as it now takes months or years.

Let your *civil* causes be the exclusive business of one description of courts: your *criminal* causes of another: extend the principle of arbitration, and the powers of arbitrators, and enable this mode of trial (as by the act of William and Mary) to take place under rule of court in all cases where the parties are agreed to arbitrate. Let two decisions by jury out of three, be a final settlement of the cause. If civil causes should occasion too great a press of business, questions relating to marriage-contract and marriage-rights, wills, minors and orphans, executors, administrators and guardians, idiots and lunatics, insolvents, and other straggling portions of chancery powers might make a third set of courts. Let your judges sit, *de die in diem*, during nine months of the year, and make every writ returnable at as short an interval as convenience will permit, a week for instance: for under a preliminary *viva voce* examination of the parties, the time for trial might be fixed by the judge as the circumstances of the case required.

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Under a reformed system, it might be worth while to inquire, whether a fewer number than twelve might not constitute a jury. We are aware of the cogent arguments from their being twelve signs of the zodiac, twelve months in the year, twelve apostles, &c. but we doubt whether these ought to be considered as conclusive. Nor is it quite certain that the jury ought to be driven to tossing up, calculating averages, and such other devices to get over the objection of unanimity, so often the parent of perjury. Nor are we satisfied of the indispensable necessity of a grand jury. The system of law is at best sufficiently onerous to the community, without increasing the burthen unnecessarily by this very imperfect, and as it seems to us, useless tribunal.

Oh! but all this is the wild dream of a reformer! Is it so? Have you been in a court in Louisiana lately? If not, keep your assertion to yourself, till you have seen how much of all this can be beneficially accomplished, how easily, and to the people how satisfactorily.

ART. VI.—*The Life of the Right Rev. Jeremy Taylor, D. D. Lord Bishop of Down, Connor and Dromore; with a critical examination of his Writings.* By the Right Rev. REGINALD HEBER, D. D. Late Lord Bishop of Calcutta. Third edition. London. 1828.

WHEN we say of Jeremy Taylor that he was born in a barber's shop, that he was the fellow of two Universities, and the husband of two wives, that he suffered poverty and a prison during the usurpation of Cromwell, and enjoyed Ireland and a bishopric after the Restoration, that he lived a life of shining virtue, and died a death of triumphant glory, we shall have transferred to our readers almost all the authentic information that has come down to us of this most rare and excellent divine. These mere outlines of a life, so varied, so troubled, yet so felicitous as his, are all his biographers can offer, and the imagination

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is left to picture a character correspondent to the beauty, the wisdom, and the holiness of his writings.

This scantiness of materials for Bishop Taylor's biography, is to be attributed partly to the times in which he lived, partly to the situation in which he was placed during the most prosperous and distinguished period of his life, "which was, in itself," to use the words of Bishop Heber, "a banishment from the society of public men and the theatre of national politics," but above all, to the untimely fate of one of his descendants, Mr. William Todd Jones, of Homra, with whom perished the valuable information he had for years been collecting and arranging, to illustrate the life of his great progenitor. Some few extracts from the documents in the possession of Mr. Jones, the marriage-settlement of Taylor's youngest daughter, some family traditions, and fourteen letters never before printed, are but trifling additions to our former knowledge, and yet they contain every thing of novelty which Bishop Heber could eke out of all the probable sources of information, after a patient and searching investigation both in England and Ireland.

Jeremy Taylor was the third son of Nathaniel and Mary Taylor. His father united surgery and pharmacy with the business of a barber, the cutting of limbs with the cutting of hair; and a shop in Trinity parish, Cambridge, cradled in poverty and obscurity, this holy child of religion. His family were of Gloucestershire, and originally of consequence, but misfortune had obscured the lustre of their lineage, and Jeremy entered the world with as few ancestral obligations as ever burdened the conscience of the veriest plebeian. But there was one in the line of his forefathers, whom, doubtless, Taylor loved and venerated—one, who like himself, had taken up his Master's cross—one, who, even more favoured than himself, had been chosen out to bear that cross in triumph through the horrors of a fiery martyrdom. To all who have read Fox, his beautiful account of the life and death of Rowland Taylor must be familiar; to those who have not, we will say, with Bishop Heber, "My readers will have cause to thank me, if it induces them to refer to a history which few men have ever read, without its making them 'sadder and better.'"

Of the boyhood and early education of Taylor, nothing is known. It is said, that at three years of age, he was sent to a grammar-school in Cambridge, kept by one Lovering; but even this is matter of dispute, for he writes to the head of Caius, that he was "*solely* grounded in grammar and mathematics by his father." Be this as it may, we hear no more of him until the age of thirteen, when he was entered at Caius College as a sizar

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or poor scholar, "an order of students who then were what the servitors still continue to be in some colleges in Oxford, and what the 'lay brethren' are in the convents of the Romish church." In this humble situation, performing menial duties, marked even by a servile dress, did this future ornament of the church, pass the probationary years which were to prepare him for eminence on earth and felicity in heaven. And if we are permitted to judge of a man's natural disposition by his writings, we should say that it was fortunate for literature and religion that Taylor was cast in the obscure office which he occupied, for had he been born to rank or wealth, the vivacity of his disposition, the brilliancy of his wit, and the quaintness of his humour, must have involved him in the fascinations of society, and would, probably, have transferred his talents from the pulpit to the table, from the house of God to the palace of the king, from the contemplation and illustration of holy things with Hooker, and Barrow and Milton, to satire, and ribaldry and profanity, with Buckingham, and Etherege, and Rochester.

It is doubtful whether Taylor received any emolument or honorary distinction from Cambridge. "Rust, his friend, asserts, that after taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1630-31, he was chosen fellow of Caius College." Bonney, however, could find no evidence of this fact in the archives of the College and the University.

About this time accident placed Taylor in a situation in which he displayed great learning, and where his peculiar eloquence attracted general notice and admiration, and gained him a patron "well qualified to appreciate and reward his talents."

"Shortly after his becoming Master of Arts in 1633, having been already admitted into holy orders, he was employed by one Risden, who had been, according to the academical habits of the time, his chamber-fellow, and who was now lecturer in St. Paul's Cathedral, to supply his place for a short time in that pulpit, where his graceful person and elocution, together with the varied richness of his style and argument, and, perhaps, the singularity of a theological lecturer of twenty years of age, very soon obtained him friends and admirers. He was spoken of in high terms to Laud, who had then recently left the see of London for that of Canterbury; and who, with all his faults of temper and judgment, (exaggerated as these faults have been beyond all bounds, by the bitterness of the party whom he first persecuted, and who afterwards hunted him to death,) must ever deserve the thanks of posterity as a liberal and judicious patron of that learning and piety, which he himself possessed in no ordinary degree. He sent for Taylor to preach before him at Lambeth, commended his performance highly, and only expressed an objection to the continuance of so young a preacher in London. Taylor, with youthful vivacity, 'humbly begged his Grace to

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pardon that fault,' and promised, that 'if he lived, he would amend it.' Laud, however, as Rust informs us, 'thought it for the advantage of the world that such mighty parts should be afforded better opportunities of study and improvement, than a course of constant preaching would allow of; and, to that purpose, he placed him in his own college of All Souls, in Oxford.'" p. 11.

Two years, however, elapsed, before Laud put his good resolutions with respect to Taylor into effect. During this time, he is said to have pursued his studies at Maidley Hall, near Tamworth. On the 20th October, 1635, he was "admitted to the same rank of Master of Arts in University College, as he had previously held at Cambridge." Three days after, the Archbishop put him in nomination for a vacant fellowship, and, despite some little doubt as to his eligibility, from his short standing in the University, the fellows very generally voted for his admission. "Sheldon, however, the Warden, (afterwards himself Archbishop of Canterbury, and a munificent benefactor to the University) less pliant or more scrupulous, refused to concur in the election. Under these circumstances, the fellows persisting in their choice, no election at all took place, but the nomination devolved, in due course, to the Archbishop, as visitor of the college, who thus acquired the right of appointing Taylor, by his sole authority, to the vacant situation, on the 14th of January, 1636."

During the four years that Taylor held this fellowship, he is said to have been by no means a regular resident. He was frequently called away by his duties as one of the Archbishop's chaplains; in addition to which, "on the 23d March, 1637–8, he was presented by Juxon, bishop of London, (probably through the interest of his steady friend, the archbishop) to the rectory of Uppingham, in Rutlandshire." It was at this time that his connexion with Laud, his intimacy with a learned Franciscan friar, known by the name of Francis à Sancta Clara, and, perhaps, his feelings and habits, involved him in the suspicion of an attachment to the Roman Catholic Church. We are not surprised that Taylor should have become the object of such a suspicion, for his conciliating temper and his amiable disposition, as well as his discriminating judgment and unprejudiced mind, totally unfitted him for that blind adherence to party or to sect, which, in times of great excitement, is so uncompromisingly required. Taylor, doubtless, found in the faith and institutions of the mother church, much to admire and much to venerate, and, if in common with the reformers, he perceived flagrant usurpations and intolerable abuses, yet he could not, for these

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her errors, entirely cast away the reverence with which her antiquity, her wisdom, her piety, her glory had inspired him.

In relation to this charge, after giving a short account of the life and character of Friar Francis, Bishop Heber writes:

"The friendship of such a man as this could not disgrace Taylor; but when Davenport,* as Wood assures us, ascribed to Taylor a regularly formed resolution of being reconciled to the Church of Rome, which only failed at the indignation of their party at certain expressions in a sermon preached by him on the 5th of November, 1638, it is most reasonable as well as most charitable, to impute the assertion to a failure of memory not unnatural to one so far advanced in years, as he must have been, when Wood conversed with him.

"Thus he tells us, that Taylor being appointed to preach before the University, on the anniversary of the Gunpowder Treason, the then Vice-Chancellor insisted on his inserting many things so offensive to the Roman Catholics, that his friendship was afterwards rejected by them with scorn, notwithstanding his expressions of regret and penitence for the sentiments which he had been constrained to utter.

"If, however, as Mr. Bonney well observes, "the Vice-Chancellor had done what was reported, he must have completely remodelled the whole discourse," which instead of bearing any marks of such interpolation, is nothing else, from beginning to end, but a connected and consistent chain of argument against the principles of the Roman Catholics, as what must, in their nature, conduct to such effects as the conspiracy of Digby and his associates; of invective, (which a violent person, or one who desired the preacher to sacrifice to the angry feelings of the times, was most likely to introduce into the discourse of another) there is absolutely no appearance. And as Taylor was not a likely man to compromise his high reputation, or his rank in the University and in the Church, by adopting, against his own opinion, the sentiments or language of another; so, what he had once said and published, he was still less likely to retract in the manner which Wood, on the authority of Davenport, imputes to him. I may add, that there is little in the sermon itself, which could have shocked or surprised the Roman Catholics, as proceeding from a professed member of the Protestant Church, and Master of Arts in an English University; nor is it likely, that they, who were not deterred by Laud's controversy with Fisher, from expecting the conversion of that prelate, or from persecuting him through life with their fatal friendship, would, on so much slighter an offence, have given up whatever hold of intimacy or influence they had acquired over such a mind as that of Jeremy Taylor.

"It has been said that he was appointed to preach the sermon in question by his patron, the Archbishop. If this were true, it would be still more improbable that, thus appointed, he would submit his composition to the censure of the Vice-Chancellor; but of this designation there is, in truth, no appearance. The appointment of preachers on such occasions is usually exercised by the Vice-Chancellor, not the

* The family name of Friar Francis.

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Chancellor himself; and the author, in his dedication to Laud, plainly gives us to understand that "the superior" in obedience to whose commands he embarked in the work, was not the same with him to whom he inscribed it when published. "It pleased some," he says, "who had the power to command me, to wish me to the publication of these my short and sudden meditations, that if it were possible, even this way I might express my duty to God and the King. Being thus far encouraged, I resolved to go somewhat further, even to the boldness of a dedication to your Grace, that since I had no merit of my own to move me to the confidence of a public view, yet I might dare to venture under the protection of your Grace's favour;" and he goes on to allege several different reasons for the propriety of inscribing such a work to the Archbishop, without once mentioning (what, if it were true, would be the best reason of all) that it was by Laud's own command that he had undertaken the discussion of the subject."—pp. 16–18.

Taylor's beautiful sermons on the Marriage Ring, contain too may excellent reasons in favour of matrimony, to permit us for a moment to doubt, that not only his feelings, but his reason and judgment urged him to embrace a state so full of pleasure and so full of propriety. He considered the time as gone by, when the interests of religion rendered celibacy almost a necessary virtue in her priests, when danger and persecution and martyrdom, so often united to dip the marriage garment in blood. In Taylor, this sacred union was not only a desire but a duty; he deemed himself called upon by every consideration of happiness and virtue and religion, to enter these "golden fetters." To him, marriage was not merely a bond of civil society; it was the "symbolical and sacramental representment of the greatest mysteries of our religion," in itself a mystery, holy, pure and glorious. He looked upon it as a "school and exercise of virtue," whose crowning graces were kindness and charity and love. But, above all, it was the "mother of the world" preserving kingdoms, and filling cities and churches and heaven itself.

In his twenty-sixth year, Taylor obeyed this imperative call, and gave up his fellowship at Oxford, that he might enter into a stricter one with Miss Phœbe Langsdale, at Uppingham. Of this lady, "very little else is known than that her brother was a physician," and that her mother was probably a widow at the period of her marriage.

From this union, Taylor reaped very little felicity. Three sons rejoiced him in their birth, but one made only a short step from the cradle to the grave, and the others lived to embitter the decline of his life. His wife soon slept by the side of her infant, and Taylor was left to feel all the bitterness of existence. To these afflictions were added poverty and im-

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prisonment, for in the controversies and the civil war which put the whole kingdom in a flame, Taylor did not for a moment hesitate which interest to serve; his education, his feelings, his religion were all monarchical, and joining the King at Oxford in the year 1642, he was involved in his calamities. Soon after his appearance at court he published "by his majesty's command," his "Treatise of Episcopacy asserted against the Acephali and Arëians, new and old," a controversial work, which, however, did not receive the attention it deserved, for to use one of his own quaint phrases, he had "set up his closet in the out quarters of an army, and chosen a frontier garrison to be wise in." As a reward for his loyalty and his services he was admitted by the royal mandate, 20th November, 1642, to the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and as a punishment for his allegiance and his episcopacy, he was ejected by the Presbyterians from the rectory of Uppingham; and Bishop Heber says, "there is not the smallest appearance during the following years of Taylor's life, that he received any part of that pittance which the Clergy, presented to the livings by the parliamentary commissioners, were enjoined to pay to their expelled predecessors." This was paying dearly for his doctorship, and had it not been for the patronage of Christopher Hatton, Esq. afterwards Lord Hatton, of Kirby, his new title would have gone very little way to compensate for the substantial comforts he had lost.

This portion of Taylor's history is involved in great obscurity. By catching a ray of light, here and there, from history and biography, from his own letters and the letters of his friends, Bishop Heber has been able to grope through this period so dark to himself and so much darker to his hero. He is mentioned as having followed the royal army in the capacity of Chaplain, until the decline of the king's cause, and then to have taken shelter in Caermarthenshire. During a part of this time he appears, from a letter to his brother-in-law, to have been with his wife's family, but whence the letter was written, we know not. The next year, however, "we find him in Wales, and again attached to a portion of the army, since Whitelock* mentions a Dr. Taylor (and Jeremy Taylor is the only person of that name and degree whom I have been able to discover among the royalists,) as a conspicuous prisoner (the only one, indeed, whose name he notices) in the victory gained by the parliamentary troops over Colonel Charles Gerard, before the Castle of Cardigan, the 4th of February, 1644."

* Whitelock's Memoir, p. 130.

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Bishop Heber supposes him to have become attached to his second wife, during the first visit of King Charles to Wales, to have left the king's army in consequence of this attachment, to have married some time in 1643–4, and retired to her property, "though the evils of war extending themselves into the most remote and peaceful districts, again, in a very short space of time, involved him in their vortex," and that it was after this marriage that the capture mentioned by Whitelock occurred. A portion of the dedication of the "Liberty of Prophesying," published in 1647, is adduced as an illustration of this opinion.

"'The passage itself is worth transcribing,' writes Bishop Heber, 'not only for the spirit of poetry which it breathes, but as giving us almost all the information which remains as to the troubles of Jeremy Taylor.'

"In it, he tells his patron, Lord Hatton, that 'in the great storm which dashed the vessel of the Church all in pieces, he had been cast on the coast of Wales; and in a little boat thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietness which, in England, in a far greater, he could not hope for.' 'Here,' he continues, 'I cast anchor, and thinking to ride safely, the storm followed me with so impetuous violence, that it broke my cable and I lost my anchor. And here again I was exposed to the mercy of the sea, and the gentleness of an element that could neither distinguish things nor persons. And but that He who stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of the waves, and the madness of his people, had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all the opportunities of content or study. But I know not whether I have been more preserved by the courtesies of my friends, or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy," οἱ γὰρ βάρβαροι παρεῖχον οὐ τὴν τυχοῦσαν φιλανθρωπίαν ἡμῖν ἀνάψαντες γὰρ πυρὰν, προσελάβοντο ΠΑΝΤΑΣ ΗΜΑΣ, διὰ τὸν ὑετὸν τὸν ἐφεστῶτα, καὶ διὰ τὸ ψῦχος.

"That a voluntary retreat from the more busy scenes of war and politics; that a subsequent exposure to the same interruptions, with more than their usual share of attendant misfortune; that the help of friends, and the forbearance of enemies, are here spoken of, is sufficiently evident. But the Greek quotation from the Acts of the Apostles, (for which, by the way, those generous enemies whom he praises, had they understood it, would have scarcely thanked him) implies, at least, that he had many fellow-sufferers in that particular danger to which he alludes. Nor can I find any defeat of the loyalists in the neighbourhood of his Welch retirement, which so well tallies with these different circumstances, as that which Whitelock has recorded. The Liberty of Prophesying was, indeed, not published till 1647; but, for the probable duration of his imprisonment, the time necessary to collect his books, and, in the midst of those avocations on which his livelihood depended, to prepare for the press such an essay as that to which he chiefly owes his fame, would account for a far longer interval between his becoming

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a prisoner and the date of that work, than the hypothesis on which I have ventured supposes."—pp. 22–24.

As to the circumstances of Taylor's imprisonment, we are entirely in the dark. It cannot even be accurately determined who were the representatives of the "noble enemy by whose gentleness and mercies," he deemed himself preserved. Colonel Laugharn, governor of Pembroke Castle, was the chief parliamentary officer about this time in South Wales, and the committee for this district were Colonel Broughton, Colonel Stephens, Mr. Catching of Trelleck, and Mr. Jones of Uske. "It is to these gentlemen, therefore, or to some among them that the Christian world is indebted for their humanity to one of its brightest ornaments."

Bishop Heber is of opinion, that after the termination of Taylor's imprisonment, he once more sought out his unfortunate master to take his final leave of him, for "it appears, that at a late period of Charles' misfortunes, Taylor had an interview with him and received from him, in token of his regard, his watch and a few pearls and rubies which had ornamented the ebony case in which he kept his bible."

Fortune, at last, ceased to persecute Taylor, and several years of comparative ease and comfort succeeded to the afflictions and difficulties under which he had so long laboured. He retired into a remote corner of the kingdom, and in conjunction with William Nichols, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, and William Wyat, opened a school at Newton Hall, in the Parish of Lanfihangel. "Their success," says Bishop Heber, "considering their remote situation and the distresses of the times, appears to have been not inconsiderable." Several of their pupils afterwards rose to some distinction, and made it a matter of boast, as well they might, and had it written in their epitaphs, that they had been nurtured, "a primâ juventute, sub optimo præceptore (Jeremiâ Taylor) posteà Episcopo Dunensi." But this laborious occupation did not turn away our divine from his literary or religious pursuits; his leisure hours were devoted to study and reflection and composition, and he, at this time, perfected and gave to the world his "Liberty of Prophesying," which his biographer calls "the most curious and perhaps the ablest of all his compositions." He tells Lord Hatton, in the epistle dedicatory, "that it was composed under a host of grievous disadvantages; in adversity and want; without books or leisure; and with no other resources than those which were supplied by a long familiarity with the sacred volume and a powerful mind, imbued with all the learning of past ages."

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"Of the importance and value of this work at the time of its first appearance, some opinion may be formed by recollecting that it is the first attempt on record to conciliate the minds of Christians to the reception of a doctrine which, though now the rule of action professed by all Christian sects, was then, by every sect alike, regarded as a perilous and portentous novelty.

"There is abundant proof, indeed, in the history of the times in which Taylor lived, and of those which immediately preceded him, that (much as every religious party, in its turn, had suffered from persecution, and loudly and bitterly as each had, in its own particular instance, complained of the severities exercised against its members) no party had yet been found to perceive the great wickedness of persecution in the abstract, or the moral unfitness of temporal punishment as an engine of religious controversy. Even the sects who were themselves under oppression exclaimed against their rulers, not as being persecutors at all, but as persecuting those who professed *the truth;* and each sect, as it obtained the power to wield the secular weapon, esteemed it also a duty, as well as a privilege, not to bear the sword in vain." p. 27.

This work, although it advocated toleration to "those Christians only who unite in the confessions of the Apostle's creed," was, nevertheless, above the spirit of its persecuting age, and subjected its author to various bitter attacks and animadversions. Samuel Rutherford alone, of all his opponents, deserves to be remembered, not for any merit either in his book or himself, but because Milton was, by his means, brought to the support of Taylor, and induced to answer in sarcastic verse,* what Taylor never thought worth answering at all.

Contemporary writers, however, only called in question Taylor's opinions and arguments; in later days, his motives and sincerity have been impugned. Orme, in his Life of Owen,

* "*On the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament.*"

Because ye have thrown off your prelate Lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his liturgy,
To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword,
To force our consciences whom Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy
Taught you by mere A. S. and *Rutherford?*
Men, whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem by Paul,
Must now be nam'd and branded heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch What d'ye call.
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packings, worse than those of Trent;
That so the Parliament
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your phylacteries, though baulk your ears,
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this plainly in your charge,
Now Presbyter is but old Priest writ large."

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has "represented him as arguing, not from his own personal conviction, but as an advocate, and to serve the temporary ends of his party; since, though a churchman, he was a dissenter when the 'Liberty of Prophesying' was written."

"He was then (says this writer) pleading for toleration to Episcopacy. He must either have written what he did not himself fully believe, or, in a few years, his opinion must have undergone a wonderful change. With the return of monarchy, Taylor emerged from obscurity; wrote no more on the "Liberty of Prophesying;" *and was a member of the Privy Council of Charles the Second*, from which all the persecuting edicts against the poor non-conformists proceeded. It deserves to be viewed, therefore, as the special pleading of a party counsellor, or the production of Jeremy Taylor, deprived of his benefice and the privileges of his profession, imploring relief; of which, Bishop Taylor, enlightened by the elevation of his Episcopate, and enjoying with the party, security and abundance, became ashamed; and, in his own conduct, published the most effectual recantations of his former opinions or sincerity."—*Orme's Life of Owen*, London, 1820. p. 102.

Bishop Heber answers these charges very effectually, by showing that Bishop Taylor was merely a nominal member of the Irish Privy Council; that the administration of Ireland did not, during the reign of Charles II. persecute the dissenters; that Taylor had nothing to do with the severe measures of the English government; that no action of his life can justly expose him to the charge of being himself a persecutor, or approving it in others; that so far from being ashamed, after his elevation, of his treatise against persecution, he actually put it in a prominent situation in the successive editions of his controversial tracts, of which, one was published when he was actually Bishop, and amid the recent triumph of his party.

All the circumstances of Taylor's domestic life have been so lost in the lapse of years, that it becomes impossible to decide how far his second wife added to his happiness or his contentment. Indeed, where so little is known of the prominent figure in the picture, we can scarcely expect that any thing should be remembered of those of inferior degree, however intimate may have been their connexion with him. This lady appears, however, to be enveloped with a mystery greater even than the distance of time or the obscurity of her situation. She was the record of a good man's frailty—the remnant of a martyr's early vice—the testimony of a holy man to the influence of temptation.

"This second wife was a Mrs. Joanna Bridges, who was possessed of a competent estate at Mandinam, in the parish of Llanguedor and county of Carmarthen. Her mother's family is unknown; but she was generally believed to be a natural daughter of Charles the First, when Prince of

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Wales, and under the guidance of the dissipated and licentious Buckingham. That the martyr's habits of life, at that time, were extremely different from those which enabled him, after a twenty years' marriage, to exult, while approaching the scaffold, that during all that time, he had never, even in thought, swerved from the fidelity which he owed to his beloved Henrietta Maria, there is abundant reason to believe; nor are the facts, by any means, incompatible. The former, indeed, rests chiefly on the authority of Mr. Jones' papers; but the circumstances which he mentions are in part corroborated by the marriage-settlement of Bishop Taylor's third daughter, now lying before me, in which Joanna Taylor the elder, described as his widow and executrix, settles on her daughter the reversion of the Mandinam property; while the existence of such a property and mansion is confirmed to me by the testimony of my kind and amiable friend, archdeacon Beynon. I regret to state, however, that from the mutilated condition of the parish register at Llanguedor, and from the present circumstances of the Mandinam property, his exertions have failed to procure me any further information as to Joanna Bridges, or her maternal ancestors. She is said, in Lady Wray's letter, to have been brought up in much privacy by some relations in Glamorganshire; to have possessed a very fine person (of which, indeed, her portrait, yet preserved by the family, is a sufficient evidence); and both in countenance and disposition, to have displayed a striking resemblance to her unfortunate father." p. 34.

Taylor's literary pursuits were, during this period of tranquillity, carried on with great ardour and success. The "Apology for authorised and set forms of Liturgy against the pretence of the Spirit;" the "Life of Christ, or, the Great Exemplar;" twenty-seven or twenty-eight Sermons; a catechism for children; "Holy Living and Dying," succeeded each other with a rapidity which fills us with astonishment, whether we consider the voluminous nature of these publications, or the learning, and eloquence, and argument which pervade them. They are some of the most striking, and decidedly the most popular, of all his writings, and although it might be supposed a light labour to one filled with holiness and religion, to throw off, as it were, from the "depth of his riches," these works of practice and devotion, still they display, (professedly as they are books for common use and every day meditation, food for the heart rather than for the understanding,) a depth of learning, and a richness of fancy, and a splendour of diction, which it would have cost any other churchman of the day, years of toil to acquire. The "Holy Living and Dying," were composed for the use and at the desire of Frances Lady Carbery, whose name is so intimately associated with some of the most beautiful productions of our author, that we cannot refrain from giving our readers the short account which Bishop Heber has furnished of this "dear lady." Speaking of Taylor's patrons, he says—

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"Of these, the most eminent in rank was Richard Vaughan, Earl of Carbery, whose seat, at Golden Grove, was in the same parish where Taylor's lot was thrown, and whose bounty and hospitality, during several years, appear to have been his chief dependence and comfort. Though now chiefly remembered as Taylor's patron, Vaughan was a man of abilities, and, in his day, of high reputation. He had served with distinction in the Irish wars, for his conduct in which he had received the Order of the Bath: he had been the principal military commander on the King's side in South Wales; and he received, after the Restoration, the English title of Lord Vaughan of Emlyn, together with the appointment of lord president of Wales, and privy counsellor. His character seems to have been mild and moderate; and though a loyalist, he had many friends among the opposite party. In consequence, after the fatal battle of Marston Moor, he was easily admitted to compound for his estates by the parliamentary commissioners; and was thus in a situation which enabled him to befriend more effectually such persons of his side as had been less favourably dealt with. He married twice. The first wife was Frances, daughter of Sir John Altham of Orbey, a woman of whom Taylor has drawn, in her funeral sermon, a picture which, making all allowance for the occasion on which it was preached, and the gratitude of the preacher, belongs rather to an angelic than a human character. The second was Alice, eleventh daughter of John Egerton, first Earl of Bridgewater, and remarkable as being both the subject of much eulogium from Taylor, and the original of the "Lady," in Milton's Comus. In the friendship of this family, Taylor found a happy asylum; and it was within their walls, and to their family and immediate neighbourhood, that when the churches were closed against his ministry, he delivered his yearly course of sermons." pp. 35, 36.

Taylor was a most enthusiastic admirer of the first Lady Carbery: gratitude seems to have filled his heart to overflowing whenever her name occurs. His epistle dedicatory of her funeral sermon to her husband, is written with so much earnest feeling and heartfelt devotion, shows him in so amiable a light, and dresses her in so lovely a garb, that we will transcribe it from the third volume of his Discourses.

"To the Right Honourable and Truly Noble Richard Lord Vaughan, Earl of Carbery, Baron of Emlyn and Molinger, &c.

"My Lord—I am not ashamed to profess that I pay this part of service to your Lordship most unwillingly: for it is a sad office to be the chief minister in a house of mourning, and to present an interested person with a branch of cypress and a bottle of tears. And indeed, my Lord, it were more proportionable to your needs to bring something that might alleviate or divert your sorrow, than to dress the hearse of your dear lady, and to furnish it with such circumstances, that it may dwell with you, and lie in your closet, and make your prayers and retirements more sad and full of weepings. But because the Divine Providence has taken from you a person so excellent, a woman fit to converse with angels and apostles, with saints and martyrs, give me

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leave to present you with her picture, drawn in little and in water-colours, sullied indeed with tears and the abrupt accents of a real and consonant sorrow; but drawn with a faithful hand and taken from the life; and, indeed, it were too great a loss to be deprived of her example and of her rule, of the original and of the copy too. The age is very evil, and deserved her not; but because it is so evil, it hath the more need to have such lives preserved in memory, to instruct our piety or upbraid our wickedness. For now that God hath cut this tree of Paradise down from its seat of earth, yet so the dead trunk may support a part of the declining temple, or, at least, serve to kindle the fire on the altar. My Lord, I pray God this heap of sorrow may swell your piety, till it breaks into the greatest joys of God and of religion; and remember when you pay a tear upon the grave or to the memory of your lady, (that dear and most excellent soul) that you pay two more: one of repentance for those things that may have caused this breach; and another of joy for the mercies of God to your dear departed saint, that he hath taken her into a place where she can weep no more. My Lord, *I think I shall*, so long as I live, that is, so long as I am,

"Your Lordship's most humble servant,

"JER. TAYLOR.

The two or three years immediately succeeding this season of quiet, are enveloped in great darkness. A few private letters which passed between Taylor and his friends, written, as letters in times of danger and distrust usually are, with mystery and caution, merely hinting at events, and alluding slightly to circumstances, sometimes couched in figurative language, make up the whole text which the biographer is to illustrate. The first letter we meet with, is from John Evelyn, of Say's Court, dated the 19th February, 1654, which answers the double purpose of introducing us to that amiable gentleman, for many years the firm and unshaken friend of Taylor, and of informing us that our divine was paying the penalty of his religious zeal, which, it seems, could not be restrained from overleaping, in his preface to the Golden Grove, the bounds of prudence. He had, in that publication, made use of arguments and expressions, which offended the Presbyterians and Independents, and insulted, if they did not alarm Cromwell. The dominant party determined to discipline his mind by confining his body. But Taylor was not to be silenced in this way; during this and a subsequent imprisonment which commenced about the 18th of May of the same year, he seized the opportunity of composing his "Unum Necessarium, or the Doctrine and Practice of Repentance." But this only made matters worse, for whereas, before, he had only to contend with his enemies, now he had his friends upon him, and they gave him very clearly to understand, that, upon his doctrine of original sin, he was very little better than a here-

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tic. The mere calling him names, however, was not enough to convince Taylor that he was wrong, and, in explanation of his publication, he produced a tract which was, as Bishop Heber terms it, only a "reinforcement of the previous offensive position." The manner in which this controversy was carried on, galled Taylor extremely. He speaks of it in very plain terms in the dedication to his "Deus Justificatus," where he "enlarges, with some asperity, on the unfavourable reception which his former work on repentance had met with, not only from the Presbyterians, but from some of those 'to whom he gave and designed his labours, and for whose sake he was willing to suffer the persecution of a suspected truth.' The opposition which he had met with, he complains was not open, inasmuch as no man had as yet appeared in public against his doctrine, but that there were many who "entered into the houses of the rich and honourable and whispered secret oppositions and accusations, rather than arguments."

"Madam," he continues, "I know the arts of these men; and they often put me in mind of what was told me by Mr. Sackvill, the late Earl of Dorset's uncle, that the cunning sects of the world (he named the Jesuits and the Presbyterians) did more prevail by whispering to ladies than all the Church of England, and the more sober Protestants could do by fine, force and strength of argument."

"The man who writes thus," says Bishop Heber, (however he may profess, as he does in another part of the same dedication, that "if any man differed from him in opinion, he is not troubled at it," and that men "ought to love alike although they do not understand alike,") is evidently suffering under contradiction which he did not expect, and which he has not learned very well to bear. But Taylor was poor and persecuted—neither of them circumstances which improve the temper. He was, moreover, at this time, under the pressure of a severe domestic affliction; and we may easily forgive to the afflicted parent a peevishness, which is less excusable in a practised disputant, and one who, by the promulgation of an unusual opinion, had, as if by choice, laid himself open to contradiction."—p. 58.

We are not satisfied with this defence. If Taylor was inconsistent, nothing can excuse him. But as every where, in his writings, he advances the same opinions and exhibits the same feelings as to the spirit in which religious controversy should be carried on, and as we know of his offending in no other instance in this way, we are not willing, at least without argument, to yield this point. In the passage just now quoted from the dedication of the "Deus Justificatus," the burden of Taylor's complaint is, that he was *not contradicted openly.* He did not fear the controversy, provided his antagonist would not skulk "into the houses of the rich and powerful,

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and whisper accusations against him." He felt that he was unprepared for such a contest, that every sort of artifice might be employed to pervert his arguments and abuse his opinions. His indignation is that of an honorable man, who finds himself treated as he would not treat his antagonist, and his indignation is but a stronger proof how much his feelings were enlisted in the cause of fair and open controversy. This is the only instance in which we have seen any reason to suspect Bishop Heber of want of candour, but here we do not think that he has placed Taylor's defence upon the most tenable grounds, certainly not where our controversialist would have intrenched himself. That Taylor felt keenly the opposition of the great body of the clergy upon this subject, there can be no doubt; but why impute his anxiety to dogmatism and obstinacy, when there is a motive so much more elevated and so much more consonant to his character, arising out of his situation as a Christian minister, discussing a point of doctrine most essential to salvation? Taylor's letters to Evelyn, place his conduct in this respect, and his feelings towards his contradictors, in a more just light than that just exhibited by his biographer. The following was written just after his release from Chepstow Castle:

"To JOHN EVELYN, Esq.

"Honour'd and Deare Sr—Not long after my coming from my prison, I met with your kind and friendly letters, of which I was very glad, not only because they were a testimony of your kindnesse and affections to mee, but that they gave mee a most welcome account of your health, and (which now-a-dayes is a great matter) of your liberty, and of that progression in piety in which I doe really rejoyce. But there could not be given to mee a greater and more persuasive testimony of the reality of your piety and care, than that you passe to greater degrees of caution and the love of God. It is the worke of your life, and I perceive you betake yourselfe heartily to it. The God of heaven and earth prosper you and accept you!

"I am well pleased that you have reade over my last booke; and give God thanks that I have reason to believe that it is accepted by God and some good men. As for the censure of unconsenting persons, I expected it, and *hope that themselves will be their owne reproovers, and truth will be assisted by God, and shall prevaile, when all noises and prejudices shall be ashamed.* My comfort is, that I have the honour to be an advocate for God's justice and goodnesse, and that ye consequent of my doctrine is, that men may speak honour of God and meanly of themselves. But I have also this last weeke sent up some papers, in which I make it appeare that the doctrine which I now have published was taught by the fathers within the first 400 years; and have vindicated it both from novelty and singularity. I have also prepared some other papers concerning this question, which I once had

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some thoughts to have published. But what I have already said, and now further explicated and justified, I hope may be sufficient to satisfy pious and prudent persons, who doe not love to goe *quà itur*, but *quà eundem est*. S^r^ you see how good a husband I am of my paper and inke, that I make so short returns to your most friendly letters. I pray be confident, that, if there be any defect here, I will make it up in my prayers for you and my great esteeme of you, which shall ever be expressed in my readinesse to serve you with all the earnestnesse and powers of,

Deare S^r^

Your most affectionate friend and servant,

JER. TAYLOR.

November, 21, 1655."

In addition to all this, Bishop Heber, himself, not many pages before he advances this accusation, in speaking of Taylor's submission of his explanatory tract to the Bishop of Rochester, for "correction or revision or suppression," says "this offer, however, is at least, an evidence, that, if Taylor were wrong, he was not unwilling to be instructed, and that the error of his opinions was not rendered more offensive by a self-confident and dogmatical temper; with such a disposition he might *err*, but he could hardly be an *heretic*."

Bishop Heber has recovered and published six letters written by Taylor, during the year 1656, which give us a clear and interesting view of his situation and movements at that time. They are, for the most part, to John Evelyn, and are principally taken up with his own concerns. From them we learn that he was residing, in great poverty, upon his wife's estate in Mandinam, busying himself with his never-ending Ductor Dubitantium, that he was extremely anxious to visit London, but having been stripped of the "little reliques of their fortune remaining after the shipwreck, there was not cordage nor sails sufficient left to bear him thither," that, a very short time after, he managed somehow to accomplish his desires, as we find him dining in April, at Say's Court with Evelyn and some other friends, that he was reconciled to and receiving favours from his old opponent, Sheldon the warden, that Mr. Thurland, afterwards Sir Edward Thurland, offered him an asylum in the neighbourhood of London, which he declined sorely against his inclination, on account of his "*res angusta domi*," and that he was suffering from the death of a son, which he mentions to his friend in the following beautiful passage—"I am in some little disorder by reason of the death of a little child of mine, a boy that lately made us very glad; but now he rejoices in his little orbe, while we think and sigh and long to be as safe as he is."

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The "Deus Justificatus" was Taylor's only publication during this year, if we reject the little book on "Artificial Handsomeness" attributed by many to his pen. The external evidences are all in favour of Taylor's being the author, and the internal evidences against the supposition. It is only necessary for us to know, that the opinions of the author are in direct and glaring contradiction to Taylor's expressed sentiments on this very subject, to make us, without hesitation, agree with his biographer that it is unworthy of his reputation and his character, and that the most incontrovertible proof would be necessary to make us believe that he would, for the mere sake of writing, prostitute his talents to such a purpose.

The following letter from Taylor gives us a fearful account of his domestic afflictions in the year 1657. It is the first time, throughout the succession of sorrows that waited upon him, that his spirits appear to have given way; he here writes as if he were almost broken-hearted.

"Deare Sr.—I know you will either excuse or acquit, or at least pardon mee, that I have so long seemingly neglected to make a returne to your so kind and friendly letter; when I shall tell you that I have passed through a great cloud which hath wetted mee deeper than the skin. It hath pleased God to send the small poxe and feavers among my children; and I have, since I received your last, buried two sweet, hopeful boyes; and have now but one sonne left, whom I intend, if it please God, to bring up to London before Easter, and then I hope to waite upon you, and by your sweet conversation and other divertisements, if not to alleviate my sorrow, yet, at least, to entertain myselfe and keep me from too intense and actual thinking of my trouble. Dear Sr. will you doe so much for mee as to beg my pardon of Mr. Thurland, that I have yet made no returne to him for his so friendly letter and expressions—Sr. you see there is too much matter to make excuse; my sorrow will, at least, render me an object of every good man's pity and commiseration. But, for myself, I bless God, I have observed and felt so much mercy in this angry dispensation of God, that I am almost transported, I am sure, highly pleased with thinking how infinitely sweete his mercies are, when his judgments are so gracious. Sr. there are many particulars in your letter which I would faine have answered; but, still, my little sadnesses intervene, and will yet suffer me to write nothing else; but that I beg your prayers, and that you will still own me to be

Deare and Honoured Sir,
Your very affectionate friend and hearty servant,
Jer. Taylor.

Feb. 22, 1656–7."

Where he says in this letter that he had but one sonne left, he means by his second marriage, for there were two sons by his first wife who lived to within a few years of his own death.

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They are supposed to have been seperated from him at this time, and to have been with their maternal relations.

For the two succeeding years, Taylor either paid very frequent visits to London, or was permanently resident there. This last supposition is supported by a tradition in South Wales, that after the death of his children, he took charge of a small congregation of Episcopalians in London. However this may be, he was neither forgotten nor neglected by his friends; Evelyn put him at his ease in a pecuniary point of view by the grant of a "yearly pension, which he mentions in a letter of most eloquent gratitude, dated 15th May; but as usual without any mention of the place whence he wrote it."

"To JOHN EVELYN, Esq.

"Honour'd and Deare Sir—A stranger came two nights since from you with a letter, and a token; full of humanity and sweetnesse that was, and this of charity. I know it is more blessed to give than to receive; and yet as I noways repine at the Providence that forces me to receive, so neither can I envy that felicity of yours, not only that you can, but that you doe give; and as I rejoyce in that mercy which daily makes decrees in heaven for my support and comfort, soe I doe most thankfully adore the goodnesse of God to you, whom he consignes to greater glories by the ministeries of these graces. But, Sir, what am I, or what can I do, or what have I done, that you think I have or can oblige you? Sir, you are too kinde to mee; and oblige mee not onely beyond my merit, but beyond my modesty. I onely can love you and honour you and pray for you: and in all this I cannot say but that I am behind hand with you, for I have found so great effluxes of all your worthinesse and charities, that I am a debtor for your prayers, for the comfort of your letters, for the charity of your hand, and the affections of your heart. Sir, though you are beyond the reach of my returnes, and my services are very short of touching you, yet if it were possible for me to receive any commands, the obeying of which might signify my great regards of you, I could with some more confidence converse with a person so obliging; but I am oblig'd and asham'd, and unable to say so much as I should doe to represent myself to be

Honoured and Deare Sir,

Your most affectionate and obliged friend and servant,

JER: TAYLOR.

May 15, 1657."

We have, at this time, a very curious letter from Taylor to Evelyn, in reply to some doubts of his respecting the immortality of the soul, arising from his inability to decide as to its being, in the interval before the day of judgment. Taylor argues that the soul may be immortal, yet not beatified until the resurrection. "For to be, and to be happy or miserable, are not immediate or necessary consequents to each other." And, in the sequel, he gives a fine specimen of the argumentation of

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the schoolmen. If ceasing from its operations be death to the soul, then is it dead in sleep, and if his adversary answer, that it animates the body, and that is indicative of its existence; using his admission that one act is sufficient to prove the soul to be alive, he argues, that then the soul cannot die; "for, (says he) in philosophy it is affirmed, that the soul desires to be united; and that which is dead, desires not: besides, that the soule can understand without the body, is so certain (if there be any certainty in mystic theology) and so evident in actions which are reflected upon themselves, as a desire to desire, a will to will, a remembering that I did remember; that if one act be enough to prove the soule to be alive, the state of separation cannot be a state of death to the soule: because she can then desire to be re-united, and she can understand; for nothing can hinder from doing these actions which depend not upon the body, and in which the operations of the soule are not organical."

If Taylor could have given no better answer than this to his friend's inquiry, it would have been better to have left him to his doubts; for an argument, founded upon an assumption which begs the question, is but a poor way of satisfying reason. But fortunately for Evelyn's peace, Taylor had much firmer ground to stand upon, and, in the end, replied to him very satisfactorily.

But instead of employing his time in furnishing arguments to remove the scruples of his friends, it was now necessary for Taylor to find "reasons for the faith that was in himself." The Presbyterians were upon him about his old doctrine of original sin, and they were not inclined to let him off without giving him some books to answer. Two champions, John Gaule of Staughton, in Huntingdonshire, and Henry Jeanes of Chedzoy, in Somersetshire, threw down their Geneva caps, and the former was heralded with such a flourish of trumpets, in the endless title of his book, that it was almost enough, of itself, to frighten any weak-hearted antagonist. But Taylor passed him by, and permitted him to fight the winds, for he had to cope with no slight adversary in the person of Henry Jeanes, who is represented to have been powerful in disputation, and learned and zealous. This controversy ended as such things always do; "for," as Taylor says in his dedication of the first part of the Great Exemplar, "such is the nature of disputings, that they begin commonly in mistakes, they proceed with zeal and fury, and end not at all but in schisms and uncharitable names, and too often dip their feet in blood. In the meantime, he that gets the better of his adversary, oftentimes gets no good to himself, because, although he has fast hold on the right side of the prob-

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leme, he may be an ill man in the midst of his triumphant disputation." And so it was here, they got no good, but lost their tempers, and fell to accusing each other of unfairness in the conduct of the controversy. After a time they saw the folly of this, and let the matter drop.

During this year, (1657) Taylor published his Συμβολον Ηθικο πολεμικον, which was a reprint of several of his old works, with the addition of the "Discourse on Friendship." This last was addressed to Mrs. Katherine Philips, "the matchless Orinda," as she was styled in the seventeenth century; a lady who had the good fortune to associate her name with some of the most distinguished literary men of her day.

In 1658, we find Taylor commencing his new-year in the Tower. This time, however, his imprisonment was no fault of his own; his bookseller happened to ornament his "Collection of Offices," with a print of Christ in the attitude of prayer. This savoured too much of popery, and it was dangerous to the commonwealth that one who could be guilty of such a scandalous and idolatrous proceeding, should be at large. The police having naturally concluded, that he who was guilty of the book, was guilty of the picture, forthwith incarcerated our unoffending divine in that ancient tabernacle of sinners. He was immediately released by Evelyn's influence, and he soon repaid the obligation by administering consolation to the sorrows of his friend. It had now become Evelyn's turn to mourn, and Taylor's to comfort; and, in the following letter, written on the deaths of Richard and George Evelyn, we find the matter treated in a masterly style:—

"*To John Evelyn, Esq.*

"Deare Sir—If dividing and sharing griefes were like the cutting of rivers, I dare say to you, you would find your streame much abated; for I account myselfe to have a great cause of sorrow, not onely in the diminution of the numbers of your joys and hopes, but in the losse of that pretty person, your strangely hopeful boy. I cannot tell all my owne sorrowes without adding to yours; and the causes of my real sadnesse in your losse are so just and so reasonable, that I can no otherwise comfort you but by telling you that you have very great cause to mourne: so certaine it is that griefe does propagate as fire does. You have enkindled my funeral torch, and by joining mine to yours, I doe but increase the flame. 'Hoc me malè urit,' is the best signification of my apprehension of your sad story. But, Sir, I cannot choose, but I must hold another and a brighter flame to you, it is already burning in your heart; and if I can but remove the darke side of the lanthorne, you have enoughe within you to warme yourselfe and to shine to others. Remember, Sir, your two boyes are two bright starres, and their innocence is secured, and you shall never hear evil of them agayne. Their

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state is safe, and heaven is given to them upon very easy termes; nothing but to be borne and die. It will cost you more trouble to get where they are; and amongst other things one of the hardnesses will be, that you must overcome even this just and reasonable griefe; and indeed, tho' the griefe hath but too reasonable a cause, yet it is much more reasonable that you master it. * * * But you have said and done well, when you looke upon it as a rod of God; and he that so smites here will spare hereafter: and if you, by patience and submission, imprint the discipline upon your own flesh, you kill the cause, and make the effect very tolerable; because it is, in some sense, chosen, and therefore, in no sense, insufferable. Sir, if you doe not looke to it, time will snatch your honour from you, and reproach you for not effecting that by Christian philosophy which time will doe alone. And if you consider, that of the bravest men in the world, we find the seldomest stories of their children, and the Apostles had none, and thousands of the worthiest persons, that sound most in story, died childlesse; you will find it is a rare act of Providence so to impose upon worthy men a necessity of perpetuating their names by worthy actions and discourses, governments and reasonings. If the breach be never repair'd, it is because God does not see it fitt to be: and if you will be of his mind it will be much the better. But, Sir, you will pardon my zeale and passion for your comfort, I will readily confesse that you have no need of any discourse from me to comfort you. Sir, now you have an opportunity of serving God by passive graces; strive to be an example and a comfort to your lady, and by your wise counsel and comfort, stand in the breaches of your owne family, and make it appeare that you are more to her than ten sons. Sir, by the assistance of Almighty God, I purpose to wait on you some time next weeke, that I may be a witnesse of your Christian courage and bravery; and that I may see, that God never displeases you, as long as the main stake is preserved, I meane your hopes and confidences of Heaven. Sir, I shall pray for all that you can want, that is, some degrees of comfort and a present mind; and shal alwayes doe you honour, and faine also would doe you service, if it were in the power, as it is in the affections and desires of,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, and obliged friend and servant,

JER. TAYLOR."

Feb. 17, 1657–8.

At this time Taylor's friends, alarmed for his personal safety, and desirous of securing him a comfortable independence, suggested to him a removal to Ireland. In furtherance of this design, Edward, Earl of Conway, offered him an alternate lectureship in the borough of Lisburn, in the north-eastern extremity of the island. Taylor declined this proposal, on account of the scantiness and insecurity of the stipend attached to the office, and because he disliked the alternation of duties of the lectureship, which he styled "serving in a semi-circle, where a Presbyterian and himselfe would be like Castor and Pollux, the one up and the other down, which, methinkes, (writes he) is like

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the worshipping the sun, and making him the Deity, that we may be religious half the yeare, and every night serve another interest." But his friends continuing to press the scheme upon him, and Dr. Petty, whose "Survey of Ireland by the command of government, had made him abundantly and most profitably skilled in the extent and value of the forfeited lands, having offered to procure him a purchase upon very advantageous terms," and given him letters to some of the most influential persons in Ireland, he bid adieu to England forever, and fixed his residence "between Lisburne and Portmore, about eight miles distant from that town." Strange to say, that, in this removal, his enemies seem to have seconded him as earnestly as his friends; and even Cromwell condescended to give him a passport "under his sign-manual and privy signet," for himself and his family. It was good policy to get rid of so thoroughbred and fearless a loyalist, armed as he was with a good cause and a powerful pen.

In this new abode, Taylor found every thing to delight and enchant him. Here he may be said, in his own rich language, "to have laid his head upon nature's lap," for she was around him in all her loveliness. Lough Neagh with her beautiful islets—her younger sister, with her solitude, and silence, and mystery—were retirements fit for the holiest devotion, and the most intense and glowing contemplation. The spirit of poetry slept upon the bosom of their tranquil waters, and their groves and ancient shades were temples, not made by hands, sacred and inviolate. Amid these scenes did Taylor revel in the fertility of his exhaustless mind and the visions of his glowing imagination; and when his spirit became troubled, or his feelings were disturbed, from these shrines would he worship, and if "prayer is the peace of our spirit, and the stillness of our thoughts, and the evenness of recollection, and the seat of meditation, and the rest of our cares," then, doubtless, his "ascended to Heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwelt with God, till it returned, like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of Heaven."

This is the only period during Taylor's life when we can suppose him to have enjoyed that felicity of a poor man's cottage, which he so beautifully describes in his "House of Feasting." Heretofore his afflictions had been too frequent and cruel to permit him a moment of repose; hereafter his elevation was too high, and his calls of duty too urgent to leave him any quiet; but now far from the "noises and the diseases, the throng of passions, and the violence of unnatural appetites that fill the houses of the luxurious and the hearts of the ambitious," he pos-

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sessed the quiet breast, the composed mind, the joyful heart which he so well knew how to value and employ. From his residence, which was near the magnificent mansion of Portmore and the lakes, he would travel weekly to perform as a lecturer, and the remainder of his precious time was spent in the perfecting his "Cases of Conscience." In a letter to Evelyn, he mentions that about this time he finished that immense work, and was only waiting on his printer to present it to those whom it was intended to benefit.

Taylor was now to pass through his last persecution. In the Oliverian Minutes of the year 1659: Record Tower, Dublin Castle, is the following order.

"Dr. Taylor.

Ordered.

"That Lt. Col. Bryan Smyth, Governor of Carrickfergus, do forthwith upon sight hereof, cause the body of Dr. Jeremiah Taylor to be sent up to Dublin under safe custody, to the end he may make his personal appearance before the said Com'rs., to answer to such things as shall be objected agt. him in behalf of the Com'onwealth. Dated att Dublin ye. 11th of August, 1659.

Signed. THO. HERBERT, Sec."

This arrest was founded upon the information of an envious creature called Pandy, an agent for some of the noble families of this neighbourhood. He feared that Taylor was winning too many hearts from him, and gaining too great an ascendant with the very people whom he was anxious to keep entirely to himself. He, therefore, advanced charges against the good man, the chief of which was, that Taylor in baptizing an infant, had made use of the sign of the cross. Alluding to this affair, in a letter to Evelyn, Taylor says, "I fear my peace in Ireland is likely to be short; for a Presbyterian and a madman have informed against me as a dangerous man to their religion; and for using the signe of the crosse in baptisme."—It seems, that although he was carried up to Dublin upon this charge, and thereby caught a severe sickness, nothing was done against him by the Council, and that he was speedily relieved.

The following letter written to Evelyn in February, 1659–60, gives an account of his movements and his intentions.

"*To John Evelyn, Esq.*

"Portmore, February 10th, 1659–60.

Honoured and Dear Sir—I received yours of December 2, in very good time, but although it came to me before Christmas, yet it pleased God, about that time, to lay his gentle hand upon me; for I had beene, in the worst of our winter weather, sent for to Dublin by our late Anabaptist commissioners; and found the evil of it so great, that in my

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going I began to be ill: but, in my return, had my ill redoubled and fixed: but it hath pleased God to restore my health, I hope, 'ad majorem Dei gloriam'; and now that I can easily write, I return you my very hearty thanks for your very obliging letter, and particularly for the enclosed. Sir; the apology you were pleased to send me I read both privately and heard it read publikely with no little pleasure and satisfaction. The materials are worthy and the dress is clean, and orderly and beauteous: and I wish that all men in the nation were obliged to read it twice: it is impossible but it must doe good to those guilty persons to whom it is not impossible to repent. Your character hath a great part of a worthy reward, that it is translated into a language in which it is likely to be read by very many 'beaux esprits.' But that which I promise to myself as an excellent entertainment, is your 'Elysium Britannicum.' But, Sir, being you intend it to the purposes of piety as well as pleasure, why do you not rather call it Paradisus than Elysium; since the word is used by the Hellenish Jewes to signify any place of spiritual and immaterial pleasure, and excludes not the material and secular. Sir; I know you are such a 'curieux' and withal so diligent and inquisitive, that not many things of the delicacy of learning, relating to your subject, can escape you; and, therefore, it would be great imprudence in me to offer my little mite to your already digested heape. I hope, ere long, to have the honour to waite on you, and to see some parts and steps of your progression: and then if I see I can bring any thing to your building, though but hair and stickes, I shall not be wanting in expressing my readinesse to serve and to honour you, and to promote such a worke, than which I thinke, in the world, you could not have chosen a more apt and a more ingenious.

"Sir; I do really beare a share in your feares and your sorrowes for your deare boy. I doe and shall pray to God for him; but I know not what to say in such things. If God intends, by these clouds, to convey him and you to brighter graces and more illustrious glories respectively; I dare not, with too much passion, speake against the so great good of a person that is so deare to me, and a child that is so deare to you. But I hope that God will doe what is best: and I humbly beg of him to choose what is that best for you both. As soon as the weather and season of the spring gives leave, I intend, by God's permission, to returne to England: and when I come to London with the first to waite on to you, for whom I have so great regard, and from whom I have received so many testimonies of a worthy friendship, and in whom I know so much worthinesse is deposited.

I am, most faithfully and cordially,

Your very affectionate and obliged serv't,

JER. TAYLOR."

Taylor's visit to London was made at the very moment most propitious to his future interests. He journeyed thither to enjoy the society of his friends, and give a last look at and breathe a final prayer over his "Ductor Dubitanter" before it was ushered into the world, but he remained to welcome back his

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sovereign to the throne of his fathers. As the richest offering of love and dutiful affection, in the warmth of his heart, "which hoped all things and believed all things," he laid at the feet of his king, the accumulated treasure of years of reflection and devotion, the composition upon which he had bestowed "the most time and labour, the most anxiety and prayer;" and however little Charles' subsequent conduct bore witness that he valued the gift, still it must ever have been to Taylor a source of heart-felt delight, that it had been in his power, to present to the son of his beloved and martyred master, in the very flush of his triumph, and the very consumation of his desires, a monitor, which, had he listened to its warning voice, might have rescued him from the vice and profligacy, of which he was so fearful an example, and into which he led his court and country, and have ultimately saved his ancient and honoured name from those bitter curses, and that disgraceful expulsion which an indignant people inflicted upon it.

The dowager Princess of Orange, a sister of the king, being then on a visit to her brother, was chosen out by Taylor as the honoured one to whom he should dedicate his "Worthy Communicant" which appeared almost at the same time with his "Ductor Dubitanter"—these offerings to the royal family, and his claims upon them, both publicly and privately for honour and reward, were very soon noticed by the government, and the Bishopric of Down and Connor was presented to Taylor on the 6th of August, 1660, but two months after the king's entrance into London. Speaking of this appointment of Taylor to the Bishopric out of England, when he deserved from his learning and genius and unsullied character, next to "old Sanderson," the very highest gifts in the possession of the king, Bishop Heber writes:

"Whether his union with the king's natural sister was known or pleaded, may, perhaps, be doubted. If it were, it is possible that this circumstance may have contributed to determine the scene of his promotion; and that Charles was not unwilling to remove to a distance a person whose piety might lead him to reprove many parts of his conduct, and who would have a plausible pretence for speaking more freely than the rest of the dignified clergy.

"It may be believed, however, that Taylor himself would be by no means displeased with his destination, though in some respects, a more obscure one than, from the circumstances enumerated, he might have looked for. His family were already in Ireland, and, though the Mandinam property was now relieved from sequestration, the state of his worldly affairs can hardly have been such as to make the expense of removal desirable. To the country of his refuge he seems to have felt considerable attachment;—and the persuasions of the Marquess, after-

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wards Duke of Ormond, who was the great pillar of the Episcopal cause, and who was extremely and laudably solicitous to fill the sees of his native kingdom with learning and piety, would naturally be employed both to forward the appointment and reconcile him to it."—p. 98.

In addition to this Bishopric, he was elected, by Ormond's recommendation, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. This institution required a complete setting to rights, its treasury was empty, its estate was wasted, its fellowships were filled with persons having no legal title to their situations. The want of funds, there was little or no difficulty in supplying, but to elect fellows, according to the statutes of the University, resort was had to something like a fiction. The statutes of the University were revised and completed; the form and conditions of conferring degrees were settled; public lectures and disputations were appointed, and the University, under the fostering care of this lover of learning, was placed upon a foundation which has sustained its reputation undiminished through all the difficulties it has been doomed to encounter.

In settling the affairs of his diocese, Taylor had infinitely greater trouble and vexation. He was opposed at almost every step by prejudice and the bitterness of sectarian hatred. After the failure of the attempt to adopt such a Church Government and Liturgy as would unite and reconcile the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, and after the rejecting of the king's virtual declaration at Breda, that uniformity of discipline should not be insisted upon, the imposition of the old liturgy afresh upon all the people, created heart-burnings and jealousies and a determination of schism on the one side and distrust and persecution on the other. After speaking of the effect which this proceeding of the government produced in England, Bishop Heber writes:—

"If a temper thus unfavourable to peace prevailed in England, there is reason to believe that in Ireland it was still more powerful. Even among the Episcopalian Clergy; during the continuance of their establishment, no inconsiderable leaven of puritanism had been found; and the venerable Usher himself, though during the triumph of Calvinism, he saw reasons for altering his sentiments, gave encouragement, at an earlier period, by his example and his patronage to these unattractive and gloomy tenets. But, by the absurd and most miserable rebellion of the Roman Catholics, begun in rashness and miscalculation by the crazy patriotism of Roger More; carried on in folly and brutal cruelty by the drunken O'Neil and the savage rabble, whom he could neither lead nor control; and suppressed by a system of military tyranny the most perfect, the most effectual, the most wicked, and remorseless, of which Christendom affords an example;—the Protestant Episcopal Clergy had all been swept away from that ill-starred kingdom. Their

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places had been supplied by the most zealous adherents of the commonwealth and the covenant, who were supported by the majority of those who had profited during the merciless system of confiscation which Cromwell had put in practice, and by the officers and men of a numerous army, formed in his school and under his immediate auspices, whom the government could neither pay nor discharge,—and who, though they had concurred in the restoration of the crown, were very little disposed to sanction that of the mitre.

"Already these men had gained confidence by the delay which intervened between the royal designation of the new Bishops to their respective sees and their solemn consecration to the sacred office. And it is probable that, but for the zeal of Ormond, seconded by his great popularity, and by the firmness of the small majority of Irish nobility and gentry, who were attached, by old recollections and a sense of recent oppression, to the institutions which Calvinism had supplanted, the hierarchy and the common prayer would have had a similar and a yet earlier extinction in that kingdom than in Scotland. Fortunately for good taste and rational piety, the friends of both were triumphant; and, more happily still for the national honour and prosperity, the restoration of both was effected without any of those severities towards dissenters which, in England and Scotland, disgrace the annals of Charles the Second. Yet the year 1660 passed away without any steps being taken in favour of Episcopacy; and it was only on January, the 27th of the following year, that two Archbishops and ten Bishops were consecrated by Bramhall, formerly Bishop of Derry, and now Primate, with great pomp and loud exultation of the loyalists, in the Cathedral of St. Patrick. Of the Bishops, Taylor was one, and appointed to preach the sermon. Of his talents, indeed, the Government in Church and State seem to have been fully sensible, and naturally anxious to avail themselves, since it was he who was also called on to preach, on the 8th of May, before the two Houses of Parliament, and again, before the primate, at his metropolitan visitation of Down and Connor."—pp. 102, 103.

In February, 1661, Taylor was made a member of the Irish Privy Council, and, on the 30th of April, Dromore was added to his diocese, "on account (in the words of the writ under the privy seal) of his virtue, wisdom and industry." For the exercise of all these qualities, as well as that of patience, his biographer is of opinion that his diocese was an excellent school, as he was surrounded by the "sturdiest champions of the covenant-disciples of Cameron, Renwick and Peden"—men, far more prejudiced, because more ignorant, than the other adherents of Calvin. Neither the zeal, nor the piety, nor the charity of our new bishop could cool the fervour of their wrath, or soften the asperity of their denunciations.

"It was in vain, so far as they were concerned, that he preached every Sunday in different churches of his diocese; that he invited his

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clergy to friendly conferences; that he personally called at their houses; employed the good offices of pious laymen of their own persuasion, and offered his best endeavours to give satisfaction or obtain relief for their scruples.

"In answer to these advances, the pulpits resounded with exhortations to stand by the covenant even unto blood; with bitter invectives against the episcopal order, and against Taylor more particularly; while the preachers entered into a new engagement among themselves, 'to speak with no bishop, and to endure neither their government nor their persons.' The virtues and eloquence of Taylor, however, were not without effect on the laity, who were, at the same time, offended by the refusal of their pastors to attend a public conference. The nobility and gentry of the three dioceses, with one single exception, came over, by degrees, to the bishop's side; and we are even assured by Carte, that, during the two years which intervened before the enforcement of the Act of Uniformity, the great majority of the ministers themselves had yielded, if not to his arguments, to his persevering kindness and Christian example."—p. 104.

In May, 1661, Taylor preached the sermon at the opening of the Irish Parliament. He made obedience the subject of his discourse; "for," he says, in his Epistle Dedicatory, "my eyes are almost grown old with seeing the horrid mischiefs which came from rebellion and disobedience; and I would willingly now be blessed with observation of peace and righteousness, plenty and religion, which do already, and I hope shall forever, attend upon obedience to the best king and the best church in the world." He takes occasion to discuss the plea of tenderness of conscience, as a motive to disobedience; and argues that there is a tenderness, which is of weakness of mind, and that "weak brethren, of all things in the world, have the least reason to pretend an excuse for disobedience; for nothing can secure them but the wisdom of the laws; for they are like children in minority, they cannot be trusted to their own conduct, and, therefore, must live at the public charge, and the wisdom of their superior is their guide and their security;" and that there is another tenderness "of a bile, that is soreness indeed, rather than tenderness, which is of the diseased, the abused, and the mispersuaded." The one is to be tenderly dealt with—must be treated as a child, advised, counselled, commanded; the other must be cured by "anodynes and soft usages, unless they prove ineffective, and that the lancet be necessary." And although it was his decided opinion that the law should, in all cases, be supported and enforced, still gentleness should be united with firmness, and mercy with justice. He advises the Parliament to especial care in the matter of the Irish confiscated estates, which was before them for consideration.

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"For," says he, "you are to give sentence in the causes of half a nation: and he had need to be a wise and a good man that divides the inheritance amongst brethren; that he may not be abused by contrary pretences—nor biassed by the interest of friends—nor transported with the unjust thoughts even of a just revenge—nor allured by the opportunities of spoil—nor turned aside by partiality in his own concerns—nor blinded by gold, which puts out the eyes of wise men—nor cozened by pretended zeal—nor wearied with the difficulty of questions—nor directed by a general measure in cases not measurable by it—nor borne down by prejudice—nor abused by resolutions taken before the cause be heard—nor overruled by national interests. For justice ought to be the simplest thing in the world, and is to be measured by nothing but by truth, and by laws, and by the decrees of Princes. *But, whatever you do, let not the pretence of a different religion make you think it lawful to oppress any man in his just rights; for opinions are not, but laws only, and 'doing as we would be done to,' are the measures of justice; and, though justice does alike to all men, Jew and Christian, Lutheran and Calvinist; yet, to do right to them that are of another opinion is the way to win them: but if you, for conscience sake, do them wrong, they will hate both you and your religion.* * * *

> "Naturæ imperio gemimus, cum funus adultæ
> Virginis occurrit, vel terrâ clauditur infans
> Et minor igne rogi!"

"If you do but see a maiden carried to her grave a little before her intended marriage or an infant die before the birth of reason, nature has taught us to pay a tributary tear. Alas! your eyes will behold the ruin of many families, which, though they sadly have deserved, yet mercy is not delighted with the spectacle; and therefore God places a watery cloud in the eye, that, when the light of heaven shines on it, it may produce a rainbow, to be a sacrament and a memorial that God and the sons of God do not love to see a man perish. God never rejoices in the death of him that dies, and we also esteem it indecent to have music at a funeral. And, as religion teaches us to pity a condemned criminal, so mercy intercedes for the most benign interpretation of the laws. *You must, indeed, be as just as the laws: and you must be as merciful as your religion: and you have no way to tie these together, but to follow the pattern in the mount; do as God does, who in judgment remembers mercy!*"

In the following letter, the last on record between Taylor and his long tried friend Evelyn, we have an account of his publications during this year. It frequently happens in this world, (and the observation is but a deduction from La Rochefoucault's maxim "that we feel pleasure even in the misfortunes of our friends") that prosperity breaks up friendships which trials and adversity would have only knit the closer.

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"*To John Evelyn, Esquire.*

Dublin, Nov. 16, 1661.

"Deare Sir,—Your owne worthinesse and the obligations you have so often passed upon me, have imprinted in me so great a value and kindnesse to your persone, that I thinke myselfe not a little concerned in yourselfe and all your relations, and all the great accidents of your life. Doe not therefore thinke me either impertinent or otherwise without employment, if I doe with some care and earnestnesse inquire into your health and the present condition of your affaires. Sir, when shal we expect your 'Terrestrial Paradise' your excellent observations and discourses of gardens, of which I had a little posy presented to me by your owne kind hand: and makes me long for more. Sir, I and all that understand excellent fancy, language and deepest loyalty, are bound to value your excellent panegyric which I saw and read with pleasure. I am pleased to read your excellent mind in so excellent [an] idea; for as a father in his son's face, so is a man's soule imprinted in all the pieces that he labours. Sir, I am so full of publicke concernes and the troubles of businesse in my diocese, that I cannot yet have leisure to thinke of much of my old delightful employment. But I hope I have brought my affaires almost to a consistence, and then I may returne againe. Royston (the bookseller) hath two sermons and a little collection of Rules for my Clergy, which had beene presented to you if I had thought [them] fit for notice, or to send to my dearest friends.

"Dear Sir, I pray let me hear from you as often as you can, for you will very much oblige me, if you will continue to love me still. I pray give my love and deare regards to worthy Mr. Thurland; let me heare of him and his good lady and how his son does. God blesse you and yours, him and his.

I am, deare Sir,

Your most affectionate friend,

'JEREM: DUNENSIS.'"

Although Taylor was high in honour and reputation, and had abundance of the good things of the world, yet was he not above the reach of misfortune, for this year was buried at Lisburn, his only surviving son by his second wife. He was still residing in his beloved retirement near Portmore, enjoying the closest intimacy with the family of his patron, the Earl of Conway. His diocesan duties fully occupied his attention, and gave free exercise to those qualities which attracted to him almost universal admiration and love. By his munificence he repaired the beauties of the cathedral at Dromore, which had fallen into partial ruin, during the subjection of the Episcopalians; and, by his severe piety, and perfect charity, and winning manners, rescued religion from the errors into which it had declined during the ascendancy of the Commonwealth, and once more restored it, in its purity and lovlinesss, to the hearts and affections of the laity.

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The good people of Taylor's neighbourhood were this year astonished by the visitation of two ghosts, who had retured upon earth for the very important purposes of restoring a child, in the one instance, to some little property of which he had been defrauded, and, in the other, of telling a kinsman to look under an old hearth for twenty-eight shillings. The country, however, became so much excited at these appearances, that Dr. Taylor was sent for to examine the unfortunate men who had been selected as the victims of the unquiet spirits, and to comfort them, he gave them a long string of questions to ask the ghosts the next time they were troublesome; such as, "whence are you?" "are you a good or a bad spirit?"—"where is your abode?" "what station do you hold?"—"how are you regimented in the other world?" which questions of our good bishop have excited the undisguised indignation of Increase Mather, who says they are not a whit better than those which Peter Cotton (a Jesuit) asked of a girl who was possessed of a devil, as, "when Calvinism would be extingushed?"—"how Noah could take the living creatures into the ark?"—"whether serpents went upon feet before Adam's fall?"—"what is the most evident place in Scripture to prove that there is a purgatory?" &c. And he adduces, as a warning to all who would ask ghosts impertinent questions, the fate of one, who would be teasing a dæmon that infested the house of a Mr. Perreoud, "and was plucked by his thumb, and twirled round and thrown down upon the floor, and entwined in most grievous misery."

Nothing appeared in 1662 from Taylor's prolific pen, but the "Via Intelligentiæ," a sermon preached before the University of Dublin. "Its purport is, in a great measure, the same which he had partly insisted on in his 'Liberty of Prophesying"—that the likeliest way to avoid all religious errors, and the only and certain way to prevent our errors from being damnable, is to apply ourselves to the practice of holiness, piety and charity, and to the teaching of that holy spirit, whose aid, in all things essential to salvation, will never be wanting to the sincere, the humble and the pure." This sermon is throughout written in his most elevated and glowing style, and inculcates the purest principles of toleration and brotherly love.

From this period to the time of Taylor's death, the sameness of his duties and the retirement in which he lived, disconnected him so much from the world of public men, that we can only trace him by the order of his publications. In 1663, appeared his χριστις τελειωτικη "a Defence and Introduction to the Rite of Confirmation;" three sermons preached at Christ Church, Dub-

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lin, and a funeral sermon on the primate Bramhall, full of the secret history of the Commonwealth. He was also, during this year, engaged about his "Dissuasive from Popery," a labour, undertaken not from any desire, in himself, to embark again upon the sea of controversy, but because he considered it his duty, as a minister of the reformed Church, and a Bishop of Ireland, (especially when particularly called upon, as in this case, by his brethren) to endeavour to turn the people from their errors, and convert them to his own doctrine and discipline. Influenced, however, as the Irish then were with political and religious zeal, speaking, with very few exceptions, a language totally distinct, and believing that their only chance of regaining their station among the nations of the earth, depended upon their adherence to that language, it was impossible that a book, not, in fact, accessible to them, and requiring a thorough change in their feelings and customs, could do the slightest good. It was published in 1664, but we doubt, if it did more than confirm those who had already joined the English Church.

Taylor's life had, indeed, been a covenant of sufferings; but his trials were not yet over, and, as the darkest clouds gather around the setting sun, so his bitterest sorrows were his last. Years of adversity and a life of study had impaired his strength, and undermined his constitution, but the wound which "laid his honoured head in a poor humble grave," was inflicted by the children of his bosom, by those whom he had loved and cherished. The two sons of his early marriage, who until now had escaped the general doom that seemed to await his family, in their turn perished, and under circumstances, to which, in the eyes of a Christian parent, a thousand deaths in infancy would have been a mercy. They had early separated themselves from their father, and in the conduct of their lives had totally disregarded his wishes and his example. The one entered the king's army, rose to the rank of a captain of horse, and was killed in a duel, in which his antagonist also fell. The other still more disobedient, neglected the profession for which he was designed and wandered up to London, where he was speedily involved in the licentiousness of the court. After running the full career of vice, breaking his health, and ruining his constitution, he consummated his profligacy by entering into the service and ministering to the pleasures of the infamous Villers. In the palace of his patron, he terminated, on the 2d August, 1667, his miserable life, the victim of a decline, induced by his irregularities and debaucheries.

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It is doubtful whether the news of this misfortune reached Taylor before his own death. The loss of his eldest son, and the gross misconduct of his brother, had bowed him to the dust, and while suffering under this accumulation of misery, he was attacked on the 5th August, at Lisburn, by a fever, which carried him off in ten days, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and the seventh of his prelacy. We may truly say in his own words, as applied to the primate Bramhall, "none of us all can avoid this sentence; for if wit and learning, great fame and great experience; if wise notices of things and an honourable fortune: if courage and skill, if prelacy and an honourable age, if any thing that could give greatness and immunity to the wise and prudent man, could have been put in bar against a sad day, and have gone for good plea, this sad scene of sorrows had not had place."

"His remains were removed to Dromore, to the Church of which place he had been a liberal benefactor. Dr. Rust, his friend, and his successor in that see, preached a funeral sermon, which, in itself, is no bad copy of Taylor's peculiar style of eloquence, and is well calculated to shew the veneration in which he was held, the sweetness of his temper and the variety of his accomplishments. No monument, however, was erected to his memory, and about a century afterwards, his bones, and those of his friend Rust, were disturbed from their vault to make room for the coffin of another Bishop. The late venerable Bishop Percy had them carefully collected and replaced. That their repose was ever violated, or that they were suffered to lie neglected so long, is not to be recorded without indignation."—p. 124.

Some years after his death, a "Discourse on Christian Consolation," and "Contemplations on the State of Man," were published in rather an unfinished dress, as the last labours of his fertile mind. They are marked as his on "unquestionable authority."

"Taylor's widow survived him many years, but the time and place of her death is unknown." Of the three daughters whom he left, the eldest died unmarried; the second was the wife of Dr. Francis Marsh, archbishop of Dublin, whose descendants are numerous and wealthy; the third, Joanna, intermarried with Edward Harrison, of Manlove, Esquire, by whom she had numerous children, one of whom became the wife of Sir Cecil Wray. The families of Mr. Edward Jones of North-Carolina, and of Colonel John De Berniere, 18th Regt. foot, now residents of South-Carolina, are the descendants, through the Wrays, of Taylor in the sixth degree.

We do not know that we can do better than give Bishop Heber's summary of Taylor's appearance and character.

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"The comeliness of Taylor's person has been often noticed, and he himself appears to have been not insensible of it. Few authors have so frequently introduced their own portraits, in different characters and attitudes, as ornaments to their printed works. So far as we may judge from these, he appears to have been above the middle size, strongly and handsomely proportioned, with his hair long and gracefully curling on his cheeks, large dark eyes, full of sweetness, an aqueline nose, and an open and intelligent countenance. He was thus represented in an original picture, once in the possession of the Marsh family, but unfortunately lost by his great-grandson, Jeremy Marsh, together with other property, in a dangerous ford which it was necessary to pass in removing to a fresh place of residence. It is from a copy of this painting, still in the possession of Mrs. Digby, that the engraving is taken which is prefixed to Mr. Bonney's volume. I suspect, however, that, in this copy, a liberty has been taken in altering the dress of the original; inasmuch as the face is younger than is consistent with the age at which he became qualified to wear the episcopal robes. And it is remarkable, that in no instance do any of the engravings made during his lifetime represent him in the chimara and rochet. Another portrait, whose claims to originality are, I believe, undoubted, was presented by Mrs. Wray, of Anne's Vale, near Rosstrevor, to All-Soul's College, displaying the same features and style of countenance, but at a more advanced period of life, and marked with a cast of melancholy which it is not difficult to account for from the domestic afflictions of his latter years. This is the likeness which is given with the present work, and I gladly take this opportunity of acknowledging my obligations to the admirable pencil of my friend, the Honourable Heneage Legge, who made a drawing of it for the use of the engraver. Of Joanna Taylor also, there is a portrait in the possession of Mrs. Wray, representing a fine woman with a pleasing oval countenance, and naked hands and arms of much beauty, standing in an arbour, and suspending a branch of laurel over a bust of Charles the First, which is placed beside her. These, with the watch which Taylor received from his unfortunate sovereign, and which is still preserved by the Marsh family, are, so far as I have discovered, the only relics remaining of this great and good man, and the person most closely united to him by alliance and affection.

"Of Taylor's domestic habits and private character much is not known, but all which is known is amiable. 'Love' as well as 'admiration,' is said to have 'waited on him,' in Oxford. In Wales, amid the mutual irritation and violence of civil and religious hostilities, we find him conciliating, when a prisoner, the favour of his keepers, at the same time that he preserved, undiminished, the confidence and esteem of his own party. Laud, in the height of his power and full-blown dignity; Charles, in his deepest reverses; Hatton, Vaughan and Conway, amid the tumults of civil war; and Evelyn, in the tranquillity of his elegant retirement; seem alike to have cherished his friendship, and coveted his society. The same genius, which extorted the commendation of Jeanes, for the variety of its research and vigour of its argument, was also an object of interest and affection with the young, and

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rich, and beautiful Katharine Philips; and few writers, who have expressed their opinions so strongly, and, sometimes, so unguardedly as he has done, have lived and died with so much praise and so little censure. Much of this felicity may be probably referred to an engaging appearance and a pleasing manner; but its cause must be sought, in a still greater degree, in the evident kindliness of heart, which, if the uniform tenour of a man's writings is any index to his character, must have distinguished him from most men living: in a temper, to all appearance warm, but easily conciliated; and in that which, as it is one of the least common, is of all dispositions the most attractive, not merely a neglect, but a total forgetfulness of all selfish feelings. It is this, indeed, which seems to have constituted the most striking feature of his character.—Other men have been, to judge from their writings and their lives, to all appearance, as religious, as regular in their devotions, as diligent in the performance of all which the laws of God or man require from us; but with Taylor, his duty seems to have been a delight, his piety a passion. His faith was the more vivid in proportion as his fancy was more intensely vigorous; with him the objects of his hope and reverence were scarcely unseen or future; his imagination daily conducted him to 'diet with gods,' and elevated him to the same height above the world, and the same nearness to ineffable things, which Milton ascribes to his allegorical 'Cherub Contemplation.'"—pp. 125–127.

This life of Taylor, and the criticism of his writings fill a small octavo volume of 350 pages. They were written as *prolegomena* to an edition of Taylor's works published, some years ago, in London. The great popularity of the subject, and the intrinsic merit of the work induced the publishers to re-print the life apart from the writings of the divine it commemorates, and it has now reached its third edition. We have, at last, received it across the waters, and feel extremely grateful to Bishop Heber, not only for the pleasure we have derived from his book, but for the opportunity he has given us of introducing to the notice of our readers, the incomparable prelate whose life we have just discussed.

The biographer of Taylor had, by no means, an easy task to execute. He had to contend against a scantiness of materials which it is almost impossible to conceive in the life of one so intimately "'twined with his land's language." To supply this deficiency, great research and acuteness were necessary. There were, indeed, various sources whence information might be obtained, but they were to be used cautiously and judiciously—much, for example, was to be deduced from his own publications, but voluminous as they are and in parts apparently contradictory, it required the acumen of a critic to avoid errors which would have been fatal to the consistency and beauty of his character. Something was to be derived from the notices

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and allusions of contemporaries, but mingled, as almost every thing in those days of disputation and controversy were, with the bitterness of partizan zeal, the cool deliberation of the philosopher was wanting to weigh probabilities, to soften asperities, to judge of motives, to adjust the balance between fulsome panegyric and unmeasured abuse. This duty, in fine, called for peculiar talents and opportunities, and no man ever united them in a degree greater than Bishop Heber. An ardent admirer of Taylor—serving the same master and the same church—like him, full of erudition and literature and poetry—with a mind just, discriminating and logical—with a character of the most transcendant purity and holiness—with a rank and station, unsealing all the fountains of knowledge, it was impossible for him to fail.

This work is written in Bishop Heber's very best style, and seldom have we had the pleasure of meeting with any style that we liked better. It is equally removed from the extreme of idiom and the stiffness of set phrase. It is simple, unaffected, earnest—uniting elegance with grace and ease with dignity. It evinces a taste formed upon the severest models, yet enriched with the beauties of a fertile imagination. Like his character, his writing was generally grave and serious, but when his subject requires animated discussion, or illustration or passion, and his mind and feelings became enlisted, he speaks like "one having authority." Figures of speech rarely occur, but when used, the subject is sure to give clearness, and the reader to be delighted with their propriety. We can only say, in conclusion, that the work is worthy of its author and its subject, and that it receives an additional charm from the association it has fixed in our minds between two of the brightest examples of genius and virtue which the Church has ever produced.

Want of space deters us, at this time, from any notice of Taylor's writings—at some future day, when we shall have more space and leisure, we will discuss their beauties and characteristics.

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ART. VII.—*Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life.* By THOMAS MOORE. In 2 vols. Vol. I. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 1830.

THE same inordinate curiosity about this work, which, as we are assured, made it absolutely necessary to publish it by piece-meal, will be a sufficient justification for a critical notice of it in its present incomplete state. It is, however, not without some degree of reluctance, that we hazard an opinion as to its merits, before we have fairly heard the author out with his story. The end not only "crowns the work," as the proverb expresses it, but it does something more. It explains, illustrates, reconciles all the parts, and, by discovering fully their relation to each other and to the whole, often shews the fitness and propriety of what, perhaps, at first appeared questionable or unsatisfactory. We are the more disposed to give Mr. Moore the full benefit of this concession, because we humbly conceive that he stands in need of it. We are free to confess that we have risen from the perusal of this volume with a very decided feeling of disappointment, to use no stronger expression. That our expectations—the Life of Sheridan to the contrary notwithstanding—had been raised to no ordinary pitch, we readily admit; and some allowances ought, doubtless, to be made on that score. But how should it have been otherwise? The few notices we had seen of the book from the English press, were of the most flattering kind, and, independently of these, there was every thing about the author's character and situation—the unhappy failure just alluded to always excepted—to excite the liveliest hopes for the success of the present very popular undertaking. We knew that the "noble poet" had been as intimate with Mr. Moore, as his extreme jealousy and shyness would allow him to be with any body. We knew, further, that our author had been made by Lord Byron himself, the depositary of certain MSS. of such deep and mysterious import, that it was deemed, for the benefit of all concerned—except the gentleman who made this sacrifice—to consign them to the flames. This act of considerate and lofty disinterestedness, as it has always been represented to have been, was, on many accounts, calculated to awaken great interest in the present work. To have had it in his power to make such a sacrifice, was, one would think, no small advantage to a biographer. However false may have been Lord Byron's representations of the con-

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duct of others, in this Black Book—however atrocious and unscrupulous his hostility to those who had offended or thwarted or defied him—he both loved himself and knew himself thoroughly; nor is it possible that he should not have impressed the image of his whole character, that he should not have breathed out his inmost soul, upon every page of that dark record of hate and wrath. We drew a not less favourable inference from the spirit, by which Mr. Moore was supposed to have been actuated in that affair. He had sacrificed, when in distress, two or three thousand pounds, (so the story went) rather than be accessory to the publication of such "perilous stuff" as the posthumous libel was made up of. He was a man, therefore, neither to be bribed by any pecuniary interest of his own, nor to be induced by any overweening partiality for his friend, to be the instrument of his malignity, or to spare his vices. We certainly expected from such a man, something different from the awkard, glozing, parasitical apology which he has given to the public, under the equivocal title of "Notices of the Life of Lord Byron"—to say nothing of a determined propensity for bookmaking which appears in it. We repeat it: we may see cause to change or at least to qualify our opinion of the whole work, when the rest of it shall have been published. But for the present, the impression left upon our minds is, that it is just such a full, frank, and manly statement of the whole truth and nothing but the truth, as a jury at the sessions is likely to hear from a hackneyed advocate in a desperate cause.

We have heard it remarked, as something favourable to this work, that it is a rare example of the biography of a great poet, written by one of the most distinguished of his compeers. In general, that would be any thing but a recommendation; since the life of one literary man is, according to a trite remark, always a dull subject for another, and the only advantage which a poet, as such, could have in treating his theme, would be not the most auspicious, in the world, to historical accuracy. Yet, whether the subject was fortunate in his biographer or not, in the present instance, the biographer was incontestably most fortunate in his subject. Lord Byron's life was not a literary, or cloistered and scholastic life. He had lived generally in the world, and always and entirely *for* the world. The *amat nemus et fugit urbes*, which has been predicated of the whole tuneful tribe, was, only in a qualified sense, a characteristic of his. If he sought seclusion, it was not for the retired leisure or the sweet and innocent tranquility of a country-life. His retreats were rather like that of Tiberius at Capreæ—the gloomy solitude of misanthropy and remorse, hiding its despair in darkness, or seeking to stupify

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and drown it in vice and debauchery. But even when he fled from the sight of men, it was only that he might be sought after the more, and in the depths of his hiding-places, as was long ago remarked of Timon of Athens, he could not live without vomiting forth the gall of his bitterness, and sending abroad most elaborate curses in good verse, to be admired of the very wretches whom he affected to despise. He lived in the world, and for the world—nor is it often that a career so brief, affords to biography so much impressive incident, or that the folly of an undisciplined and reckless spirit has assumed such a motley wear, and played off, before God and Man, so many extravagant and fantastical antics.

On the other hand, there was, amidst all its irregularities, something strangely interesting, something, occasionally, even grand and imposing in Lord Byron's character and mode of life. His whole being was, indeed, to a remarkable degree, extraordinary, fanciful, and fascinating. All that drew upon him the eyes of men, whether for good or evil—his passions and his genius, his enthusiasm and his woe, his triumphs and his downfall—sprang from the same source, a feverish temperament, a burning, distempered, insatiable imagination; and these, in their turn, acted most powerfully upon the imagination and the sensibility of others. We well remember a time—it is not more than two lustres ago—when we could never think of him ourselves but as an ideal being—a creature, to use his own words, "of loneliness and mystery"—moving about the earth like a troubled spirit, and even when in the midst of men, not *of* them. The enchanter's robe which he wore, seemed to disguise his person, and, like another famous sorcerer and sensualist—

> ——————he hurled
> His dazzling spells into the spungy air
> Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion
> And give it false presentments.

It has often occurred to us, as we have seen Sir Walter Scott diligently hobbling up to his daily task in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, and still more when we have gazed upon him for hours seated down at his clerk's desk, with a countenance of most demure and business-like formality, to contrast him, in that situation, with the only man, who had not been, at the time, totally overshadowed and eclipsed by his genius. It was, indeed, a wonderful contrast! Never did two such men—competitors in the highest walks of creative imagination and deep pathos—present such a strange antithesis of moral character, and do-

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mestic habits and pursuits, as Walter Scott at home, and Lord Byron abroad. It was the difference between prose and poetry—between the dullest realities of existence and an incoherent, though powerful and agitating romance—between a falcon trained to the uses of a domestic bird, and, instead of "towering in her pride of place," brought to stoop at the smallest quarry, and to wait upon a rude sportman's bidding like a menial servant—and some savage, untamed eagle, who, after struggling with the bars of his cage, until his breast was bare and bleeding with the agony, had flung himself forth, once more, upon the gale, and was again chasing before him the "whole herd of timorous and flocking birds," and making his native Alps, through all their solitudes, ring to his boding and wild scream. Lord Byron's pilgrimages to distant and famous lands—especially his first—heightened this effect of his genius and of his very peculiar mode of existence. Madame de Staël ascribes it to the good fortune or the deep policy of Napoleon, that he had succeeded in associating his name with some of those objects which have, through all time, most strongly impressed the imaginations of men, with the Pyramids, the Alps, the Holy Land, &c. Byron had the same advantage. His muse, like Horace's image of *Care*, mounted with him the steed and the gondola, the post-chaise and the packet-ship. His poems are, in a manner, the journals and common-place books of the wandering Childe. Thus, it is stated or hinted that a horrible incident, like that upon which the Giaour turns, had nearly taken place within Byron's own observation while in the East. His sketches of the sublime and beautful in nature, seem to be mere images, or, so to express it, shadows thrown down upon his pages from the objects which he visited, only coloured and illumined with such feelings, reflections and associations as they naturally awaken in contemplative and susceptible minds. His early visit to Greece, and the heartfelt enthusiasm with which he dwelt upon her loveliness even "in her age of woe"—upon the glory which once adorned, and that which might still await her—have identified him with her name, in a manner which subsequent events have made quite remarkable. His poetry, when we read it over again, seems to breathe of "the sanctified phrenzy of prophecy and inspiration." He now appears to have been the herald of her resuscitation. The voice of lamentation which he sent forth over Christendom, was as if it had issued from all her caves, fraught with the woe and the wrongs of ages, and the deep vengeance which at length awoke—and not in vain! In expressing ourselves as we have done upon this subject, it is to us a melancholy reflection that our language is far more suit-

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able to what we *have* felt, than to what we now feel, in reference to the life and character of Lord Byron. The last years of that life—the wanton, gross, and often dull and feeble ribaldry of some of his latest productions, broke the spell which he had laid upon our souls; and we are by no means sure, that we have not, since, yielded too much to the disgust and aversion which follow disenchantment like its shadow.

The task of Mr. Moore was, in one respect, beset by a very extraordinary difficulty. This we have already alluded to, and it may be still more pointedly summed up in the remark which has been so frequently made, that all Lord Byron's poems were, in some some sort, *auto-biographical.** He was himself, as our author remarks, uniformly the *dark* sublime he drew. Whatever the subject or the scene, the gloom of his desolate spirit fell in the same broad shadow over the picture. His heroes are all cast in one mould, and the standard of character and conduct which he sets up in his poetry, as we shall presently shew, was precisely what he aimed at in his life. At first, it seems, he treated this opinion as wholly unfounded, and lamented the fate of genius, if it were called to account, in its own person, for whatever, in its surveys of man and of nature, it might conceive of guilt and crime. His defence was, the trivial one which has been set up for Macchiavelli, and with very much the same degree of reason and propriety. It soon, however, became apparent to his readers, as it does to those of the great political Mephistopheles, that he painted *con amore.* One work after another, bore evidence of this, until in the two last Cantos of Childe Harold, the noble poet scarcely took the trouble to hold up the mask, to that sardonic and withering countenance, "thrice changed with pale, ire, envy and despair," which was become so familiar to mankind.† It was this circumstance, indeed—besides their own merit—that for some time excited so powerful an interest in his works. It was, as if they who read, were listening to accents of living anguish—the breathings, deep and intense as if they had been vented in the solitude of the bed-chamber, of a wounded and wronged spirit in its agony. The charm which has been felt to attach to auto-biography, in every shape, for the supposed truth of its revelations, was heightened here, as in the confessions of Rous-

* Or "auto-graphical," rather, "self-painting."

† "I would gladly—or, rather, sorrowfully—comply with your request of a dirge for the poor girl you mention. But how can I write on one I have never seen or known? Besides, you will do it much better yourself. *I could not write upon any thing, without some personal experience and foundation;* far less on a theme so peculiar. Now, you have both in this case, and, if you had neither, you have more imagination, and would never fail."—*Letter* ccxxii. *to Moore*, p. 460.

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seau, by the extraordinary peculiarities of the man, and the wizzard tones of genius. It was not only the laying bare, as in tragedy, of that *Hell*, to use Lord Byron's own expression, the human bosom, with all the furies that possess it—its fiercest and fellest passions, in most vehement agitation and conflict—a spectacle so attractive, that all ages have assigned to it, with one consent, nothing less than the very highest place among the achievements of creative mind. It was a living man, equally favoured, according to the vulgar estimate, by nature and by fortune—too young, one would have thought, to have experienced the ills of life, or too high to be reached by them—that uttered these ravings, so strangely wild and melancholy, "were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe." At the same time, his whole life and demeanour, as we have remarked before, were calculated to increase the curiosity excited by his writings. The singularities which really distinguished them, were exaggerated by report. Every thing about this solitary heir of an old Norman line, and lord of an antique, ruined pile—still of the same venerable aspect as when its cloisters were the last refuge of the broken-heart, and the quiet nursery of holy thoughts, but now desecrated, it was rumoured, by midnight revelry and the nameless abominations of sin and folly—administered to the vulgar appetite for the marvellous—"and then," to use the words of the poet himself, in his picture of "Lara"—

> ————his rarely called attendants said,
> Thro' nights long hours would sound his hurried tread,
> O'er the dark gallery, where his father's frowned,
> In rude but antique portraiture around;
> They heard, but whispered—"*that* must not be known—
> The sound of words less earthly than his own.
> Yes, they who chose might smile, but some had seen
> They scarce knew what, but more than should have been.
> Why gazed he so upon the *ghastly head*,
> Which hands profane had gathered from the dead, &c.*

It is not wonderful that public curiosity should have been always alive about such a man, and that all his movements should have been (as they were) studiously watched and reported. Accordingly, there is no end, whether in print or in conversation, to "anecdotes of Lord Byron." In short, we had heard so much of him from himself and from others, and what we had heard was so full of interest and mystery, so extraordinary, so exciting, that we fell upon Mr. Moore's publication with an eagerness scarcely conceivable. We expected it to prove

* For a striking and beautiful picture of his romantic life, see "The Dream."

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the most interesting of biographical works—at least, "to rival all but 'Boswells book' below." But the very circumstances which had excited these expectations, were most unfavourable to the fulfilment of them; and it may be, that no writer could have compiled a Life of Lord Byron, which should have come up to our hopes, or fallen in with our preconceived opinions.

The title of the work is strictly accurate. It is "the letters and journals of Lord Byron *with* notices of his life." The staple of the book is all Byron's as our readers will readily conceive when we inform them that it contains no less than 240 epistles (good and bad) of the poet's, with a great deal of miscellaneous matter from his other MSS. and his every day tittle-tattle picked up in conversation by his friends. His biographer has done little more than string his materials together in the order to which he has chosen to reduce them. This he has, for the most part, done as such things are always done, by a few sentences of narrative or explanation; but he takes care whenever occasion serves, to paint all *couleur de rose*, with many a gloss at intervals, and now and then a set dissertation or *excursus*, in a style of most laboured philosophical rhetoric. Indeed, we must remark upon the style throughout, that nothing seems more unaccountable to us than the great encomiums which (as we are informed) have been passed upon it by the English journals. It appears to us the stiffest and most pompous we have ever met with in a work of the kind—a tissue of heavy brocade. Mr. Moore seems to have been frightened out of all confidence in himself, by the criticisms on his Life of Sheridan. He was, clearly, not at his ease in composing; and, as a matter of course, the composition has neither grace nor nature in it. In avoiding one evil he has run into another. Instead of the *poetical license*, the redundancy of figurative language and such like blemishes, which deformed the diction of the Life of Sheridan, he has given us here a specimen of dull and pedantic formality. We were often struck with the contrast between Byron's letters, written with the greatest possible vivacity and *abandon*, and the elaborate prosing that comes after them. We can compare it to nothing except it be going out of the elastic open air in a bright October day, into the atmosphere of a close and crowded room. In taking these steps from the author to the commentator, we occasionally experienced a sensation which strongly reminded us of suffocation. Yet there are some passages—some score or two of pages, it may be—in which Mr. Moore has been more felicitous, and, which are indeed, quite worthy of his poetical reputation.—

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We shall have occasion to refer to at least one of these in the sequel.

Lord Byron's prose style has always appeared to us excellent. We have read few things with greater satisfaction in every point of view, but especially in *this*, than his famous letter to Murray on the Pope and Bowles controversy. The besetting sin of his poetry, as we shall have to remark when we come to it, was exaggeration and effort; but nothing can be more offhand, dashing and lively than his prose. He expresses himself with all the freedom of literary table talk, and one is surprised to find a man of so much and such extraordinary genius, as remarkable as the best of his contemporaries, for that strong common sense, and shrewd cleverness which have not always been attributes of the most gifted spirits. His opinions in literature too, meet in general, our heartiest concurrence—except that we do not see why he has so *unbounded* an admiration for the "Pleasures of Memory," and think also, that he overrates the "Pleasures of Hope." His defence of Pope, against the modern Grub-Street, as he expresses it himself, had been worthy of all praise, had he gone a little farther and only gibbetted a few of that great man's detractors in another Dunciad, as an offering to his offended manes. Having tried his own hand at satire, with some degree of success, Byron was the better able to appreciate the matchless excellence of Pope, in his peculiar walk. We must observe, however, as to some of the opinions advanced by the noble poet in the volume before us, that they were those of a very young man, and were no doubt subsequently corrected by "sage experience." One instance of this is expressly noticed by Mr. Moore, and as the change respected the merits of Petrarch, who is rather a pet with us, we saw it with a lively satisfaction. Many, very many of these letters are far from being remarkable in any respect, and we are satisfied that there is much more interesting and characteristic matter to be found in the unpublished correspondence of Lord Byron, as may possibly appear from the subsequent volume of Mr. Moore. We confess, however, we have sad misgivings upon this subject, and doubt very much whether biography in the hands of so tender a friend as our author, will at all answer the purpose, strongly expressed by Dryden in his own way, of exhibiting the poor erring being "as naked as ever nature made him." The following extracts are submitted as specimens of that we think Lord Byron's happiest manner.

In a letter to Mr. Dallas, he refers to the death of a young man of whom he repeatedly speaks in the same exalted terms.

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It was written shortly before the publication of the first two Cantos of Childe Harold.

" Newstead Abbey, September 7th, 1811.

" As Gifford has been ever my ' Magnus Apollo,' any approbation, such as you mention, would, of course, be more welcome than ' all Bokara's vaunted gold, than all the gems of Samarkand.' But I am sorry the MS. was shown to him in such a manner, and I had written to Murray to say as much, before I was aware that it was too late.

" Your objection to the expression ' central line,' I can only meet by saying that, before Childe Harold left England, it was his full intention to traverse Persia, and return by India, which he could not have done without passing the equinoctial.

" The other errors you mention, I must correct in the progress through the press. I feel honoured by the wish of such men that the poem should be continued, but to do that, I must return to Greece and Asia; I must have a warm sun and a blue sky; I cannot describe scenes so dear to me by a sea-coal fire. I had projected an additional Canto when I was in the Troad and Constantinople, and if I saw them again, it would go on; but under existing circumstances and *sensations*, I have neither harp, ' heart, nor voice' to proceed. I feel that *you are all right* as to the metaphysical part; but I also feel that I am sincere, and that if I am only to write ' *ad captandum vulgus*,' I might as well edit a magazine at once, or spin canzonettas for Vauxhall.

* * * * *

" My work must make its way as well as it can; I know I have every thing against me, angry poets and prejudices; but if the poem is a *poem*, it will surmount these obstacles, and if *not*, it deserves it fate. Your friend's Ode I have read—it is no great compliment to pronounce it far superior to S * * 's on the same subject, or to the merits of the new Chancellor. It is evidently the production of a man of taste, and a poet, though I should not be willing to say it was fully equal to what might be expected from the author of ' *Horæ Ionicæ*.' I thank you for it, and that is more than I would do for any other Ode of the present day.

" I am very sensible of your good wishes, and, indeed, I have need of them. My whole life has been at variance with propriety, not to say decency; my circumstances are become involved; my friends are dead or estranged, and my existence a dreary void. In Matthews I have lost my ' guide, philosopher, and friend;' in Wingfield a friend only, but one whom I could have wished to have preceded in his long journey.

" Matthews was indeed an extraordinary man; it has not entered into the heart of a stranger to conceive such a man; there was the stamp of immortality in all he said or did; and now what is he? When we see such men pass away and be no more—men, who seem created to display what the Creator *could make* his creatures, gathered into corruption, before the maturity of minds that might have been the pride of posterity, what are we to conclude? For my own part I am bewildered. To me he was much, to Hobhouse every thing. My poor Hob-

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house doted on Matthews. For me, I did not love quite so much as I honoured him; I was indeed so sensible of his infinite superiority, that though I did not envy, I stood in awe of it. He, Hobhouse, Davies, and myself, formed a coterie of our own at Cambridge and elsewhere. Davies is a wit and man of the world, and feels as much as such a character can do; but not as Hobhouse has been affected. Davies, who is not a scribbler, has always beaten us all in the war of words, and by his colloquial powers at once delighted and kept us in order. H. and myself always had the worst of it with the other two; and even M. yielded to the dashing vivacity of S. D. But I am talking to you of men, or boys, as if you cared about such beings."—p. 219.

We subjoin the following dated at Patras, 1810, to his friend Hodgson. It is extremely sprightly, and one of the most characteristic in the whole collection. The line printed in italics reveals that horror of being ranked with mere authors which he always felt or affected. Mr. Moore admits it has been justly said of him that "he was prouder of being a descendant of the Byrons of Normandy, who accompanied William the Conqueror into England, than of having been the author of Childe Harold and Manfred." But of that more anon.

"Since I left Constantinople, I have made a tour of the Morea, and visited Vely Pacha, who paid me great honours and gave me a pretty stallion. H. is doubtless in England before even the date of this letter— bears a despatch from me to your bardship. He writes to me from Malta, and requests my journal, if I keep one. I have none, or he should have it; but I have replied, in a consolitary and exhortatory epistle, praying him to abate three and sixpence in the price of his next Boke, seeing that half a guinea is a price not to be given for any thing save an opera ticket.

"As for England, it is so long since I have heard from it. Every one at all connected with my concerns is asleep, and you are my only correspondent, agents excepted. I have really no friends in the world; though all my old school-companions are gone forth into that world, and walk about there in monstrous disguises, in the garb of guardsmen, lawyers, parsons, fine gentlemen, and such other masquerade dresses. So, I here shake hands and cut with all these busy people, none of whom write to me. Indeed, I ask it not;—and here I am, a poor traveller and heathenish philosopher, who hath perambulated the greatest part of the Levant, and seen a great quantity of very improvable land and sea, and, after all, am no better than when I set out—Lord help me!

"I have been out fifteen months this very day, and I believe my concerns will draw me to England soon; but of this I will apprize you regularly from Malta. On all points, Hobhouse will inform you, if you are curious as to our adventures. I have seen some old English papers up to the 15th of May. I see the 'Lady of the Lake' advertised. Of course it is in his old ballad style, and pretty. After all, Scott is the best of them. The end of all scribblement is to amuse, and he certainly succeeds there. I long to read his new romance.

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"And how does 'Sir Edgar?' and your friend, Bland? I suppose you are involved in some literary squabble. *The only way is to despise all brothers of the quill.* I suppose you won't allow me to be an author, but I contemn you all, you dogs!—I do.

"You don't know D——s, do you? He had a farce ready for the stage before I left England, and asked me for a prologue, which I promised, but sailed in such a hurry, I never penned a couplet. I am afraid to ask after his drama, for fear it should be damned—Lord forgive me for using such a word!—but the pit, Sir, you know, the pit—they will do those things, in spite of merit. I remember this farce from a curious circumstance. When Drury-lane was burnt to the ground, by which accident Sheridan and his son lost the few remaining shillings they were worth, what doth my friend D——— do? Why, before the fire was out, he writes a note to Tom Sheridan, the manager of this combustible concern, to inquire whether this farce was not converted into fuel, with about two thousand other unactable manuscripts, which of course were in great peril, if not actually consumed. Now was not this characteristic?—the ruling passions of Pope are nothing to it. While the poor distracted manager was bewailing the loss of a building only worth £300,000, together with some twenty thousand pounds of rags and tinsel in the tiring rooms, Blue-beard's elephants, and all that—in comes a note from a scorching author, requiring at his hands two acts and odd scenes of a farce!!

"Dear H., remind Drury that I am his well-wisher, and let Scrope Davies be well affected towards me. I look forward to meeting you at Newstead and renewing our old Champagne evenings with all the glee of anticipation. I have written by every opportunity, and expect responses as regular as those of the liturgy, and somewhat longer. As it is impossible for a man in his senses to hope for happy days, let us at least look forward to merry ones, which come nearest to the other in appearance, if not in reality; and in such expectations I remain, &c."—pp. 182, 183.

We would remark further in reference to Lord Byron's talents, as what he calls "a proser," (his rather ungracious name for a writer of any sort of prose) that we think his first speech in the House of Lords, a very promising début for so young a man. Still it is questionable, whether he could have succeeded as a public speaker—we mean in that particular assembly. That the same genius which gave him so great a mastery of the human heart in his poetry, might easily have been trained to the most sublime eloquence of the popular assembly, we have no doubt. We do not believe in the trivial maxim—*poeta nascitur, orator fit*, as *it is commonly understood.* No man can make himself an orator in the proper sense of that word. The eloquence which fires and melts the hearts of men, is at least as much an affair of temperament as of discipline. But in addition to the sensibility and genius which are requisite for suc-

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cess in poetical composition, a great public speaker must have dramatic talents of the highest order; and the advantages of a fine voice and expressive countenance if not indispensable, are at least very important. How far this latter class of requisites were to be found in Lord Byron, we have no means of judging. Mr. Moore attributes the comparative failure of his subsequent efforts, (for he spoke three times) to what he calls his *sing-song* delivery. The truth is, no doubt, that Byron wrote his speeches before they were pronounced, and having committed them to memory, repeated them by rote like a Harrow-boy reciting his lesson. This defect in his delivery, so disagreeable and destructive of all effect in public speaking, might have been corrected in any other assembly than the House of Lords. The touch of nature and passion, would have operated upon Byron (had he become a man of business) in his oratory, as it did in his poetry, like Ithuriel's spear. Had he been forced out, in *our* public assemblies, after a little training at the bar, or without that training, had great and agitating questions arisen in the land, his soul would have flashed forth with all its smothered fires, and the puny reciter of memorized common-place, suddenly transformed into an orator, "collecting all his might, dilated stood." But no such metamorphosis could possibly have taken place in the House of Lords; the very last place in any country enjoying the advantages of representative government, in which any thing like eloquence can originate. The languid, monotonous and somniferous dignity of that assembly would have chilled even Byron into mediocrity.

We proceed now to make some remarks upon his moral character and his poetical genius and works. But first, a word about his biographer.

Mr. Moore's account of the affair which made him for life, Lord Byron's most grateful and devoted *friend*, (for so let him be called, *per euphemismum*) and, consequently, the author of this book, is one of the most amusing things in the volume. Every body who has read the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, remembers the following lines with the note appended to them.

> "Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life,
> To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
> And guard it sacred in his future wars,
> Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars.
> Can none remember that eventful day,
> That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
> When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
> And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?"

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Then comes the note.

"In 1806, Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols, like the courage of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the daily prints."

The quizzing and pleasantry which this awkward specimen of chivalry, (as it was represented) thus gave rise to, led Mr. Moore to trouble the public with a corrected version of the whole affair, in the fond hope of spoiling their fun, and for some time, he informs us, his letter did seem to have produced the desired effect. But "unluckily," as he goes on to relate with admirable *naïveté*, "the original story was too tempting a theme for humour and sarcasm to be so easily superseded by mere matter of fact. Accordingly, after a little time—more especially by those who were at all willing to wound—the old falsehood was, for the sake of its ready sting, revived." Although as good-humoured as his own Anacreon, he became at length rather impatient of what he had to endure in this hornet's nest, and anxiously looked for some responsible person whom he might make an example of, and hold up *in terrorem* to the rest. He had suffered under these torments of the spirit three whole years—with the exception of the momentary repose which his explanation had procured him—when new pungency and venom were given to the old joke, by the aforesaid passages of Lord Byron's satire. Still the injured Little, though smarting under his wounds, had too much discretion to take the steps usually pursued by an Irishman in such situations, because the satire was not formally published in the author's name. Very soon after, however, Lord Byron tickled with the *éclat* which his success had given him, sent forth a second edition to the world, and acknowledged the relation in which he stood to his work. The time for acting was now come, and Mr. Moore shall tell what he did.

"I was, at the time, in Ireland, and but little in the way of literary society; and it so happened that some months passed away before the appearance of this new edition was known to me. Immediately on being apprized of it,—the offence now assuming a different form,—I addressed the following letter to Lord Byron, and, transmitting it to a friend in London, requested that he would have it delivered into his lordship's hands.

"Dublin, January 1st, 1810.

"MY LORD,

"Having just seen the name of 'Lord Byron' prefixed to a work, entitled 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' in which, as it appears

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to me, *the lie is given* to a public statement of mine, respecting an affair with Mr. Jeffrey some years since, I beg you will have the goodness to inform me whether I may consider your lordship as the author of this publication.

"I shall not, I fear, be able to return to London for a week or two; but, in the mean time, I trust your lordship will not deny me the satisfaction of knowing whether you avow the insult contained in the passages alluded to.

"It is needless to suggest to your lordship the propriety of keeping our correspondence secret.

"I have the honour to be
"Your lordship's very humble servant,
"THOMAS MOORE."

"22, Molesworth-street."

"In the course of a week, the friend to whom I intrusted this letter wrote to inform me that Lord Byron had, as he learned on inquiring of his publisher, gone abroad immediately on the publication of his second edition; but that my letter had been placed in the hands of a gentleman named Hodgson, who had undertaken to forward it carefully to his lordship. Though the latter step was not exactly what I could have wished, I thought it as well, on the whole, to let my letter take its chance, and again postponed all consideration of the matter.—p. 229.

It appears from the foregoing extract, that Mr. Moore took offence not at Lord Byron's ridiculing him as a coward, but at the fact that his Lordship had not been satisfied with Mr. Moore's explanation of the Chalk Farm business. As it was quite probable, however, that the noble satirist had never seen the explanation alluded to, there was, obviously, great room for accommodation without coming to blows. Still it was as well that Lord Byron went abroad, for, during his absence, a very remarkable change took place in his adversary's feelings, which is related with much ludicrous solemnity, in the following passage. The contrast between Mr. Moore's tenacity about having his explanation believed, and his caution in approaching Byron, appears to us irresistibly comic.

"During the interval of a year and a half which elapsed before Lord Byron's return. I had taken upon myself obligations, both as husband and father, which make most men,—and especially those who have nothing to bequeath,—less willing to expose themselves unnecessarily to danger. On hearing, therefore, of the arrival of the noble traveller from Greece, though still thinking it due to myself to follow up my first request of an explanation, I resolved, in prosecuting that object, to adopt such a tone of conciliation as should not only prove my sincere desire of a pacific result, but show the entire freedom from any angry or resentful feeling with which I took the step. The death of

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Mrs. Byron, for some time, delayed my purpose. But as soon after that event as was consistent with decorum, I addressed a letter to Lord Byron, in which, referring to my former communication, and expressing some doubts as to its having ever reached him, I restated, in pretty nearly the same words, the nature of the insult, which, as it appeared to me, the passage in his note was calculated to convey. "It is now useless," I continued, "to speak of the steps with which it was my intention to follow up that letter. The time which has elapsed since then, though it has done away neither the injury nor the feeling of it, has, in many respects, materially altered my situation; and the only object which I have now in writing to your lordship is, to preserve some consistency with that former letter, and to prove to you that the injured feeling still exists, however circumstances may compel me to be deaf to its dictates at present. When I say 'injured feeling,' let me assure your lordship that there is not a single vindictive sentiment in my mind towards you. I mean but to express that uneasiness, under (what I consider to be) a charge of falsehood, which must haunt a man of any feeling to his grave, unless the insult be retracted or atoned for; and which, if I did *not* feel, I should, indeed, deserve far worse than your lordship's Satire could inflict upon me." In conclusion, I added, that, so far from being influenced by any angry or resentful feeling towards him, it would give me sincere pleasure, if, by any satisfactory explanation, he would enable me to seek the honour of being henceforward ranked among his acquaintance.*

"To this letter Lord Byron returned the following answer.

"Cambridge, October 27th, 1811.

"SIR,

"Your letter followed me from Notts. to this place, which will account for the delay of my reply. Your former letter I never had the honour to receive;—be assured, in whatever part of the world it had found me, I should have deemed it my duty to return and answer it in person.

"The advertisement you mention, I know nothing of. At the time of your meeting with Mr. Jeffrey, I had recently entered College, and remember to have heard and read a number of squibs on the occasion, and from the recollection of these I derived all my knowledge on the subject, without the slightest idea of 'giving the lie' to an address which I never beheld. When I put my name to the production, which has occasioned this correspondence, I became responsible to all whom it might concern,—to explain where it requires explanation, and, where insufficiently or too sufficiently explicit, at all events to satisfy. My situation leaves me no choice; it rests with the injured and the angry to obtain reparation in their own way.

"With regard to the passage in question, *you* were certainly *not* the person towards whom I felt personally hostile. On the contrary, my whole thoughts were engrossed by one whom I had reason to consider

* "Finding two different draughts of this letter among my papers, I cannot be quite certain as to some of the terms employed; but have little doubt that they are here given correctly."

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as my worst literary enemy, nor could I foresee that his former antagonist was about to become his champion. You do not specify what you would wish to have done: *I can neither retract nor apologize for a charge of falsehood which I never advanced.*

"In the beginning of the week, I shall be at No. 8, St. James's-street. Neither the letter nor the friend to whom you stated your intention ever made their appearance.

"Your friend Mr. Rogers, or any other gentleman delegated by you, will find me most ready to adopt any conciliatory proposition which shall not compromise my own honour,—or, failing in that, to make the atonement you deem it necessary to require.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble, servant,

"BYRON."

"In my reply to this, I commenced by saying that his lordship's letter was, upon the whole, as satisfactory as I could expect. It contained all that, in the strict *diplomatique* of explanation, could be required, namely,—that he had never seen the statement which I supposed him wilfully to have contradicted,—that he had no intention of bringing against me any charge of falsehood, and that the objectionable passage of his work was not levelled personally at *me*. This, I added, was all the explanation that I had a right to expect, and I was, of course, satisfied with it.

"I then entered into some detail relative to the transmission of my first letter from Dublin,—giving, as my reason for descending to these minute particulars, that I did not, I must confess, feel quite easy under the manner in which his lordship had noticed the miscarriage of that first application to him.

"My reply concluded thus:—'As your lordship does not show any wish to proceed beyond the rigid formulary of explanation, it is not for me to make any further advances. We, Irishmen, in business of this kind, seldom know any medium between decided hostility and decided friendship;—but, as my approaches towards the latter alternative must now depend entirely on your lordship, I have only to repeat that I am satisfied with your letter, and that I have the honour to be," &c. &c.

Lord Byron, however, showed not the smallest disposition to *fraternize* with the open-hearted Irishman. On the contrary, he received the proposal with the most haughty and repulsive coldness; when Moore, "somewhat piqued," as he assures us, "at the manner in which his efforts towards a more friendly understanding"—ill-timed as he confesses them to have been—were received, hastened to close the correspondence by a short note, frankly avowing that Byron's carriage towards him had made him feel very awkwardly, and so, having received ample satisfaction touching the principal subject of their correspondence, he hoped it would now cease forever. Lord Byron's generosity was affected by this *naïve* appeal to it. He, accord-

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ingly wrote Moore a note, declaring that he had behaved to him with coldness only because he thought etiquette required it, and concluded with an assurance, that he "should be happy to meet him when, where and how he pleased." The result was a meeting at the house of the poet Rogers, in a *partie carrée* at dinner—consisting of the host, the combatants, and the author of the "Pleasures of Hope;" at which, Lord Byron astonished his new acquaintance by his rigid abstinence from wine, as well as from every thing in the shape of fish, flesh or fowl.

Such is the brief outline of this singular affair. We will only add, that the ascendant which Byron possessed at the beginning, he obviously retained to the last, in his intercourse with Mr. Moore: and that this biography seems to us to have been written very much in the same spirit as the notes just adverted to—to wit, the spirit of—a dependant, at least—we were going to use a harsher word.

Lord Byron's genealogy was a proud one. He traced his descent on the father's side, from Ralph de Burun, whose name, it seems, ranks high in Domesday Book, among the tenants of land in Nottinghamshire; and on the mother's, from that Sir William Gordon, who was third son of the Earl of Huntley, by the daughter of James I. In more ancient times, his ancestors had distinguished themselves in the field and at court, but for a considerable period before he came forward to give it immortality, the name of Byron had been under a cloud. Those who believe in the force of *blood*, will attach some importance to the reputations of the two personages to whom he was indebted for his life and his estate—his father and his grand-uncle. The latter was tried for one murder, and accused of another; for the "state of austere and almost savage seclusion," in which he passed the latter years of his strange life, gave occasion and countenance to many horrible stories in the neighbourhood of his residence. One of these deserves notice: his cruelty to Lady Byron was notorious, and "it is even believed, that in one of his fits of fury, he flung her into the pond at Newstead." "All the kind of the Launces have this fault." Lord Byron's father, Captain Byron, was twice married. His first wife was Lady Carmarthen, whom he carried off with him to the continent, and (the Marquis having obtained a divorce from her) subsequently married. Lord Byron's sister, Mrs. Leigh, was the fruit of this union. The gallant captain's second choice—avowedly determined by mercenary motives—was Catharine Gordon, only child and heiress of George Gordon, Esq. of Gight. He squandered her fortune with so much expedition, that, in the course of two years, she was reduced to a pittance

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of £150 per annum, and soon after retired to Aberdeen, where she took up her residence. Her husband lived with her there for a short time, but they did not agree—except to a separation, which accordingly took place, *à l'amiable*. Captain Byron died in '91, when his son was only three years of age, so that the whole task of educating the poet devolved upon his mother. The character of that mother was an unfortunate one, and peculiarly unsuitable to such an office. She was full of the most violent extremes, and seems to have been utterly unable to control her feelings. She was thrown into hysterics by Mrs. Siddons in Isabella—and, on being informed of her husband's death, ill as he had treated her, and firmly as she had resented his misconduct, "her grief bordered on distraction, and her shrieks were so loud as to be heard in the street." With a temperament thus inflammable, Mrs. Byron was equally destitute of every high intellectual endowment and all the winning graces of society. Mr. Moore gives us the following, upon the authority of one of Lord Byron's earliest instructors, Dr. Glennie. "Mrs. Byron was a total stranger to English society and English manners; with an exterior far from prepossessing, an understanding where nature had not been more bountiful, a mind almost wholly without cultivation, and the peculiarities of northern opinions, northern habits, and northern accent, I trust, I do no great prejudice to the memory of my countrywoman, if I say Mrs. Byron was not a Madame de Lambert, endowed with powers to retrieve the fortune, and form the character and manners of a young nobleman, her son." The worst feature, however, of the discipline, or rather *no*-discipline, in which Mrs. Byron trained up her son, was her excessive fondness and indulgence—interrupted, of course, at no very distant intervals, by volcanic explosions of rage. It is due to Lord Byron, to quote the following passage:—

"Even under the most favourable circumstances, such an early elevation to rank would be but too likely to have a dangerous influence on the character; and the guidance under which young Byron entered upon his new station, was, of all others, the least likely to lead him safely through its perils and temptations. His mother, without judgment or self-command, alternately spoiled him by indulgence, and irritated, or—what was still worse—amused him by her violence. That strong sense of the ridiculous, for which he was afterward so remarkable, and which showed itself thus early, got the better even of his fear of her; and when Mrs. Byron, who was a short and corpulent person, and rolled considerably in her gait, would, in a rage, endeavour to catch him, for the purpose of inflicting punishment, the young urchin, proud of being able to outstrip her, notwithstanding his lameness, would run round the room, laughing like a little Puck, and mocking at all her menaces. In

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the few anecdotes of his early life which he related in his 'Memoranda,' though the name of his mother was never mentioned but with respect, it was not difficult to perceive that the recollection she had left behind—at least, those that had made the deepest impression—were of a painful nature. One of the most striking passages, indeed, in the few pages of that Memoir which related to his early days, was where, in speaking of his own sensitiveness, on the subject of his deformed foot, he described the feeling of horror and humiliation that came over him, when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him 'a lame brat.' As all that he had felt strongly through life, was, in some shape or other, reproduced in his poetry, it was not likely that an expression such as this should fail of being recorded. Accordingly, we find, in the opening of his drama, "The Deformed Transformed,"

> "*Bertha.* Out, hunchback!
> *Arnold.* I was born so, mother!"

It may be questioned, indeed, whether that whole drama was not indebted for its origin to this single recollection."—pp. 33, 34.

If it is not without reason that so much importance has been attached to the influence of the mother in the formation of a son's character—and we believe that it can scarcely be overrated—great allowance ought to be made for Lord Byron's infirmities and errors on this ground.

We do not know whether others have felt as we did, in reading this account of Lord Byron's childhood—but we found the situation of the young poet extremely touching. It presents, in some respects, a striking contrast to his future destiny. He was alone in the world—unknown, and friendless, and in poverty. With none to care for him but his unhappy mother, the future heir of Newstead and a title, (for he succeeded to them collaterally, and, as it were, casually) experienced all that makes the lot of the fatherless so commiserable, as it is represented in the scriptures. He, whose voice of woe—wrung from him by the agonies of a self-tormenting spirit still doomed, in every change of circumstance, to suffering—was to reach to the uttermost corners of the earth, and draw tears from the eyes of the stranger and the foreigner, appears to have been an amiable and affectionate boy, of most vivacious and engaging manners (among his familiar acquaintance)* of a spirit remarkably enterprising and intrepid, and although wild and wayward, and very much inclined to little acts of mischief, still, in general, liked

* "Few people understood Byron, but *I* know that he had naturally a kind and feeling heart, and that there was not a single spark of malice in his composition." *Dr. Pigot.* p. 70.

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by his teachers, and a decided favourite with his young associates. Yet were the seeds of his future wretchedness already sown. He was shy and sensitive to excess, and his mortification about his lameness—a mortification unspeakable in the young, and in Byron's case, approaching to madness—early superinduced upon him that impatience and even horror of ridicule, and those habits of gloomy seclusion, and bitter, misanthropic derision and defiance, which grew with his growth, and became, at length, so fatally inveterate, as to form a part of his very being. The following simple anecdote speaks volumes to those who have studied the human heart.

"I have been told by a gentleman of Glasgow, that the person who nursed his wife, and who still lives in his family, used often to join the nurse of Byron, when they were out with their respective charges, and one day said to her, as they walked together, 'What a pretty boy Byron is! what a pity he has such a leg!' On hearing this allusion to his infirmity, the child's eyes flashed with anger, and striking at her with a little whip which he held in his hand, he exclaimed, impatiently, 'Dinna speak of it.'"—p. 23.

We have heard that when he first grew up, he used to speak of himself in reference to the same misfortune, as "accursed of God from his birth." His feelings upon this subject are expressed more fully, though not more powerfully, in the "Deformed Transformed." We have not the least doubt, that a good portion of Lord Byron's morbid irritability is to be accounted for in this way. Sir Walter Scott, who labours under precisely the same misfortune, but seems to have borne it much more patiently, because discipline has made him a wiser and better man, has clearly felt a like mortification, though less intense in degree; or he could not possibly have drawn the "Black Dwarf." That novel appears a piece of fantastic extravagance to superficial readers—it is, on the contrary, a profound and masterly conception, which nothing but such a genius, instructed by personal experience, could have formed. Shakspeare has, no doubt, admirably depicted one of the effects of this cause in Gloster's soliloquy, and, indeed, in the whole character of Richard III. He traces up the wickedness of this tyrant to his deformity. His cruelty to man is despite to God. He rebels against the "dissembling nature" which has *wronged* him—by which he has been

"Curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature"—

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and wreaks his capricious vengeance upon her more favoured children. This, as we shall presently have to remark, is the very spirit of Lord Byron's poetry—the spirit of rebellion and despite—the spirit of Cain, the homicide, with the "primal eldest curse upon him!" But Sir Walter Scott has dived much deeper than Shakspeare into this dreadful mystery of the heart. With all that makes him so striking a dramatic hero, there is something vulgar in Richard's wickedness. It is downright *deviltry*, to use a homely phrase. There is nothing of the "archangel ruined" there—no glimpse of immortal aspirations dashed down—no ray of "an excess of glory obscured." He is never surprised into "tears such as angels weep." He is of the democracy—the populace of Hell—a head without name in the hierarchy of evil—the thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers, led on by HIM, "unmatched, save with the Almighty," have not heard of him. There is, of consequence, nothing to awaken sympathy in Richard—our pity is all given to his victims. But in Scott's terrible picture—in Byron's imaginary, (if we persist in making that unmeaning distinction) but still acute and intense suffering—there is every thing to move us to compassion—much, to plead even for forgiveness. It is vain to say, that it argues a weak mind and an ill-regulated temper, to be so much affected by what is, in the eye of reason, so trifling. Instinct, especially in youth, when character is forming, is too strong for mere unaided reason. Even at an advanced age, and in the midst of his triumphs, it is an undoubted, historical fact, that Julius Cæsar was deeply mortified by his baldness.* The feeling, as expressed by Lord Byron to a friend, is, that "nature has set a mark" upon the sufferer—held him up to be a show and a laughing-stock—a thing for the vulgar to wonder at, point at, scoff at. Byron, we venture to affirm, spoke only the language of all irritable and proud spirits, under a similar misfortune, before time has reconciled them to their fate, when he said, with so pointed an emphasis, what is ascribed to him in the following passage. "But the embittering circumstance of his life—that which haunted him like a curse, amid the buoyancy of youth and the anticipations of fame and pleasure—was, strange to say, the trifling deformity of his foot. By that one slight blemish, (as in his moments of melancholy he persuaded himself) all the bless-

* Suetonius is precise and emphatic. Circa corporis curam morosior, ut non solum tonderetur diligenter ac raderetur, sed velleretur etiam, ut quidam exprobaverunt; calvitii vero deformitatem *inquisime ferre*, sæpe obtrectatorum jocis obnoxium expertus.—*D. Julius*, 45. He adds, that for this reason, no act of public flattery ever pleased him so much as the being allowed to wear his laurels always—jus laureæ perpetuo gestandæ,

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ings that nature had showered upon him were counterbalanced. His reverend friend, Mr. Beecher, finding him one day unusually dejected, endeavoured to cheer and rouse him by representing in their brightest colours, all the various advantages with which Providence had endowed him, and among the greatest, that of 'a mind which placed him above the rest of mankind.' 'Ah! my dear friend,' said Byron mournfully—'if *this* (laying his hand upon his forehead) places me above the rest of mankind, *that* (pointing to his foot) places me far, far below them.'" There was no affectation in this: there is not more exaggeration than is generally found in expressions of poignant feeling. But the victim here, let it be remembered, was born a poet, with that exquisite sensitiveness, and that gloomy and fitful disposition, which have always marked the poetical temperament. The same sensibilities which made him so trembingly alive to beauty, which kindled up into enthusiasm or were dissolved in tenderness and pathos, where others scarcely felt at all—in short, the peculiar organization which made Byron what he was, exposed him "to bleed and agonize at every pore"—turned his sadness into moody melancholy, and exalted his griefs into madness and despair. We do not mean to extenuate his vices—we shall not follow the example of Mr. Moore. His conduct, especially after he had attained to mature years, was, in our opinion, wholly indefensible. But if we would be just, we must be merciful to men of genius. It is the interest of human nature to shew, where those who have, in some respects, adorned and exalted it most, have gone astray, that their errors may be accounted for, if not excused, by sufficient reasons, and that the highest gifts and accomplishments of man, have not been, as if in mockery, thrown away upon *monsters*. There is deep sense as well as pathos in the lines on Sheridan—

> "——— ah! little do ye know
> That what to you seems vice might be but woe!"

We shall not shrink from the solemn duty, of exposing, so far as in us lies, the enormous sins of Lord Byron's genius and life—his blasphemy against Providence—his infernal scoffings at human nature—and all that he did to darken our views of the one, and to degrade and pervert and defile the other. Yet far be it from us to join in that unfeeling host who, in his own language,

> "——— track the steps of glory to the grave,
> Watch every fault that daring genius owes
> Half to the ardor which its birth bestows."

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We shall in all we have to say about him, allow him the full benefit of the plea, which in the same poem, he sets up for the same celebrated martyr of undisciplined genius—

> "Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given
> Bear hearts electric—charged with fire from heaven,
> Black with the rude collision, wildly torn,
> By clouds surrounded and on whirlwinds borne,
> Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that nurst,
> Thoughts which have turned to thunder—scorch and burst."*

But we fear that it is not in this plea—even urged with all the force of this exaggerated language—to save Lord Byron from condemnation as an unprincipled and bad man.

When we say that he was an unprincipled man, we mean to be understood in the proper sense of that epithet. He alone can aspire to the reputation of virtue, who, besides having good impulses, and what is called an amiable character, lays down settled rules for the government of his conduct, from which it is possible to calculate with some approach to certainty, what that conduct will be, from day to day, under given circumstances. A man, for instance, who is only charitable by fits and starts—who at one moment, lavishes his bounty upon the undeserving, and at another, withholds it from the most meritorious object in the most calamitous situation—may be, naturally, of a very benevolent disposition, but conduct thus determined by casual impulse, cannot be regarded as strictly virtuous. It is for this reason, that prudent men often do charity, where they are doubtful about the claims of the object, merely that their own good habits may not be broken in upon, and their principles be supplanted by caprice. But as bad men, may lay down inflexible rules for the government of their conduct, something more than this constancy is necessary to the definition of virtue. A man's principles then must be *good;* that is, they must be such as arise out of and confirm the better impulses of our nature, the social and benevolent affections; and, we may add, they ought to be, in strictness, merely indications and consequences of those impulses, in every particular instance. In other words, the feeling and the principle ought every where to co-exist. Thus, it is quite conceivable that a man should discharge all the duties of a father, a husband, a son, with perfect propriety and exactness, and yet, not possess in any remarkable degree, the sentiments which are natural in those several relations, and which one would be led by his conduct to attribute to him. Such a man, however, would be

* Monody on Sheridan.

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strictly virtuous; he would do all that society has a right to exact—and yet, to persons standing towards him in any of those correlative situations, however estimable, he would not be a very amiable object. They would *lament* the absence of those sweet affections which usually make virtue its own reward, yet they could not justly *complain:* they might not love, but they could not *disapprove.* Nay, it is very possible that an exemplary man, instead of being blessed with such impulses, should be visited by feelings of the very opposite character; yet, if he resisted them so successfully as to act up to the standard of nature and right reason, he would still deserve the reward of virtue, for virtue consists in *action* and

> " ——— evil into the mind of God or man
> May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
> No spot or blame ———."

Now making all the allowances, which we admit ought to be made, for a being so peculiarly constituted as Lord Byron, we do not think his fondest admirers would agree to try him by this standard of conduct—at least, we shall put him to the test presently, in a case or two. He seems to have been altogether the creature of *impulse.* Originally, it should seem, his impulses—bating some rather ominous "silent rages"—were amiable and kindly—there was a certain effeminate softness in his disposition, blended with great spirit and energy—above all, love, as he says of Rousseau, love was of his soul's essence, his very being's being. Had his fortunes continued until his thirtieth year as humble as they were in his ninth, we have no doubt but his temper had been mellowed down to gentleness and equalibility. His was precisely the character over which the discipline of necessity would have exercised its most salutary influence. The idea that he was likely, in spite of his scepticism, to become enthusiastically religious—that he would kindle with the fervor of the Methodists, or be smitten with the imposing and gorgeous solemnities of the Catholic Church—was founded upon this view of his character. It is precisely such a mind as Byron's—when it has not been perverted by false principles—that is most apt to give itself up entirely to the impressions of grandeur and beauty, which the magnificent manifestations of Deity throughout all his works, are adapted to make upon reflecting beings; and these impressions are the soul and the poetry of all religion. Even when his vast conceptions came to be always more or less, deeply tinged with a peevish and petulant misanthropy, they were at home in the immensity of nature. He had a sympathy with her mighty and

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mysterious powers. Like his own Manfred, he seemed to hold communion from the mountain-tops, with the viewless spirits of the air.

> "I live not in myself, but I become
> Portion of that around me; and to me
> High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
> Of human cities torture; I can see
> Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
> A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
> Classed among creatures, when the soul can flee,
> And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain,
> Of ocean or the stars, mingle ———."

But his natural tastes were at length perverted, as in other respects, so even in this. There came a time when he saw undelighted all delight, not only among men, but in the material universe. Like the same dark creature of his imagination just mentioned, when he stood upon the summit of the Jungfrau, as the morning awaked around in her gladness and bloom, he could say—

> "My Mother Earth!
> And thou fresh breaking Day, and you, ye Mountains,
> Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love you.

It was so in every thing else. His whole nature was in process of time perverted and poisoned. The irregularities of his temper and disposition instead of being corrected by experience, were confirmed by excessive indulgence. From the time he became Lord Byron, he seems to have been entirely emancipated from all control. The authority of his mother, which had never been great, ceased entirely—his guardian, Lord Carlisle, discouraged by his waywardness, or on some other pretext, coldly abandoned him to his fate. He never learned the first, last, great lesson of man's existence—submission. He became more and more impatient of contradiction, rebellious against authority, wilful and obstinate in his course of conduct, peculiar and fantastical in his manner of living. To approve himself worthy of the ancestor from whom he immediately inherited his estate, he armed himself, while quite a boy, with pistols, and began to *play* the out-law which he afterwards *became*, in another sense. He gradually learned to refer every thing to himself, like other spoiled children; and to expect that the laws of nature should yield to his wanton caprices. The smallest offence to his pride or self-love, was to be visited with unmeasured, insatiable vengeance. Nor was it very material against whom he vented his spleen. It was enough that

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his bosom had been made to feel a pang, to justify his offering up, like Achilles, whole hecatombs to his own terrible wrath. For the attack made upon him by the Edinburgh Reviewers, he wreaked his vengeance indiscriminately upon all his contemporaries: without, for a moment, reflecting upon the injustice which he was doing to many, and of which he afterwards professed to repent so much. The great exemplar of Byron was Coriolanus in the Volscian camp, before Rome—but Coriolanus, deaf to his mother's prayers. Lord Bacon speaks of a certain excess of self-love which would make a man burn down another's house to roast his own eggs. Byron's was not so mean, but it was equally extravagant: to atone for the smallest affront, he would have reckoned his country but a cheap victim. The hero after his own heart is the parricidal apostate Alp—the traitor Doge Faliero—a man, this latter, of whom it is worthy of remark, that the Italian writers speak as of a moral portent, *haruspice dignum.* In a word, the poetry of Lord Byron, which pictures forth his own character, is—to borrow a quaint phrase of Madame de Staël—the very "apotheosis" of self-love. They were considered as groveling and degraded, these selfish passions, better suited for comedy than ode or epic, before they were raised to a "bad eminence" by his verse. But he has lifted them up to the height of his great genius. He has converted revenge—which was never allowed to be, at best, more than a "sort of wild justice," and which, when disproportionate, is the very spirit of Pandæmonium itself—into a heroic virtue. What dreadful lines are these! and yet hundreds of such are to be found in every part of his works:—

> "Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press
> To seize and share the dear caress;
> But love itself could never pant
> For all that beauty sighs to grant
> With half the fervor hate bestows
> Upon the last embrace of foes, &c.*

It will not do, as we have already observed, to say that Lord Byron is not responsible for the sentiments of his corsairs and renegadoes. The truth is, that his whole poetry is steeped—dyed, through and through, with these feelings. They obtrude themselves upon him in the deepest solitudes of nature—they discolour to his eye the most glorious objects of contemplation—they turn the sun into blood and the moon into darkness, and earth into a charnel house, and a den of wild beasts, and a hell before him.

* Giaour, 645, et seq.

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Nothing can be imagined more utterly subversive of all sound principle than such a system. The end of moral discipline is the very reverse of these notions. It is to mortify, to control, to do all but extinguish self-love, and especially that variety of it which the French call *amour propre*—a conceited irritable, *exacting* self-love. Instead of making a man a god in his own eyes, shaking the spheres, of which he deems himself the centre, with his nod—that discipline teaches him to view himself, as much as possible, with the eyes of others, and to accommodate his sentiments and conduct, as Adam Smith expresses it, to the sense of the impartial spectator. Instead of consecrating the absurd conceits of vanity, the bitter moodiness of despite, the wild sallies of vengeance, the spirit of rebellion against restraint; the pride, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, which are the accursed brood of this concentrated *égoisme*—it inculcates upon the aspirant, that there can be neither happiness nor virtue, where there is not resignation, and that it is not more the lot, than it is the duty and the interest of man, to acquiesce in the order of nature and of society. It exhorts him, therefore, to possess himself with patience—to say with the philosophic Antoninus, "every thing suits me, which is fitted to promote thy harmony, O World. Nothing is either premature or tardy which is in good time for thee. All that thy seasons bring forth, O Nature, is fruit for me. Out of thee are all things, in thee are all things, to and for thee are all things. There are who say, O beloved city of Cecrops: shall none exclaim, O beloved city of God."* This is the language of a heathen philosopher, seated upon the throne of the Cæsars, and absolute master of the Roman world. Yet is it a language which suits all times and nations and degrees in society—the language of christianity, of virtue, and of common sense. Lord Byron was a revolted spirit, and his school of poetry has been not improperly designated as the Satanic, or, as we should prefer calling it, the *Titanic* School.

That there is a problem in nature of which reason is utterly incapable of furnishing any exact philosophical solution is acknowledged, even by those who do not believe, that the mystery has been cleared up by the light of revelation. This problem is, the origin of evil, moral and natural. It has perplexed speculative men in all ages; and although they have generally come to the same practical result, which we have just seen embodied in the sublime language of the Portico, yet they have come to

* Lib. iv.

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it by very various, and all of them, blind and thorny paths. These doubts are more painful just in proportion as men are enlightened, and entertain a more exalted idea of the creator and governor of the universe. Among barbarous nations who indulge very little in reflection of any kind, the common feeling upon this subject shows itself only in their popular superstitions. What they suffer, is set down to the account of evil spirits or gods of some sort or other. But they are not struck with the apparent incongruity, between the boundless aspirations of the soul, and the condition to which the body is reduced on earth—between what man imagines and what he experiences, his dreams and his doom—in short, they have not learned to set in opposition,

> "An heir of glory! a frail child of dust
> Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
> A worm! a god!"

Poetry, which is the language of nature, uttered with the least reserve or disguise, is full of such melancholy reflections. Even the classical poetry of Greece, though represented, by the advocates of the romantic school, as so cheerful, joyous, and brilliant, abounds in them; and those "teachers best of moral prudence," the tragedians, often say "in Chorus or Iambick," that it were better for man that he had never been born.

> Μὴ φῦναι τον ἅπαντα νι-
> κᾷ λόγον· τὸ δ' ἐπεὶ φανῇ
> Βῆναι κειθεν ὅθεν περ ἥκει
> Πολὺ δεύτερον ὡς ταχιςα.
>
> [*Soph. Œdip. Colon.* 1290.

Yet, it must be owned, that these passages, however frequent, are still only of occasional occurrence—this melancholy spirit certainly does not form the basis, if we may so express ourselves, or key-note, of the classical poetry of antiquity. Nor is there ever any thing beyond *lamentation* in these effusions. It is Job pouring out his sorrows in magnificent lyrical self-bewailings, but refusing to "curse God and die." In both these respects they differ materially from Byron's song. His muse—unknown among the old nine of Greece—is inspired by, and inspires, nothing but despair. Robed in her funereal pall, with her distracted looks and snaky hair, she would be as unwelcome a guest in the Delphic vestibule, as the Furies of Orestes in Æschylus. But not only does his poetry, like an ill-omened bird, sit brooding over the evil alone which seems to deform the universe, and proclaiming it to unhappy mortals

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with a demoniac despite. It raves and blasphemes. It represents the rebellious spirit of the Titans warring with fate and heaven. It takes the place of the impious Capaneus. It curses the Creator and his creation, and the birth and the life and the death of man. Nothing in Dante's Inferno, or Milton's, is more frightful, than the views which Byron presents of human destiny, throughout his works, and the general impression which they make upon a reader. We never think of them, in reference to their moral character, without being reminded of the terrible lines in which the great Italian bard describes the first confused, hideous sounds of hell, which resounded through "the starless air."

> "Quivi sospiri, pianti ed alti guai,
> Risonavan, per l'aer senza stelle—
> Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
> Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira
> Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle, &c."

Young's Night Thoughts are the counterpart of Byron's poetry. But we need not say that they differ as widely in their spirit and their results, as Christianity and Atheism. The former paints, to be sure, a terrible picture of this life—but it is to draw away our eyes to a better and brighter prospect. All is vanity in our pursuits and possessions here—because there is so much more in reserve for us hereafter. Young dwells upon the mournful incidents and evidences of mortality—

> "The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;
> The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm."

But the grave gains no victory and death has no sting, where all is faith and hope and heaven beyond it. But Byron's only refuge from despair is in desperation. His fate is that of Prometheus Vinctus—without his innocence and philanthropy. He is chained upon a rock, hurling defiance and execrations against Jove, and a vulture is gnawing his vitals, which die not, and yet live only for suffering—but he cannot reflect upon the services he has rendered mankind—he has neither the crown nor the consolations of martyrdom.

Whoever has considered the scheme and drift of Goëthe's famous drama of Faustus, understands the history of Lord Byron. The progress in evil which the aspiring adept makes under the guidance of his familiar spirit—the gradual extinction of his original sensibility, in a bitter, ironical, undistinguishing hard-heartedness—his falling off from grand conceptions and ambitious views, into vulgar wickedness and debauchery—every effect, indeed, which that diabolical discipline was fitted to pro-

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duce, is seen in the successive phases or aspects of Byron's character. His works touch the two extremes of this Titanic style. If in one of them, he is on a level with that grand conception of Æschylus, to which we have just referred—the Prometheus Vinctus—he descends in the other to the fiend-like buffoonery of Candide. Childe Harold is the repository of whatever is most sublime in his sorrow and scorn. The two last cantos especially, are full of touching sensibility. Some stanzas it is impossible to read, without forgetting the errors or offences of the writer, in his dreadful sufferings, and the powerful appeals which he addresses to the sympathies of mankind. The following lines—bating the exaggeration and inequality which are the great blemishes of all Byron's poetry, but especially of this poem—would not be out of character in the fine tragedy just mentioned.

" It is not that I may not have *incurr'd*
For my ancestral faults or mine *the wound*
I bleed withal, and, had it been *conferr'd*
With a just weapon, it had flow'd unbound;
But now my blood shall not sink in the ground;
To thee [Nemesis] I do devote it—*thou* shall take
The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and found,
Which if *I* have not taken for the sake—
But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet awake.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
I shrink from what is suffered: let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
But in this page a record will I seek.
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Tho' I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak
The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

That curse shall be forgiveness—Have I not—
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, life's life lied away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As *rots into the souls of those whom I survey.*

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy,
Have I not seen what human things could do?
From the *loud roar of foaming calumny*
To the small whisper of the as paltry few.

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And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true,
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain,
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
In *hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.*

[*Childe Harold*, cxxxiii. Canto iv.

There is, doubtless, too much of this—nor is it in Byron's very best vein—yet one cannot help thinking that had he never written in any other, the fond anticipation expressed in the last line might have been fulfilled. But his heart became callous in its vices. The pathos which gave dignity and attraction to the earlier expressions of his misanthropy, disappeared—and the magnificent lamentations and the tragical despair of the Childe, sank into the gross ribaldry of Rochester. Lord Byron in writing Don Juan, renounced—renounced with foul scorn and beyond all hope of recovery—the sympathies of mankind. He had just the same excuse, as he played the same part, with the murderer in Macbeth, and all other worthies of a similar stamp.

"————— I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world."

It was, however, neither his gloomy views of nature and destiny, nor native, unmixed wickedness of heart, that made him the savage scoffer which he at last became. It was defeated, mortified, agonizing *pride*. Pride (with a strong infusion of vanity) was his ruling passion—at least, it seems to have swallowed up the rest, from the moment that he stood forth as a man of great consequence in the public eye. The obstinacy and impatience of the spoiled child, had been confirmed and inflamed by the unexpected acccession of a fortune and a title. Still, before the attack of the Edinburgh Review, he does not seem to have discovered much acerbity of temper (the 'silent rages' excepted); his faults, as yet, had been those rather of levity and mere want of principle, as in his conduct to his mother. But from the time of publishing his satire, he appears in a totally new light. Then,

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for the first time, he tasted the intoxicating, Circean cup of public applause. He became confident in his powers, and his poetical temperament (which had not been developed before) and his gloomy and ferocious misanthropy, displayed themselves at once, in the first and second cantos of Childe Harold. Here, again, "a change came o'er the spirit" of his life. The unbounded success of that poem, seems to have astonished its author. Mr. Moore mentions it as a surprising thing, that Byron did not set a very high value upon the MS. thinking that his *fort* was satire. We confess we see nothing very surprising in this. He had actually succeeded in the one—in which, indeed, a certain ephemeral success is easily commanded, even by malignant mediocrity—and the other was written after a fashion not only as yet untried by its author, but altogether new and adventurous in itself.

When we consider what had been the condition of English poetry for half a century before Scott appeared, we shall know how to appreciate Byron's misgivings about his poetical *outlaw*, for so Harold was in more senses than one. The fruit of its success, however, was unbounded admiration and flattery. Such poetry, written by a young lord who was, at the same time, a rake and a dandy—was, at least, as extraordinary a phenomenon, as a volcano bursting forth from the bottom of the North Sea. In order to estimate the effect which this dazzling and sudden *éclat* produced upon Byron's mind, we must recollect a fact mentioned by Mr. Moore. This was, that when his lordship went to the House of Lords, to claim his seat as a hereditary legislator of the land, and a representative of one of its most ancient families, he found himself utterly alone. There was no one even to introduce him in form. His guardian, Lord Carlisle, stood aloof, and he knew nobody else. Few situations can be imagined—none in more humble life—so well calculated to mortify a proud and aspiring man—especially one laying so great a stress upon the advantages which exposed him to that trial.* But his poetry—which he threw off with un-

* "But at the time when we first met, his position in the world was most solitary. Even those coffee-house companions who, before his departure from England, had served him as a sort of substitute for more worthy society, were either relinquished or had dispersed; and, with the exception of three or four associates of his college days, (to whom he appeared strongly attached) Mr. Dallas and his solicitor seemed to be the only persons whom, even in their very questionable degree, he could boast of as friends. Though too proud to complain of this loneliness, it was evident that he felt it; and that the state of cheerless isolation, "unguided and unfriended," to which, on entering into manhood, he had found himself abandoned, was one of the chief sources of that resentful disdain of mankind, which even their subsequent worship of him came too late to remove. The effect, indeed, which his short commerce with society afterward had, for the period it lasted, in softening and exhilirating his temper, showed how fit a soil his heart would have been for the growth of all the kindlier feelings, had but a portion of this sunshine of the world's smiles shone on him earlier." p. 240.

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common *nonchalance*, as if it be only rhymed, because he could not help it—gave him just such a control over the public mind, as was most flattering to his self-love. Byron had not much of a merely literary ambition—no propensity for book-making as such. On the contrary, he was emphatically a lord among wits. We have already cited Mr. Moore's authority to shew that he valued himself much more upon his blood, than upon his *books*, for which he disdained to receive any compensation. We say his *books*, not for the sake of the alliteration, but because it suggests a very important distinction. We fully believe in Lord Byron's contempt for authors and authorship. It was in analogy with the rest of his character—and worthy of so genuine a descendant of those feudal barons, who, according to Castiglione—tutti i literati tengono per vilissimi uomini e pare lor dir grande villania a chi si sia, quando lo chiamano *clero*.* But, then, he was exceedingly proud of *being able* to write a better book than any professed author could—by an inspiration which put to shame their "slow endeavouring art." His *genius* was a privilege the more: a distinction, which set him apart from the herd of mankind. It put him above his less-gifted peers—the *noble* vulgar—and it enabled him to write up or write down, just as the mood prompted, their claims to the consideration of the world. There can be no doubt, that the antiquity of a distinguished race has a great effect upon the imagination. There is a *prestige* in rank derived from a prescription, whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, which no *created* peerage, of whatever class, possesses. But this advantage is quite ideal, and the prosaic world *will* perversely prefer a Duke or Earl, with a patent but of yesterday—especially if he be rich—even to a descendant of the Bastard or the Plantagenets, who is only a poor baron. This happened to be Lord Byron's situation, and his genius was necessary to turn the scale in his favour as against *them*. His competition with literary men was a secondary object with him, but not an indifferent one. Failure was intolerable to him in any undertaking; and that no adversary, however humble, was contemptible in his eyes, is manifest from his too celebrated "Sketch." He could have made up his mind, perhaps, without great effort, not to write at all, at least, after his reputation was once established; but he could not bear to write what none would read or approve. Accordingly, Mr. Moore informs us, that upon some mortification or disgust, real or imaginary, of the kind, he talked of recalling all his works, and renouncing "the trade" forever. Nothing

* Il Corteggiano, lib. i.

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could be more characteristic than this anecdote. It shews all the sickly sensitiveness, and the impracticable and repulsive pride of his character.

His pride, we have said, was strongly dashed with vanity. Lord Byron did not know that sublime, rational, imperturbable self-esteem—that prophetic confidence in his unaided genius—which Milton felt, and expresses with such a noble candour, in the "Apology for Smectymnus" and others of his prose writings. It is impossible to read the passages to which we allude, without doing homage to the matchless sublimity of this great man's moral character, more especially when we consider under what circumstances it was, that he fulfilled his glorious anticipations in the composition of "Paradise Lost." All poets—the classical poets of antiquity, especially—have indulged, without the least reserve, in boastful self-praise. And they have done this in the rapture and revelry of their inspiration—"soaring," to to use Milton's own words, "in the high reason of their fancies, with their garlands and singing robes about them." But we know not where any of them "sitting here below in the cool element of prose, a mortal thing among many readers of no empyreal conceit," has ventured to divulge his secret opinion of his own powers, and his bright visions of future glory, with such antique simplicity, such an air of solemn conviction, such an awful sense of the account which, he to whom much is given, will be required to render of its use. To impute vanity to such a being, were nothing short of blasphemy. His character was as grand as his epic. How much is expressed in the single sentence which follows! "And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men and famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy." Well might such a man expect "to leave something so written to after times, as that they should not willingly let it die." Well might he scorn the "rabble rout" of a prostituted and infamous court of mimes and harlots, and ask only for the few who were "fit audience" for *him*. Well might he console himself, "in danger, and with darkness compassed round and solitude," with the reflection that he had incurred the sorest of human calamities, loss of sight, in the service of mankind—"in liberty's defence, his noble task

"Whereof all Europe rang from side to side."

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Contrast with the "honest haughtiness"—the stern, majestic, and, we might almost add, *holy* pride of such a being, the irritable, petulant, worldly-minded, little self-love of Byron, writing a travestie of Southey's Vision and bitter libels upon my lady's nurse!

Burke, if we mistake not, calls Jean Jacques, "the apostle of vanity." The designation is equally just and felicitous. There is no doubt, that a good share of Rousseau's madness, (as it is called) is to be ascribed to the extraordinary elevation to which he so suddenly attained, at a rather advanced age. He was entirely beside himself—intoxicated with success. Born in humble circumstances (he had even been a menial servant) his admirable genius did not inspire him with sentiments above the condition of a *parvenu*. He never felt at home in the great world—his immense reputation and popularity did not sit as easily upon him as a suit of livery. He was, accordingly, the victim of a morbid vanity—always doubting the sincerity of the worshipper, even when he was suffocated with the fumes of his incense, mistaking his best friends for assassins, and every social circle for a conspiracy against his reputation, which, of course, entirely engrossed the thoughts of all mankind. Byron has been frequently compared with this "inspired madman;" and not without reason. But we do not know any trait in which he resembles him so much, as his morbid and jealous vanity. The difference between them is, that Rousseau had none of that gloomy and insolent pride which made the vanity of the poet so peculiarly bitter and odious. Byron's "chief humour," like Bottom's "was for a tyrant," and whilst he was full of the suspicions of a vain man, he was haunted by all those which are the inseparable companion and "bosom plague" of tyranny, in all its shapes. He challenged the admiration of mankind by every effort and device—from the highest flights of genius to the smallest artifices and affectations of fashionable life—but he challenged it, as an Eastern despot gathers his tributes, with fire and sword. His mighty genius was governed by the paltriest motives, and made subservient to the most despicable ends—yet he could not bear that such a guilty and grovelling abuse of the most sublime powers, should bring down upon him the scorn of the wise and good, and he did every thing he could to disgust and defy them still more. He wrote his finest poetry as he bought the finest cloths, to make an impression at Almack's and in Bond-street; and whether he rivalled Milton or Brummel, he affected the same lordly, well-bred indifference about his success, and felt the same burning desire to command it. Pope's

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powerful picture of the effect of vanity in the Duke of Wharton, is applicable to Byron, with the qualification which we made just now, in speaking of Rousseau. Nothing is so whimsical and contradictory as self-love in this form—it is the most extravagant of coquettes—rejecting what it would make any sacrifice to obtain, were it not offered unsought, deriding the object of its secret affection, but always the most unhappy victim of its own caprices. The curse, however, of its destiny is suspicion. It anticipates the hostility which it has done so much to provoke. It is haunted with hideous imaginings—its way is beset with innumerable enemies—it is hated by the world, wronged, persecuted—and all because mankind, wearied out with its impertinences, leave it to itself and attend to their own business or pleasures, with as much interest and keenness, as if there had never been any such being, in nature, as Byron and Rousseau. Then come the mutterings of wrath and vengeance—"worm-like 'twas trampled, adder-like revenged," &c. and the ravings and scoffings of despair and madness. A brilliant writer has well said—"rien n'est si barbare que la vanité *** Quand la vanité se montre, elle est bienveillante; quand elle se cache, la crainte d'être découverte la rend amère et elle affecte l'indifférence, la satiété," &c. Byron had much to mortify him. His destiny was a cruel tantalism. He possessed signal advantages—but every blessing was dashed with bitterness, and the suffering from what was withheld was more than the enjoyment from what he possessed. He was a man of the proudest descent—yet he was born poor, and he went into the House of Lords, like an intruder, unknown, unwelcome. He was of high degree but low estate—a nobleman and man of fashion, so straitened in his circumstances, that his house was always beset with duns and bailiffs. He was the most beautiful of men, with a deformity which humbled him to the dust. He had a sublime genius, but undisciplined and irregular—exquisite sensibility, but so perverted as to be alive only to suffering—and in the full blaze of his glory "the depreciation of the lowest of mankind was more painful to him, than the applause of the highest was pleasing."*

We quote the following as illustrative of what we have said—

"A resolution was, about this time, adopted by him, which, however strange and precipitate it appeared, a knowledge of the previous state of his mind may enable us to account for satisfactorily. He had now, for two years, been drawing upon the admiration of the public with a

* A MS. note of Lord Byron on Mr. D'Israeli's Work.

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rapidity and success which seemed to defy exhaustion,—having crowded, indeed, into that brief interval, the materials of a long life of fame. But admiration is a sort of impost from which most minds are but too willing to relieve themselves. The eye grows weary of looking up to the same object of wonder, and begins to exchange, at last, the delight of observing its elevation for the less generous pleasure of watching and speculating on its fall. The reputation of Lord Byron had already begun to experience some of these consequences of its own prolonged and constantly renewed splendour. Even among that host of admirers who would have been the last to find fault, there were some not unwilling to repose from praise; while they, who had been from the first reluctant eulogists, took advantage of these apparent symptoms of satiety to indulge in blame.

"The loud outcry raised, at the beginning of the present year by his verses to the Princess Charlotte, had afforded a vent for much of this reserved venom; and the tone of disparagement in which some of his assailants now affected to speak of his poetry was, however absurd and contemtible in itself, precisely that sort of attack which was the most calculated to wound his, at once, proud and diffident spirit. As long as they confined themselves to blackening his moral and social character, so far from offending, their libels rather fell in with his own shadowy style of self-portraiture, and gratified the strange inverted ambition that possessed him. But the slighting opinion which they ventured to express of his genius,—seconded as it was by that inward dissatisfaction with his own powers, which they whose standard of excellence is highest are always the surest to feel,—mortified and disturbed him; and, being the first sounds of ill augury that had come across his triumphal career, startled him, as we have seen, into serious doubts of its continuance.

"Had he been occupying himself, at the time, with any new task, that confidence in his own energies which he never truly felt but while in the actual exercise of them, would have enabled him to forget these humiliations of the moment in the glow and excitement of anticipated success. But he had just pledged himself to the world to take a long farewell of poesy,—had sealed up that only fountain from which his heart ever drew refreshment or strength,—and thus was left, idly and helplessly, to brood over the daily taunts of his enemies, without the power of avenging himself when they insulted his person, and but too much disposed to agree with them when they made light of his genius. 'I am afraid (says he, in noticing these attacks in one of his letters) what you call *trash* is plaguily to the purpose, and very good sense into the bargain; and to tell the truth, for some little time past, I have been myself much of the same opinion.'

"In this sensitive state of mind,—which he but ill disguised or relieved by an exterior of gay defiance or philosophic contempt,—we can hardly feel surprised that he should have, all at once, come to the resolution, not only of persevering in his determination to write no more in future, but of purchasing back the whole of his past copyrights, and suppressing every page and line he had ever written. On his first mention of this design, Mr. Murray naturally doubted as to his seri-

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ousness; but the arrival of the following letter, enclosing a draft for the amount of the copyrights, put his intentions beyond questions."—pp. 396–7.

Lord Byron's political principles—if his vague, unsettled notions upon such subjects deserve the name of principles, as, according to his own account, they certainly do not—are in perfect keeping with the rest of his character. His maxim was, *aut Cæsar, aut nihil*—he spurned at all control or subordination—the very name of *subject* was hateful to him. That he should be a republican in Europe, followed as a matter of course. The love of liberty is the instinct of a haughty spirit, and, as we are firmly persuaded that none but a proud people can be free, so we do not readily conceive, how such a people should long consent to be otherwise. A speculative preference for the republican form, too, seems to be a natural consequence of classical studies; so much so, that Hobbes scruples not to declare, that the Greek and Roman authors have done more harm by stirring up men to rebellion against government, than they have ever done good, by improving their taste and style. But to be a practical republican of any sort of account, one must be a good citizen—and to this unpretending, but most worthy character, at least two constituents are essential, neither of which seems to have been very prominent in Lord Byron's composition, viz. the love of country and "a constant and perpetual disposition" in all things and towards all men—*jus suum cuique tribuere.* That Byron's patriotism was of the most questionable sort, nobody, we presume, will deny. Except the admirable line in Childe Harold, in which he describes England as the "inviolate island of the sage and free," we do not, at present, remember one syllable in all his works, from the *spirit* of which, it could be fairly inferred that he was even a citizen, much less a hereditary counsellor, lawgiver and judge—one of the privileged and honoured few—of that famous commonwealth. On the contrary, there are many passages both of his prose and poetical writings, from which a stranger would, in charity to his lordship, wish to conclude the reverse.* Yet England had done

* His indifference, not to say aversion to England, discovered itself at a very early age; and in the following letter, written when he was in Greece the first time, he talks of abandoning his country as he would of going from Ravenna to Florence.

"Athens, February 28, 1811.

"DEAR MADAM,

"As I have received a firman for Egypt, &c. I shall proceed to that quarter in the spring, and I beg you will state to Mr. H. that it is necessary to further remittances. On the subject of Newstead, I answer, as before, *no*. If it is necessary to sell, sell Rochdale. Fletcher will have arrived by this time with my letters to that purport. I will tell you fairly, I have, in the first place, no opinion of funded property; if

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nothing to injure him. All his fortune had come down to him from his ancestors, under the protection, nay, favour of her laws: the very name which he bore, and of which he was so proud, linked him in most intimately with her history. And even if he had suffered injustice at her hand—could he have suffered more than Dante, or suffering less, might he not have blushed to contrast, in this respect, the writings of that immortal victim of persecution, with his own? The fact is, that the sympathies of Byron were all with *power*—power in its reckless, daring and its terrible energies, in its tragical downfall or its voluntry self-sacrifice; but at all events with power. His great favourite, in modern times, was Bonaparte—not, it is to be presumed, because *he* was at all remarkable for what is called by our party journals, "his undeviating republicanism"—but what was much more accceptable in Byron's sight—he had crushed and trodden upon the mighty ones of the earth—making them drink up the cup of degradation to its most nauseous dregs, passing them under the yoke like captives, chaining them like slaves to his imperial car! But a hero whom he preferred even to Napoleon, was Sylla—a patrician rebel and usurper—who exercised his power very much as Byron did his own genius, with a very gentlemanlike *nonchalance*—who postponed the most exquisite of mortal pleasures, in Byron's opinion, to duty or to glory—not pausing, in his victorious career in the East, even "to feel the wrath of his own wrongs, or reap the *due of hoarded vengeance*"—yet after having reaped this *due*—after having gorged himself with the gore of his own countrymen, whom he butchered by thousands in cold blood—in broad daylight—in the very midst of Rome—was so terrible a personage that he would venture to lay down—not with "an *atoning* smile," for what *could* atone for such crimes?—"the dictatorial wreath." Byron's enthusiasm for this bloody voluptuary—this most abandoned, because most deliberate and calculating ruffian—this syste-

by any particular circumstances, I shall be led to adopt such a determination, I will, at all events, pass my life abroad, as my only tie to England is Newstead, and, that once gone, neither interest nor inclination lead me northward. Competence in your country is ample wealth in the east, such is the difference in the value of money and the abundance of the necessaries of life; and I feel myself so much a citizen of the world, that the spot where I can enjoy a delicious climate, and every luxury, at a less expense than a common college life in England, will always be a country to me; and such are in fact the shores of the Archipelago. This then is the alternative—if I preserve Newstead, I return; if I sell it I stay away. I have had no letters since yours of June, but I have written several times, and shall continue, as usual, on the same plan.

"Believe me, yours ever,

"BYRON.

"P. S.—I shall most likely see you in the course of the summer, but, of course, at such a distance, I cannot specify any particular month." – *Letter l.* pp. 186-7.

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matic corrupter of the people he enslaved—the precursor and pattern, at once, of Catiline and Cæsar—a man, whom we should suppose it impossible for an attentive reader of Sallust, Cicero and Plutarch, to contemplate without horror—throws a deep shade of suspicion upon his praises of Washington. He, no doubt, labours under the vulgar mistake, that the Father of his Country might have made himself her master; and is pleased with the image of such mighty power, resigned with so much *sang-froid*—as if Washington were no better than a Sylla—as yet unstained with blood! In a word, to come out with the whole truth, we believe that envy had a good deal to do with Byron's politics, nor have we any idea that he would have found life tolerable in a republic constituted as ours is. He was a democrat after the fashion of *Count* Alfieri, (a man, by the bye, whom he resembles in more points than one) who expressed the greatest indignation because M. *de* Voltaire,* "a French *plebeian*," presumed to write a tragedy about the second Brutus—it being the exclusive right of the privileged orders, in his imaginary commonwealth, to speak of a descendant of the Junii and the Cornelii.

We think Byron confirms what we have said in the following passages:—

"'W., and, after him, * *, has stolen one of my buffooneries about Mde. de Staël's Metaphysics and the Fog, and passed it, by speech and letter, as their own. As Gibbet says, 'they are the most of a gentleman of any on the road.' W. is in sad enmity with the Whigs about this Review of Fox (if he *did* review him);—all the epigrammatists and essayists are at him. I hate *odds*, and wish he may beat them. As for me, by the blessing of indifference, I have simplified my politics into an utter detestation of all existing governments; and, as it is the shortest and most agreeable and summary feeling imaginable, the first moment of a universal republic would convert me into an advocate for single and uncontradicted despotism. The fact is, riches are power, and poverty is slavery, all over the earth, and one sort of establishment is no better, nor worse, for a *people* than another. I shall adhere to my party, because it would not be honourable to act otherwise; but as to *opinions*, I don't think politics *worth* an *opinion*. *Conduct* is another thing:—if you begin with a party, go on with them. I have no consistency, except in politics; and *that* probably arises from my indifference on the subject altogether.'"—p. 343.

"Napoleon Bonaparte has abdicated the throne of the world. 'Excellent well.' Methinks Sylla did better; for he revenged, and resigned in the height of his sway, red with the slaughter of his foes—the finest instance of glorious contempt of the rascals upon record.

* Voltaire affected this *de* very much.

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Diocletian did well too—Amurath not amiss, had he become aught except a dervise—Charles the Fifth but so, so—but Napoleon, worst of all. What! wait till they were in his capital, and then talk of his readiness to give up what is already gone!! 'What whining monk art thou—what holy cheat?' 'Sdeath! Dionysius at Corinth was yet a king to this. The 'Isle of Elba' to retire to! Well—if it had been Caprea, I should have marvelled less. 'I see men's minds are but a parcel of their fortunes.' I am utterly bewildered and confounded.

"I do n't know—but I think *I*, even *I* (an insect compared with this creature,) have set my life on casts not a millionth part of this man's. But, after all, a crown may be not worth dying for. Yet to outlive *Lodi* for this!!! Oh that Juvenal or Johnson could rise from the dead! 'Expende—quot libras in duce summo invenies?' I knew they were light in the balance of mortality; but I thought their living dust weighed more *carats*. Alas! this imperial diamond hath a flaw in it, and is now hardly fit to stick in a glazier's pencil; the pen of the historian won't rate it worth a ducat.

"Psha! 'something too much of this.' But I won't give him up even now; though all his admirers have, 'like the Thanes, fall'n from him.'"—p. 370.

We subjoin the following, which presents the other side of the same question.

"If I had any views in this country, they would probably be parliamentary. But I have no ambition; at least, if any, it would be 'ant Cæsar aut nihil.' My hopes are limited to the arrangement of my affairs, and settling either in Italy or the East (rather the last), and drinking deep of the languages and literature of both. Past events have unnerved me; and all I can now do is to make life an amusement, and look on, while others play. After all—even the highest game of crowns and sceptres, what is it? *Vide* Napoleon's last twelvemonth. It has completely upset my system of fatalism. I thought, if crushed, he would have fallen, when 'fractus illabatur orbis,' and not have been pared away to gradual insignificance;—that all this was not a mere *jeu* of the gods, but a prelude to greater changes and mightier events. But men never advance beyond a certain point;—and here we are, retrograding to the dull, stupid, old system,—balance of Europe—poising straws upon kings' noses, instead of wringing them off! Give me a republic, or a despotism of one, rather than the mixed government of one, two, three. A republic!—look in the history of the earth—Rome, Greece, Venice, France, Holland, America, our short (eheu!) Commonwealth, and compare it with what they did under masters. The Asiatics are not qualified to be republicans, but they have the liberty of demolishing despots,—which is the next thing to it. To be the first man—not the Dictator—not the Sylla, but the Washington or the Aristides—the leader in talent and truth—is next to the Divinity!—Franklin, Penn, and, next to these, either Brutus or Cassius—even Mirabeau—or St. Just. I shall never be any thing, or rather always be nothing. The most I can hope is, that some will say, 'He might, perhaps, if he would.'"—p. 325.

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We add a short, but very significant paragraph about Bonaparte and Brutus. What a jumble! His preference for Napoleon as here expressed, reminded us of Timon's interest in Alcibiades for a like reason.

"Napoleon!—this week will decide his fate. All seems against him; but I believe and hope he will win—at least, beat back the invaders. What right have we to prescribe sovereigns to France? Oh for a republic! 'Brutus, thou sleepest.' Hobhouse abounds in continental anecdotes of this extraordinary man; all in favour of his intellect and courage, but against his *bonhommie*. No wonder;—how should he, who knows mankind well, do other than despise and abhor them.

"The greater the equality, the more impartially evil is disturbed, and becomes lighter by the division among so many—therefore, a republic.

* * * * *

"Ah! my poor little pagod, Napoleon, has walked off his pedestal. He has abdicated, they say. This would draw molten brass from the eyes of Zatanai. What! 'kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, and then be baited by the rabble's curse!' I cannot bear such a crouching catastrophe. I must stick to Sylla, for my modern favourites do n't do,—their resignations are of a different kind."—pp. 361, 391.

The moral character of Lord Byron is exhibited to us, we humbly conceive, in a most unamiable, not to say, detestable light, in his intercourse with his mother. The poor woman was certainly not a model for matrons—she was no rival of Cornelia—and her son had a right to complain of her on many scores, but especially for that extreme indulgence which made him so miserable through life. But we do not think it was a good reason for treating her with cold and cruel contempt, that she doated with all a woman's fondness upon her only child. That such were her feelings towards Lord Byron—even if we doubted the instincts of nature—would clearly appear from Mr. Moore's own account of her. It is true that having an ungovernable temper and very bad manners, she occasionally both said and did, in a paroxysm of rage, what a good son would have witnessed, on *her* account, with extreme regret. Things of the sort, however, (not in the same *degree*, to be sure) occur sometimes in the best of families, and it is precisely because they do occur, that such inviolable sanctity is ascribed to all the secrets of domestic life, and that such sacred charities, like good angels, watch over its peace. But who ever thought of treasuring up the hasty expressions of a parent—a mother—of making a hoard of them, and brooding over it with a miser's perverse and sleepless vigilance—of blabbing them to the world with an un-

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feeling levity—of recalling and repeating them for the purpose of justifying a parricidal alienation of mind, itself wantonly avowed to a stranger in a distant land. We read the following paragraph with a sensation of horror, and thought, involuntarily, of Nero and Agrippina,

"He spoke often of his mother to Lord Sligo, and with a feeling that seemed little short of aversion. 'Some time or other,' he said, 'I will tell you *why* I feel thus towards her.'—A few days after, when they were bathing together in the Gulf of Lepanto, he referred to this promise, and, pointing to his naked leg and foot, exclaimed—'Look there! it is to her false delicacy at my birth I owe that deformity; and yet, as long as I can remember, she has never ceased to taunt and reproach me with it. Even a few days before we parted, for the last time, on my leaving England, she in one of her fits of passion, uttered an imprecation upon me, praying that I might prove as ill-formed in mind as I am body!' *His look and manner, in relating this frightful circumstance, can be conceived only by those who have ever seen him in a similar state of excitement.*"—p. 184.

Now, what Mr. Moore calls *aversion*, was, we should say, settled hatred—both from its cause and its effect. It was precisely the point on which Lord Byron's feelings were most sensitive and exacerbated, and as he had neither forgotten nor forgiven the offence, we may be sure that his hostility—so provoked—was of the most unmerciful character. Indeed, nothing short of the sternest malignity, or a total want of principle, it seems to us, could account for his speaking of such a thing at all. If his mother had really deserved his hatred, and excited it by unnatural conduct towards him, one would have expected him to bury the dreadful secret in the inmost recesses of his bosom—to drive it away from his own thoughts whenever it occurred—to struggle desperately, even against the strongest convictions of his mind and the involuntary feelings of his heart—in short, to treat it, like the inborn hatred of the sons of Œdipus, as a curse from heaven for some unatoned crime of his race, to be expiated, if possible, by sacrifice and repentance. But the truth is, that there was nothing extraordinary or tragical in the matter. Mrs. Byron however violent in her temper, far from having any aversion to her son always believed him destined to become a great man, and was wrapped up in him, the last, the only object of her desolate affections. At the very time that he, in a foreign country, at an immense distance from her, after an absence that might have softened his heart towards any one—but especially one standing in that sacred relation towards him, and whom as it happened, he was to see no more—was indulging in these malignant recollections—the object of this hostility, as

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Mr. Moore informs us, was carefully and fondly gathering up every word of kindness or praise which men spoke, of her child, at home!

"That notwithstanding her injudicious and coarse treatment of him, Mrs. Byron loved her son, with that sort of fitful fondness of which alone such a nature is capable, there can be little doubt,—and still less, that she was ambitiously proud of him. Her anxiety for the success of his first literary essays may be collected from the pains which he so considerately took to tranquillize her on the appearance of the hostile article in the review. As his fame began to brighten, that notion of his future greatness and glory, which, by a singular forecast of superstition, she had entertained from his very childhood, became proportionably confirmed. Every mention of him in print was watched by her with eagerness, and she had got bound together in a volume, which a friend of mine once saw, a collection of all the literary notices, that had then appeared, of his early Poems and Satire. —written over, on the margin, with observations of her own, which to my informant appeared indicative of much more sense and ability than, from her general character, we should be inclined to attribute to her."—p. 207.

Now, there is no imaginable excuse or palliation for such conduct. The practice of civilized nations furnishes no plea in parricide or misprision of parricide, but the *general issue*; to *justify* would be to plead guilty. There is no part of Mr. Moore's book which is more disagreeable to us than the manner in which he glosses over this passage of his hero's conduct—it is the most mawkish toad-eating, and there is a degree of simplicity approaching to *niaiserie* in his way of telling his story. Admitting all that he says on the subject—which from internal evidence we do not—Byron's conduct is not justified, however his mother may, (on his account and through his means!) be censured and degraded in the eyes of the world. It is at best the shepherd's song in Virgil,

> Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?
> Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque, mater.

When Lord Byron was about eighteen years of age, Mr. Moore gives the following account of the intercourse between himself and his mother. If our readers recollect any parallel to the fact mentioned in the first paragraph, they are more fortunate or *un*fortunate than we have been.

"Between a temper, at all resembling this, and the loud hurricane bursts of Mrs. Byron, the collision, it may be supposed, was not a little formidable; and the age at which the young poet was now arrived, when,—as most parents feel,—the impatience of youth begins to champ the bit, would but render the occasions for such shocks more frequent. It is told, as a curious proof of their opinion of each other's

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violence, that, after parting one evening in a tempest of this kind, they were known each to go privately that night to the apothecary's, inquiring anxiously whether the other had been to purchase poison, and cautioning the vender of drugs not to attend to such an application, if made.

"It was but rarely, however, that the young lord allowed himself to be provoked into more than a passive share in these scenes. To the boisterousness of his mother he would oppose a civil and, no doubt, provoking silence,—bowing to her but the more profoundly the higher her voice rose in the scale. In general, however, when he perceived that a storm was at hand, in flight lay his only safe resource. To this summary expedient he was driven, at the period of which we are speaking; but not till after a scene had taken place between him and Mrs. Byron, in which the violence of her temper had proceeded to lengths, that, however outrageous they might be deemed, were not, it appears, unusual with her. The poet, Young, in describing a temper of this sort, says—

> "*The cups and saucers, in a whirlwind sent,*
> *Just intimate the lady's discontent.*"

But poker and tongs were, it seems, the missiles which Mrs. Byron preferred, and which she, more than once, sent resounding after her fugitive son. In the present instance, he was but just in time to avoid a blow aimed at him with the former of these weapons, and to make a hasty escape to the house of a friend in the neighbourhood; where, concerting the best means of baffling pursuit, he decided upon an instant flight to London. The letters which I am about to give, were written, immediately on his arrival in town, to some friends at Southwell, from whose kind interference in his behalf it may fairly be concluded that the blame of the quarrel, whatever it may have been, did not rest with him. The first is to Mr. Pigot, a young gentleman about the same age as himself, who had just returned, for the vacation, from Edinburgh, where he was, at that time, pursuing his medical studies."—pp. 63, 64.

Mr. Moore takes it for granted (for there is no testimony adduced) that Byron conducted himself throughout these shocking scenes, with perfect propriety—that is to say, with the most unresisting gentleness and meekness. Now—not to mention that, according to our author's own account, Lord Byron was accustomed, when younger, to do all he could to provoke his mother to anger——we infer that he was, at least, as much in fault as she, from the very letters given in evidence by his friend. No son capable of writing those letters, could have had a spark of filial love, respect or dutifulness, in his whole composition. They remind one of the autobiographical sketches of Scipio, Raphael, and other worthies of that stamp, in Gil Blas, which contribute so much to make that book the most amusing, as the most faithful picture extant of the dark side of human life, especially among the inferior

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sort. Lord Byron treats the whole affair as capital fun, and exhibits the angry heroine to all possible advantage, in the broadest burlesque and caricature. We can safely recommend some of these letters as very entertaining pieces of pleasantry. The writer is any thing but sparing in his sarcasm. He returns to the charge over and over again, and always in the same tone. He calls his mother "that amiable Alecto," p. 64; "a *hydra*," p. 66; "that Upas tree, that antidote to the arts, Mrs. B." p. 68; "my *nice* mamma would raise the accustomed *maternal war-whoop*, p. 99, &c. It is worthy of remark, in this connexion, that Mrs. Byron used to say that her son resembled Rousseau—and that before he was twenty. So much for his character at that period of his life.

Mr. Moore's general remarks on this subject, are as follows:—

"It can hardly have escaped the observation of the reader, that the general tone of the noble poet's correspondence with his mother is that of a son, performing, strictly and conscientiously, what he deems to be his duty, without the intermixture of any sentiment of cordiality to sweeten the task. The very title of 'Madam,' by which he addresses her—and which he but seldom exchanges for the endearing name of 'mother,'—is, of itself, a sufficient proof of the sentiments he entertained for her. That such should have been his dispositions towards such a parent can be matter neither of surprise nor blame—but that, notwithstanding this alienation, which her own unfortunate temper produced, he should have continued to consult her wishes, and minister to her comforts, with such unfailing thoughtfulness as is evinced not only in the frequency of his letters, but in the almost exclusive appropriation of Newstead to her use, redounds, assuredly, in no ordinary degree, to his honour; and was even the more strikingly meritorious from the absence of that affection, which renders kindnesses to a beloved object little more than an indulgence of self.

"But however estranged from her his feelings must be allowed to have been while she lived, her death seems to have restored them into their natural channel. Whether from a return of early fondness and the all-atoning power of the grave, or from the prospect of that void in his future life, which this loss of his only link with the past would leave, it is certain that he felt the death of his mother acutely, if not deeply. On the night after his arrival at Newstead, the waiting-woman of Mrs. Byron, in passing the door of the room where the deceased lady lay, heard a sound as of some one sighing heavily from within; and, on entering the chamber, found to her surprise, Lord Byron sitting, in the dark, beside the bed. On her representing to him the weakness of thus giving way to grief, he burst into tears and exclaimed, 'Oh, Mrs. By, I had but one friend in the world, and she is gone!'"

While his real thoughts were thus confided to silence and darkness, there was, in other parts of his conduct more open to observation, a degree of eccentricity and indecorum which with superficial observers

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might well bring the sensibility of his nature into question. On the morning of the funeral, having declined following the remains himself, he stood looking, from the Abbey door, at the procession, till the whole had moved off;—then turning to young Rushton, who was the only person left besides himself, he desired him to fetch the sparring-gloves, and proceeded to his usual exercise with the boy. He was silent and abstracted all the time, and, as if from an effort to get the better of his feelings, threw more violence, Rushton thought, into his blows than was his habit; but, at last,—the struggle seeming too much for him,—he flung away the gloves, and retired to his room. * * *

"Among those less traits of his conduct through which an observer can trace a filial wish to uphold, and throw respect round, the station of his mother, may be mentioned his insisting, while a boy, on being called 'George Byron Gordon'—giving thereby precedence to the maternal name,—and his continuing to the last to address her as the 'Honourable Mrs. Byron,'—a mark of rank, to which, he must have been aware, she had no claim whatever. Neither does it appear that in his habitual manner towards her, there was any thing denoting a want of either affection or deference—with the exception, perhaps, occasionally, of a somewhat greater degree of familiarity than comports with the ordinary notions of filial respect. Thus, the usual name he called her by, when they were on good-humoured terms together, was 'Kitty Gordon;' and I have heard an eye-witness of the scene describe the look of arch, dramatic humour, with which, one day, at Southwell, when they were in the height of their theatrical rage, he threw open the door of the drawing-room, to admit his mother, saying, at the same time, 'Enter the Honourable Kitty.'" pp. 205–207.

Mr. Moore has done very little towards explaining the great mystery of Byron's life—his unhappy separation from his wife. As *he* represents the matter, Lady Byron left her husband upon a temporary visit to her parents, and left him in an unusually affectionate manner. The letter announcing, some weeks after, her determination to return no more, had been preceded by one full of cordiality and kindness. That determination was as unexpected, therefore, as it was afflicting, and the necessary inference seemed to be, that Lady Byron had been prevailed upon to take the irrevocable step, by the influence of others. Lord Byron evidently laid the blame of this fatal interference to the mother of his wife, and that female attendant or domestic, on whom he condescended to wreak his vengeance, in such unmeasured terms, in the "Sketch." We have lately seen Lady Byron's reply to Mr. Moore; denying that her parents had any thing to do with the matter, ascribing the kindness of her manner at taking leave, to a belief that her husband was insane, and declaring that as soon as she was convinced of her mistake on this point, she made up her mind, without hesitation, to an eternal separation from him. She is supported in her statement

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by the evidence, and justified in her conduct by the authority, of a celebrated civilian, and the public are left, by this imperfect disclosure, to imagine the worst of that behaviour which nothing but madness could excuse. That Lord Byron committed the first fault in this unhappy feud, we never entertained any doubt; first, because in all similar cases, the chances are at least ten to one in favour of the lady; secondly, because in the celebrated lines "Fare thee well," as well as in Childe Harold, the poet plainly acknowledges himself in the wrong, and only represents his wife as too stern and inflexible in her indignation: thirdly, because, according to his lordship's own account, corroborated by Mr. Moore's, Miss Milbank enjoyed the highest reputation for exemplary conduct, and every virtue that can adorn the character of an accomplished lady: fourthly, because some such result was to have been anticipated from Lord Byron's eccentricities and violence of temper: an instance of this violence, about the period of the rupture, given by Mr. Moore himself, being almost beyond credibility.* To all these, our author adds a fifth reason, which he regards as *instar omnium;* and which he has taken extraordinary pains to elucidate and fortify by every topic of argument, example and illustration. This is, that there is something in extraordinary genius itself, which unfits its devoted possessor for performing the duties and enjoying the happiness of domestic life—and that Lord Byron's case only adds melancholy confirmation to what is, otherwise, the result of universal experience upon this subject.

Boccaccio, in his Life of Dante, undertakes the same thesis, but he does not present it in precisely the same point of view. His objection to matrimony is the trivial one, that it is an impediment to great enterprises, to literary studies and to the enjoyments of society. The friends of that poet had procured him a wife for the purpose of diverting his thoughts, if possible, from the fate of his lost Beatrice—*his* first love, and if we believe him, the fountain of all his inspiration. But the remedy proved worse than the disease, and his biographer, the gay

* "For this story, however, there was so far a foundation, that the practice to which he had accustomed himself from boyhood, of having loaded pistols always near him at night, was considered so strange a propensity as to be in that list of symptoms (sixteen, I believe, in number) which were submitted to medical opinion, in proof of his insanity. Another symptom was the emotion, almost to hysterics, which he had exhibited on seeing Kean act Sir Giles Overreach. But the most plausible of all the grounds, as he himself used to allow, on which these articles of impeachment against his sanity were drawn up, was an act of violence committed by him on a favourite old watch, that had been his companion from boyhood, and had gone with him to Greece. In a fit of vexation and rage, brought on by some of those humiliating embarrassments to which he was now almost daily a prey, he furiously dashed this watch upon the hearth, and ground it to pieces among the ashes with the poker."—*Note*, p. 460.

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lover of Fiammetta, makes himself, as usual, very merry at the expense of holy wedlock. He laments that a man whose intercourse with the world, might be so various and delightful, should be thus confined to the society of one or of very few—that instead of enjoying the conversation of kings and philosophers, he should have to listen to a pert woman's incessant chattering, and what was still worse, to seem (if he had any regard to his interest) to assent to and delight in it—that his sweet liberty should be exchanged for curtain lectures, and the suspicious tyranny of a jealous wife, and his sublime contemplations be disturbed, certainly by the cares and the *cries* of a family, and possibly, by worse enemies to a husband's peace of mind—which shall be nameless. Boccaccio concludes this characteristic tirade by an apology to the ladies, whom he gravely assures that he is no enemy to wedlock in general, especially to that of rich bachelors, lords and country gentlemen—but only to the marriages of men already betrothed to philosophy. Mr. Moore goes much more deeply into the philosophy of the matter. He dives into the abstrusest metaphysics, and traces what he calls in a rather euphuistic phrase, "the transfer of the seat of sensibility from the heart to the fancy"—that is to say, in plain English, the heartlessness and selfishness—of men of genius to the very frame and constitution of their minds. Now, that poets, especially—who represent the most sublime and subtilized genius—are an "irritable race," is a proverb—and we are firm believers in the effects of physical organization upon the highest sensibilities of our nature. We even conceit, that if a man be born for great excellence, in oratory, or any other of the arts of imagination, you may feel it in his pulse. But that it can be laid down as a general rule, that genius is inconsistent with the most sacred duties, and the sweetest affections of life, we cannot admit—notwithstanding the formidable catalogue of precedents, which Mr. Moore cites in justification of Lord Byron. Many of those examples prove nothing more than that men of genius may draw blanks in the great lottery of matrimony, as well as the common herd of mankind. Some of them prove nothing at all. But what shall we say to the hundreds of instances the other way, which are not the *exceptions*, but the rule?—What shall we say to such exemplary men as Sir Walter Scott, Schiller, Wordsworth, and Mr. Moore himself—who has generously disclaimed his own titles to renown as a poet, to secure to his friend the reputation of virtue? Perhaps there never was a more affecting and beautiful picture of "wedded love," in all its holiness and rapture, than is presented in the biography of the most

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sensitive of this imaginative race of beings, poor Mozart—and Pope, who is called in by our author as a witness for his doctrine, was at least, the most devoted and affectionate of sons. In short, men of genius have, in general, strong passions, but there is no reason in the world why they should not have sound principles, and where this is the case, the evil, in the course of a few years, infallibly works its own cure. The progress of a warm and vigorous mind, under the discipline of experience, reminds us of that of the sun in this climate, at a certain season of the year—when if he generally rises in mist, he always melts it away by noonday, and goes down in cloudless and serene brightness.

Mr. Moore speaks of Byron's love as Byron speaks of Rousseau's in Childe Harold. As the whole passage is not only very applicable here, but strikingly illustrative of the supposed resemblance between these two celebrated men, we quote it the more readily.

> " His love was passion's essence—as a tree
> On fire by lightning; with etherial flame
> Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
> Thus, and enamour'd, were in him the same.
> But his was not the love of living dame,
> Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
> But of ideal beauty, which became
> In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
> Along his burning page, distemper'd tho' it seems.
>
> *This* breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
> Invested her with all that's wild and sweet:
> This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss
> Which every morn his fever'd lip would greet
> From hers, who but with friendship his would meet;
> But to that gentle touch, thro' brain and breast,
> Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring heat;
> In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest,
> Than vulgar minds, may be with all they seek possest.
>
> His life was one long war with self-sought foes
> Or friends by him self-banished, for his mind
> Had grown suspicion's sanctuary," &c.*

* "I think I also remarked in Byron's temper starts of suspicion, when he seemed to pause and consider whether there had not been a secret, and, perhaps offensive, meaning in something casually said to him. In this case, I also judged it best to let his mind, like a troubled spring, work itself clear, which it did in a minute or two. I was considerably older, you will recollect; than my noble friend, and had no reason to fear his misconstruing my sentiments towards him, nor had I ever the slightest reason to doubt that they were kindly returned on his part. If I had occasion to be mortified by the display of genius which threw into the shade such pretensions as I was then supposed to possess, I might console myself that, in my own case, the materials of mental happiness had been mingled in a greater proportion."—*Letter of Sir W. Scott*, p. 445.

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This rapturous description has, at least, one great fault, besides its extravagance. It is not true. Rousseau, if we are to believe his Confessions, had often felt (or thought he felt) more extatical and frenzied delight in love, than even *he* had any power to express. In one respect, to be sure, his passion was ideal and ideal enough. "He saw Helen's beauty on a brow of Egypt." He invested the most ordinary woman with the charms of an imaginary loveliness, and not long after raving about Julie in his Nouvelle Heloïse, with such intoxicating and delirious eloquence, he became the slave (if ever there was one) of a vulgar, ungainly creature, whom he permitted to bear his (then) celebrated name. As for Lord Byron's *idealism* in love, we suspect, it was a match for Rousseau's in deed and in practice. If we are to judge of it, at least, by its fruits, it was as far as possible, from being extravagant. It is not worth while to dream, if our visions fall short even of common place realities. Byron's heroines—with the exception of Angiolina, the paragon of wives, and Gulnare, a girl of so great a spirit as to disgust a pirate by her boldness—are all mere Circassians. Hundreds of such women, we fancy—in all but their deep unalterable devotedness—are to be seen in the harems of the East. They are kept—in Byron's poetry—in a sort of Oriental seclusion, like the females in the comedies of Terence. All that they are required to know, think of, do, desire, dream is love. To be sure, to love such men so fondly and faithfully, may be no ordinary task. For, as it has been well remarked, the women in Byron's tales know no form of faith, no rule of conduct, but that laid down in the fine lines of his biographer.

> "Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
> Thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame—
> I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
> I know that I love thee whatever thou art."

Maturin has quoted these lines at the head of one of the chapters of "Melmoth," and we have been forcibly struck with what we conceive to be an *exaggeration* (caricature would be too harsh a word) of Byron's *ideal* love, in the passion of Imalee for the preternatural Wanderer. There is more genius, however, in the conception of that beautiful creature, growing up amid flowers "herself a fairer flower," in such simplicity and spotless innocence, and loving, like Miranda, the first human form that invaded her quiet, sequestered paradise, though that form happened to be possessed by a demon—than in the doating, but still somewhat vulgar, fondness of the Leilas and Medoras. It is dreadful to think of passion so utterly thrown away as Imalee's—of the dismal doom of Melmoth's spirit which would have sympathized in that passion, but could not.

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Woman, however, in Byron's poetry, although not filling her loftiest sphere—although the object of a fierce, jealous and distempered Eastern love, rather than of that respectful and idolatrous sentiment, with which chivalry has exalted and refined the intercourse between the sexes—is still all-important to man. She is the mistress, not the wife—but through every danger and toil, through fire and flood, the desperadoes, whom Byron selects for heroes, are true to the vow plighted at no altar but love's—and that love is an absorbing, engrossing, devouring passion which takes absolute possession of their whole being. It is not the gay and frivolous gallantry of France—it is not the soft and blissful voluptuousness—the elysium of the heart—in which the sorceresses of romance, the Morganas and Armidas, in their fairy bowers, "lap the prisoned souls" of captive and captivated knights. The love of Conrad, for example, is his only virtue—the single good passion to which all his other passions—fierce and terrible as they are—yield as to a charm. It is a warm, green spot in that "vacant bosom's wilderness." His dark and guilty spirit takes refuge from its sufferings in this one sweet affection—riots and revels in it—bathes itself in its unfathomable and boundless bliss. All the energies of his nature abused—its principles perverted—its tastes depraved—are redeemed by it. He is at war with God and man, but "his very hate to them is love to her," the adored and adoring—the only being in creation upon whom he bestows a thought, but of hostility and wrath—the only being in creation to whom the secrets of that throbbing bosom are imparted—who knows and feels and soothes the pangs which flash across that burning brow.

"None are all evil—quickening round his heart,
One softer feeling would not yet depart;
Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled
By passions worthy of a fool or child;
Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,
And even in him, it asks the name of love!
Yes, it was love—unchangeable—unchanged,
Felt but for one from *whom he never ranged*, &c.

Yes—it was love—if thoughts of tenderness,
Tried in temptation, strengthened by distress,
Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet—oh more than all!—untired by time;
Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile
Could render sullen were she near to smile."
Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent
On her, one murmur of his discontent;
Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part,
Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart,

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Which nought removed, nor menaced to remove—
If there be love in mortals, this is love!
He was a villain—ay—reproaches shower
On him—but not the passion, nor its power,
Which only proved, all other virtues gone,
Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest one!"
[*Cors.* Canto I. 283.

Now there is nothing ideal in this love but its own purity and perfection, and the character of the person who feels—not *inspires*—it. It is strange enough that a pirate should be so vastly sentimental—a critic might object that this incongruity violates a canon of the schools—

Aut famam sequere aut sibi convenientia finge.

But the prodigy here is the lover, not the beloved; and though it would be rather a hopeless pursuit to go among the corsairs of the Mediterranean, in quest of a Conrad, any girl, desperately in love, is fully a match for Medora. We cannot say, therefore, that we see in Byron those lofty imaginations of female excellence or fascination, which nothing existing *in rerum naturâ* could satisfy. It is very remarkable, however, that in his conceptions of love, as in all his other thoughts and feelings, the dark, exclusive, diseased self-love of the man, makes itself visible in every line.

Yet we have no doubt that Lord Byron had an immense capacity for love, and that had his principles been less perverted, he would have been very tractable to a woman of sense. As he was, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Moore, that a lady of a certain stamp, might have exercised great influence over him, and, perhaps, restored his "fallen nature" to all its original goodness. But we do not think that his biographer has, in his picture of this imaginary lady, hit the mark exactly. Lord Byron did not care about high intellectual or moral attributes in a woman; his standard of female excellence, as we have endeavoured to shew, was not a very high one. Beauty, grace, amiableness—but above all, devoted love, and a patience capable even of martyrdom—at least, if inflicted by her lord—such were the chief attributes of his ideal help-meet. In short, he would have tried his wife as the Marquis of Saluzzo in the Decamerone did poor Griselda—for none but a Griselda would have suited, or could have overcome Lord Byron. Now, the lady he married happened to have no taste for martyrdom. "Patient Grizzle" was a part she had never expected, and was, of consequence, quite unprepared to act. She had more unmixed pride and loftier as well as purer feelings, than her husband—and her cool, decided conduct towards him, crushed his tyrannical and selfish spirit to the earth. Lord Byron shews, how perfectly

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conscious he was of his own incontrollable and unhappy disposition, by a slight remark of his, recorded in this volume. He says that he had always loved his sister—adding, that it was, probably, because they had been very little together! Was that, because he had an "ideal standard" of sisters, to which Mrs. Leigh did not come up? The sophistical trash of Mr. Moore upon this subject will not do at all. In this connexion, we extract the following remarks of our author:—

"In the extracts from his Journal, just given, there is a passage that cannot fail to have been remarked, where, in speaking of his admiration of some lady, whose name he has himself left blank, the noble writer says—'a wife would be the salvation of me.' It was under this conviction, which not only himself but some of his friends entertained, of the prudence of his taking timely refuge in matrimony from those perplexities which form the sequel of all less regular ties, that he had been induced, about a year before, to turn his thoughts seriously to marriage,—at least, as seriously as his thoughts were ever capable of being so turned,—and chiefly, I believe by the advice and intervention of his friend Lady Melbourne, to become a suitor for the hand of a relative of that lady, Miss Milbanke. Though his proposal was not then accepted, every assurance of friendship and regard accompanied the refusal; a wish was even expressed that they should continue to write to each other, and a correspondence,—somewhat singular between two young persons of different sexes, inasmuch as love was not the subject of it,—ensued between them. We have seen how highly Lord Byron estimated as well the virtues as the accomplishments of the young lady, but it is evident that on neither side, at this period, was love either felt or professed."

"In the mean time, new entanglements, in which his heart was the willing dupe of his fancy and vanity, came to engross the young poet; and still, as the usual penalties of such pursuits followed, he again found himself sighing for the sober yoke of wedlock, as some security against their recurrence. There were, indeed, in the interval between Miss Milbanke's refusal and acceptance of him, two or three other young women of rank who, at different times, formed the subject of his matrimonial dreams. In the society of one of these, whose family had long honoured me with their friendship, he and I passed much of our time, during this and the preceding spring; and it will be found that, in a subsequent part of his correspondence, he represents me as having entertained an anxious wish, that he should so far cultivate my friend's favour as to give a chance, at least, of matrimony being the result.

"That, I, more than once, expressed some such feeling is undoubtedly true. Fully concurring with the opinion, not only of himself, but of others of his friends, that in marriage lay his only chance of salvation from the sort of perplexing attachments into which he was now constantly tempted, I saw in none of those whom he admired with more legitimate views so many requisites for the difficult task of winning him into fidelity and happiness as in the lady in question. Combining beauty of the highest order, with a mind intelligent and ingenuous—having just learning enough to give refinement to her taste, and far too much taste to make pretentions to learning,—with a patrician spirit

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proud as his own, but showing it only in a delicate generosity of spirit, a feminine high-mindedness, which would have led her to tolerate his defects in consideration of his noble qualities and his glory, and even to sacrifice silently some of her own happiness rather than violate the responsibility in which she stood pledged to the world for his;—such was from long experience, my impression of the character of this lady; and perceiving Lord Byron to be attracted by her more obvious claims to admiration, I felt a pleasure no less in rendering justice to the still rarer qualities which she possessed, than in endeavouring to raise my noble friend's mind to the contemplation of a higher model of female character than he had, unluckily for himself, been much in the habit of studying." pp. 358, 359.

One of the best written and most felicitous passages in this volume, is that in which Mr. Moore explains an effect of Lord Byron's youthful love for Miss Chaworth upon his lordship's imagination. It was perfectly natural that this disappointment should make a deep impression on his mind, and equally natural, under all circumstances, that the object of this early affection should be cherished, and almost sanctified, in his remembrance. He had loved passionately, and nothing had happened to disenchant him. He had been *disappointed*—without being disgusted. This lady became to him an ideal being—a vision of fancy and feeling—and amidst his many mortifications and sufferings, he could not fail to look back upon her, as his lost hope—to look up to her image, with feelings somewhat resembling the adoration which Dante pays to the spirit of his own Beatrice—dwelling amid the spheres and inspiring him with holy hopes and aspirations. But that this disappointment had any other effect—that it *embittered* Byron's existence, when he arrived at years of maturity—we do not believe.

"It was about the time when he was thus bitterly feeling, and expressing the blight which his heart had suffered from a *real* object of affection, that his poems on the death of an *imaginary* one, 'Thyrza,' were written;—nor is it any wonder when we consider the peculiar circumstances under which these beautiful effusions flowed from his fancy, that of all his strains of pathos, they should be the most touching and most pure. They were, indeed, the essence, the abstract spirit, as it were, of many griefs:—a confluence of sad thoughts from many sources of sorrow, refined and warmed in their passage through his fancy, and forming thus one deep reservoir of mournful feeling. In retracing the happy hours he had known with the friends now lost, all the ardent tenderness of his youth came back upon him. His school sports with the favourites of his boyhood, Wingfield and Tatersall—his summer days with Long, and those evenings of music and romance, which he had dreamed away in the society of his adopted brother, Eddlestone—all these recollections of the young and dead now came to mingle themselves in his mind with the image of her, who, though living, was, to him, as much lost as they, and diffused that general feeling of sad

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and fondness through his soul, which found a vent in these poems. No friendship, however warm, could have inspired sorrow so passionate; as no love, however pure, could have kept passion so chastened. It was the blending of the two affections, in his memory and imagination, that thus gave birth to an ideal object combining the best features of both, and drew from him these saddest and tenderest of love-poems, in which we find all the depth and intensity of real feeling touched over with such a light as no reality ever wore." p. 226.

Before we dismiss the subject of Lord Byron's moral character, we must remark, that he seems to have been uniformly kind to his dependents and inferiors—when *they did nothing to offend his pride.* His master passion made no war upon the humble and the weak. His feelings were, as we have said, naturally kind and humane. It was only upon those, who thwarted or wounded his *amour propre*, that he poured out his direful wrath. *Debellare superbos* was his maxim. Merciful to the unresisting, he declared a war of extermination against all who denied his supremacy or opposed his sovereign will.

The literary reputation of Lord Byron has been established beyond all possibility of change or decay. We do not believe—notwithstanding some apparent exceptions—that the opinions of contemporaries, in regard to the works of men of genius, have ever materially differed from those of posterity. But this is especially true of those writers who have addressed themselves more to the feelings of mankind, than to the imagination. Milton, although his works were far more justly appreciated by his own age, than is commonly thought, certainly did not hold exactly as high a rank in general estimation then, as has been conceded to him since. But—besides the character of that wretched age—Milton's poetry is addressed to the learned. It bears upon every line of it, the impress of vast erudition and consummate art. It is true, he is the greatest master of the sublime that any language has to boast of—greater than Shakespeare—greater than Dante—greater than Homer. But it requires study and reflection, objects of comparison and a competent familiarity with literature, to perceive the amazing magnitude of this glorious orb. A vulgar eye might glance over him a thousand times, and still mistake this "ocean of flame"* for a star of an inferior class. This is a great obstacle to his popularity—and it is one not less formidable, that he is deficient in pathos, and in topics of general interest. Byron wrote because he felt and as he felt. It may be said most justly of his genius—*furor arma ministrat.* Instead of "lisping in numbers" as Pope did, he sighed and groaned and cursed in them. He spoke to the hearts of men, and, however the spirit

* Addison.

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of most of his productions is to be censured, his voice, whether for good or for evil, has seldom failed to find an echo *there*.

It may, in general, be remarked of his poetry, as of most of that of the present age, that it is not sufficiently elaborated. Many feeble, prosaic, and even unmeaning lines abound every where in his finest compositions. English criticism is less fastidious, in this respect, than that of any other language, and things are pardoned or passed over by it, which would endanger the success of a work in France or Italy, and would have destroyed it at Athens. But it is impossible to read any of Byron's masterpieces along with the best passages in our classical poetry, without being struck with the *general* inferiority and carelessness of his diction, as well as with the great inequality of his style. Compare, for instance, any thing that he has done, (except, of course, some highly wrought passages) in the Spenserian Stanza, with Spenser himself, or with the first part of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence." Whatever may be thought of their relative merits in other respects, we fancy every body who has either ear or taste, must agree that, as far as mere language goes, there is a richness, harmony and uniform finish in the works of those masters, which are sadly wanting in Byron. So in satire, he has produced nothing to be talked of in comparison of Dryden's vigorous and bold pen, or the condensed and sententious elegance of Pope. Nothing can be more powerful and pathetic than his poetry in his loftier vein—but the same objection lies here to the want of that *limæ labor*, which entitles a work of genius to be classed among perfect specimens of art. Lord Byron threw off some, probably most of his compositions, with almost as much rapidity as a hackneyed writer for the daily press. Not the least instructive part of Mr. Moore's book, is the insight it gives us into his manner of composing—from which the fact just mentioned appears, along with another more important, if not quite so remarkable. This is, that many of the greatest beauties of those poems, were put in as corrections and improvements, on second thought and with great care—the true secret of the *curiosa felicitas* in all times and tongues. A late writer* mentions that he saw an autograph MS. of Ariosto, at Ferrara, from which it appeared, that that great and fertile genius had actually written over *sixteen* different times, the famous octave of the tempest,

"Stendon le nube un tenebroso velo," &c.

We *did* purpose exemplifying our criticism upon this point, by a comparison between select passages of Byron, and similar ones from Milton and other classics—between some parts of

* Bombet's Life of Hayden and Mozart.

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Manfred, for instance, and Comus, especially the songs, or whatever they are, of the Spirits in each. But we have left ourselves no space for doing that, which cannot be well done, without a considerable degree of minuteness and prolixity.

One fault—or rather class of faults—which has been justly imputed to Byron's style, is, as often happens, nearly akin to its greatest virtue. Horace shall say what we mean in three words—*Professus grandia, turget.* His genius is, no doubt, incomparably superior to Lucan's, whose *gazette ampoulée*, as Voltaire calls the Pharsalia, we never yet have been able to read through; but there is the same tone of emphasis and exaggeration in Childe Harold, for example, as in that poem. The famous sentence, *victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni*, which we have always *felt* to be frigid and extravagant, and now *believe* to be so, since we find the Père Bouhours of the same opinion, is altogether *Byronian*. There is too much bluster and pretension about this sort of sublimity for our taste. True grandeur is always simple, and even subdued in its tone, as we see it in Raphael's pictures and in the Philippics of Demosthenes. We were forcibly struck, in reading the "Prophecy of Dante," with a certain swelling and swaggering air about the whole affair, which resembles any thing rather than the oracular and terrible brevity of that great poet. We shall give an example or two of the extravagance which we take to be Byron's besetting sin, from what is, by some critics, regarded as his master-piece, the third and fourth cantos of Childe Harold—though, for our parts, we have no hesitation in assigning the honour of that distinction, to Manfred. Here is a specimen of downright bombast.

> "———— Above me are the Alps,
> The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And *throned eternity in icy halls*
> *Of cold sublimity*, where forms and falls
> The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!"
>
> Canto III. 63.

Another instance of the same kind of extravagance. He is speaking of a tower—

> "Standing with half its battlements alone,
> And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
> *The garland of eternity*," &c.
>
> Canto IV. 99.

Again—

> "Admire, exult—despise—laugh, weep,—for here
> There is such matter for all feeling:—man!
> *Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear*," &c.
>
> Ibid. 109.

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Many other examples might be adduced did our limits permit; but, we must observe, that what we object to in Byron, is not so much a frigid conceit or bombastic expression, here and there, which may be pointed out with precision, but the general tone of exaggeration—a too obvious effort running through his whole poetry, (in its sublimer strains) to be very strong and very striking. For instance, the description of the cataract, or rather cascade of Velino, in the fourth Canto, which has been much extolled, has, we confess, always appeared to us extravagant. It would be so if applied to Niagara;—

> "The *hell* of waters! where they howl and hiss,
> And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
> Of their great agony, wrung out from this," &c.
>
> Ibid. 69.

> "To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
> More like the fountain of an infant sea
> Torn *from the womb of mountains by the throes*
> *Of a new world*," &c. * * * Look back!
> Lo! *where it comes like an eternity*," &c.
>
> Ibid. 71.

In the 72d stanza, there is great beauty as well as power of expression, and the comparisons of the Iris of the falls to "hope upon a death-bed" and "to love watching madness," are such as could have occurred only to a man of genius, yet we think them far-fetched and not remarkably illustrative. With regard to figures of speech, in general, Byron is the most anti-classical of the Romantic poets. Instead of drawing his similes, &c. from the natural world to the moral, as the ancients uniformly did, he does just the reverse. Thus, a lake "is calm as *cherished hate*."* Zuleika was "soft as the memory of buried love." The cypress is stamped with an eternal grief, "like early unrequited love."† Beauty or defect, this is a remarkable peculiarity of his.

Of Lord Byron's heroes we have already given an account. They are almost all of them very eccentric personages, uniting the most contradictory qualities and habits. His tales are the "Sorrows of Werther" translated into Lingua Franca. His pirates are as tender as Petrach, and his Turks, sighing for sentimental love, abjure polygamy and concubinage. But these are the privileges of poetry—they are like the recitativo of the opera. This license once conceded, every thing goes on well. Whether natural or not, Byron's heroes are the most interesting villains that can be conceived. They are just what

* Childe Harold, Canto IV. 173. † Bride Abyd. Canto I. 28

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the heroes of the drama ought to be, according to Aristotle—with "one virtue" to redeem "a thousand crimes."

Byron does not strike us as a poet of very fertile invention. He composed, it is true, with considerable facility, but there is no variety either in his subjects or his style. We doubt, for this reason, whether he could have become distinguished as a dramatic poet, in the modern sense of the term. Besides this, his compositions are rather short sketches of notable objects, or occasional meditations upon them, than complete and well combined works. Still it is hard to say what the author of Manfred might not have done. One thing seems probable—that had he been born at Athens, at the right time, he might have rivalled Æschylus and Sophocles, in tragedy à la Grecque. Two or three heroic *dramatis personæ*, a simple plot, beautiful or powerful narrative and dialogue, interrupted by passionate ejaculation and choral ode—such a task would have been Byron's element.

Upon the whole, excepting the two first places in our literature—and Pope and Dryden who are writers of quite another stamp—we do not know who is to be placed, all things considered, above Byron. We doubt between him and Spenser—but no other name is prominent enough to present itself to us in such a competition. His greatest rival, however, was himself. We throw down his book dissatisfied. Every page reveals powers which might have done so much more for art—for glory—and for virtue!

ERRATA.

Page 340, line 27, for *ect*, read *ect.*
" 352, " 18, for *then*, read them.
" 353, " 17, for *disfigured*, read altered.
" —, " 19, for *Greek*, read Greeks.
" 354, " 27, for *might repeat*, read might not repeat.
" —, " 42, for *met in*, read met with in.
" 363, " 34, for *lophkad*, read *hophkad.*
" —, " 35, for *Hithpael*, read *Hithpaked.*
" 378, " 40, for *is*, read in.
" 396, " 7, for *priests'*, read Prisot's.
" 368, " 39, for *consistentem*, read *confitentem*,
" 420, " 29, for £434 70*s* 19*d*, read £43,470 19*s.*
" 450, " 43, and page 451, line 22, for "*Ductor Dubitenter*," read "Ductor Dubitantium."
" 462, " 24, for *became*, read become.
" —, " 26, for *give*, read gain.
" 486, " 29, for *equalibility*, read equability.

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